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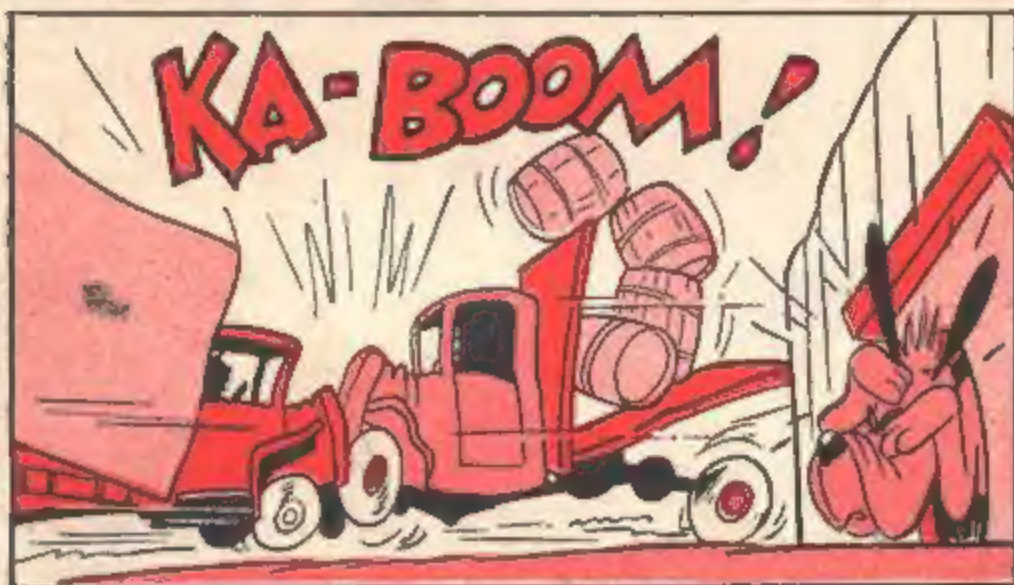
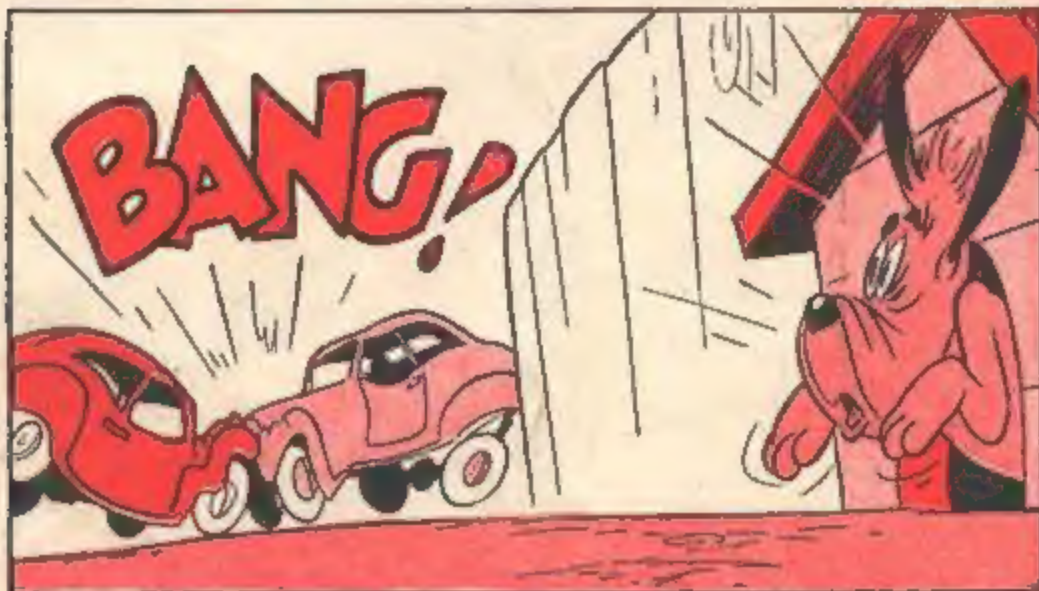


TOM & Jerry COMICS



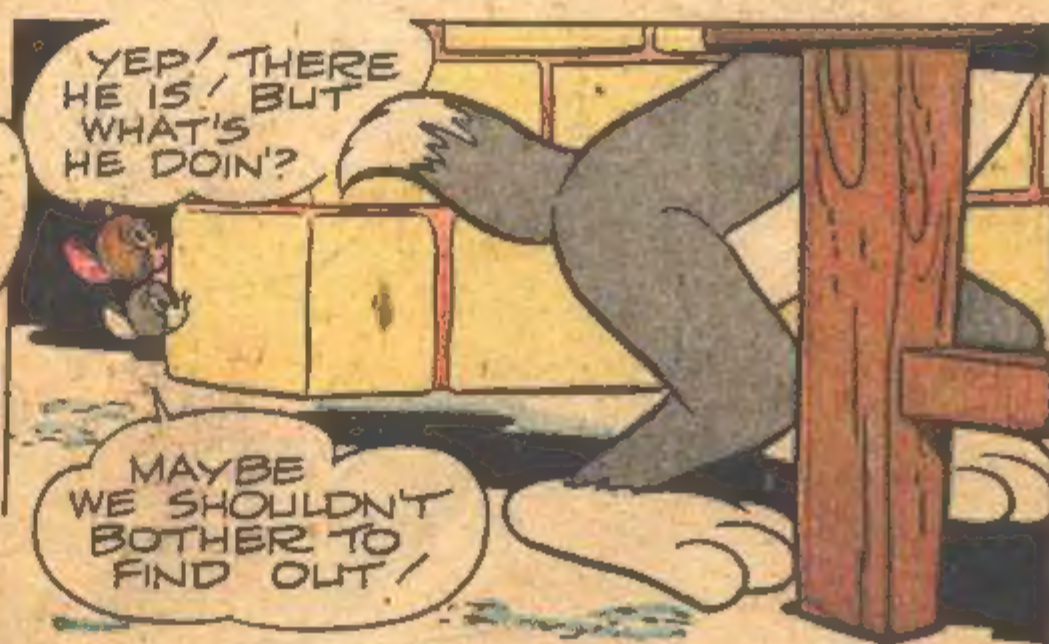
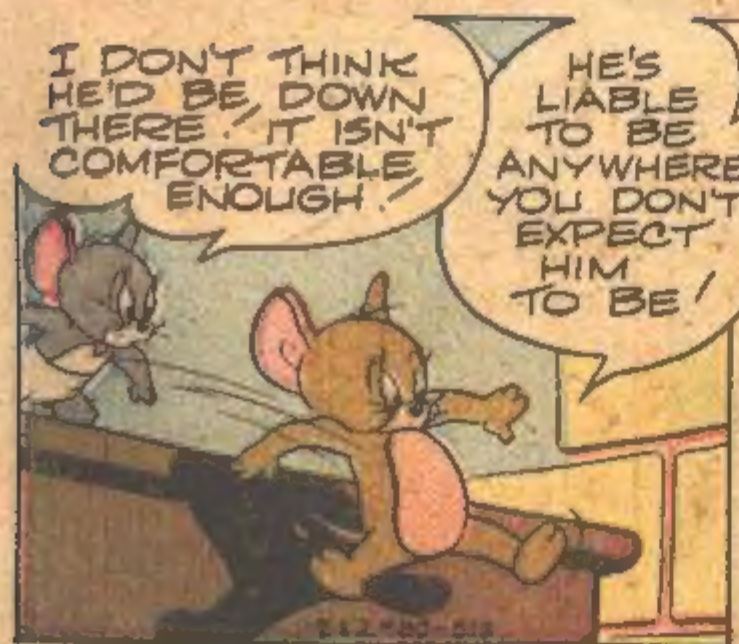
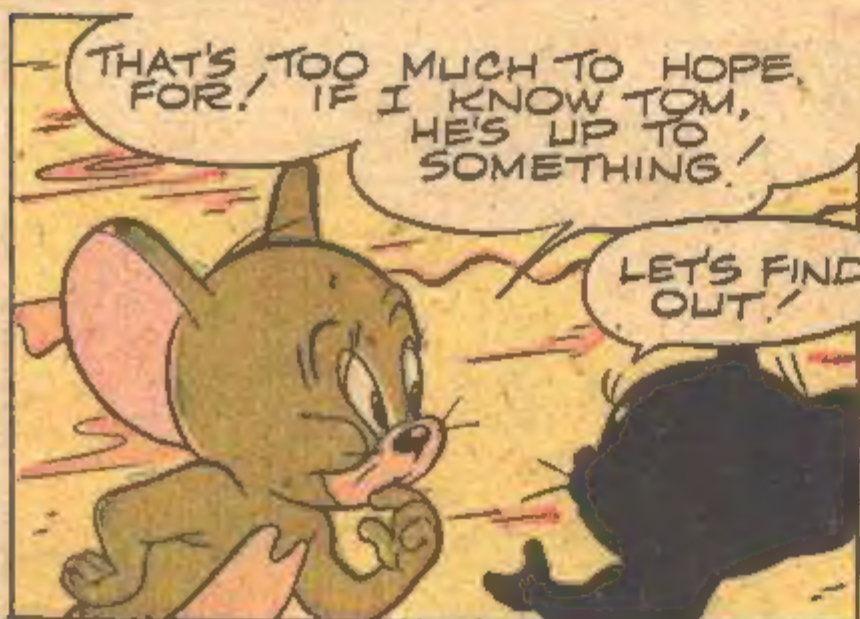
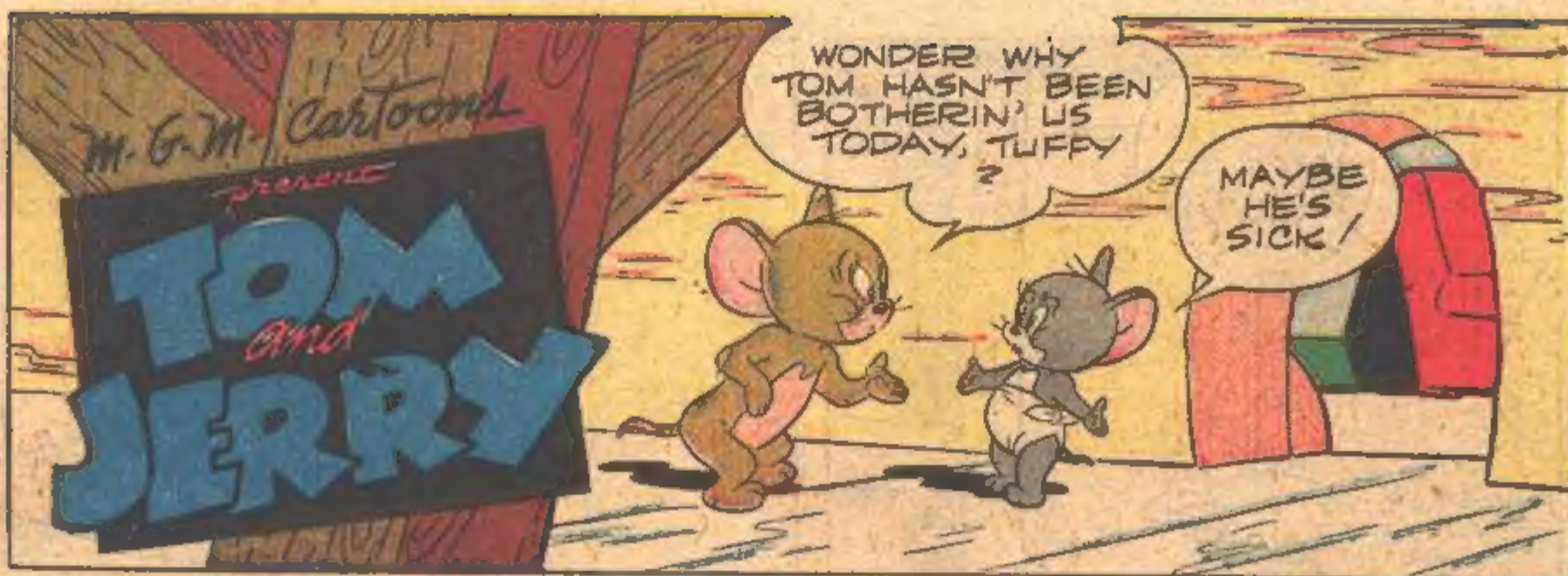
52 pages –
ALL COMICS!

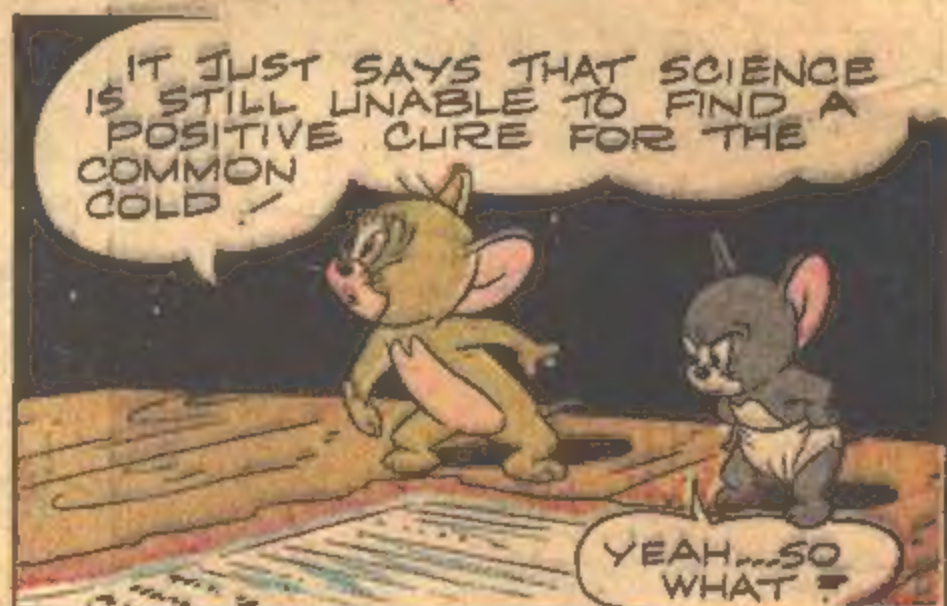
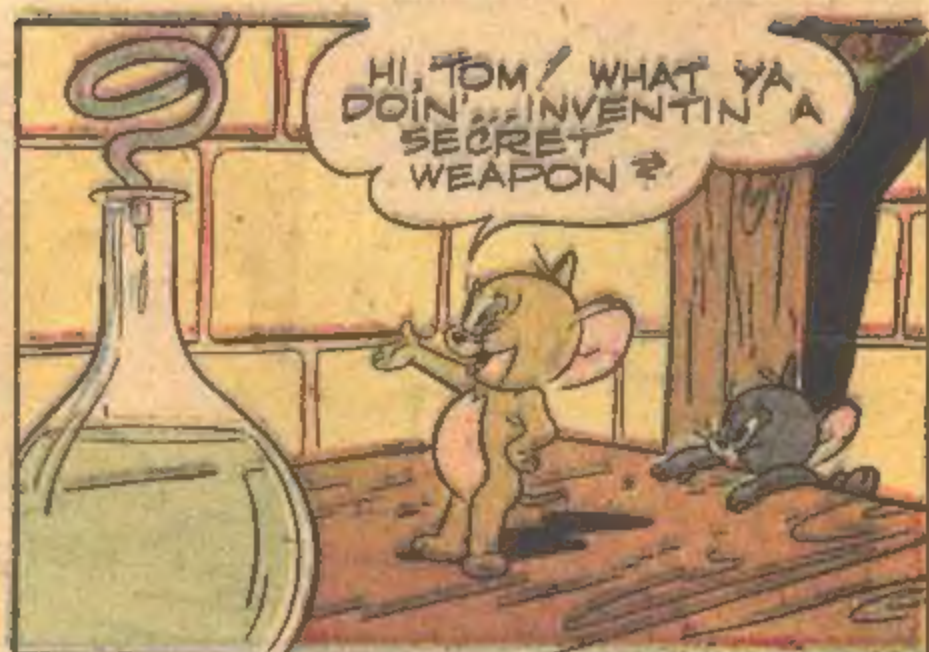
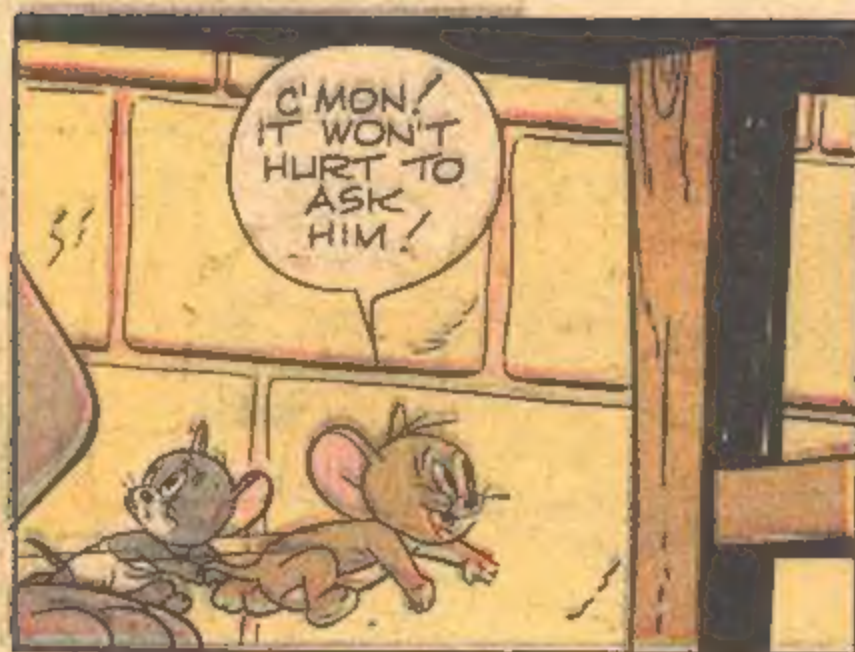
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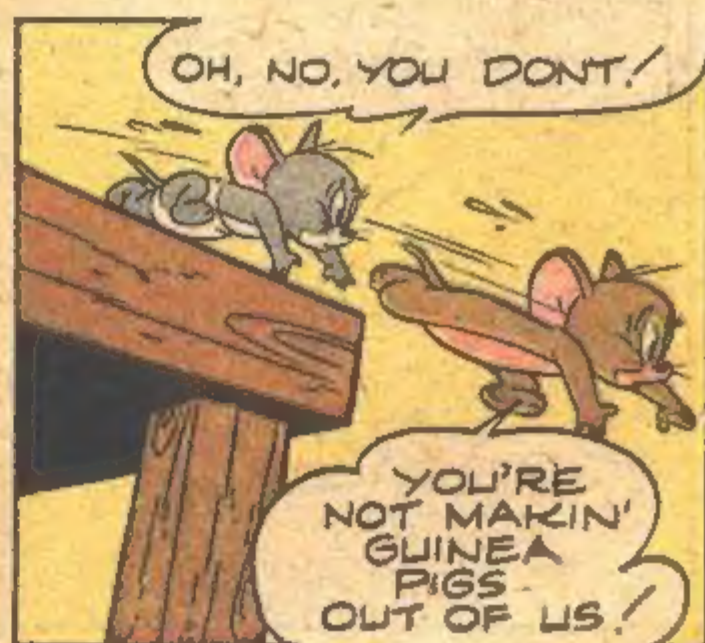
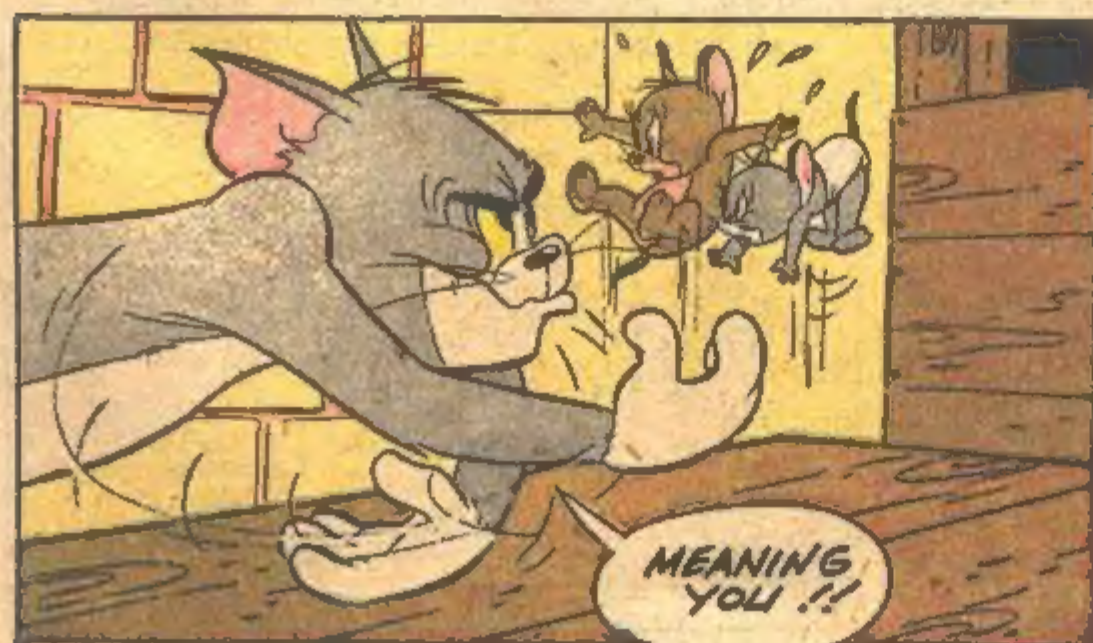
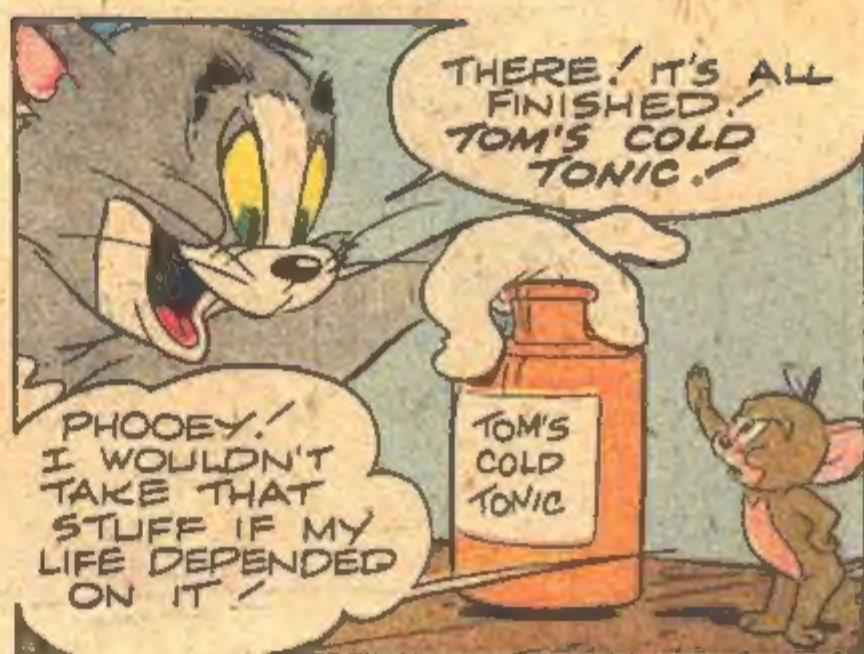


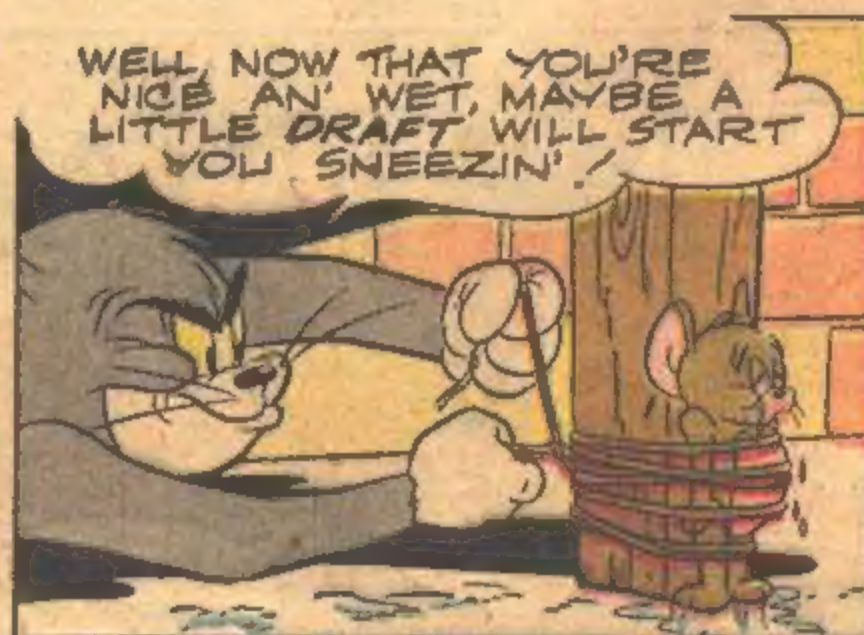
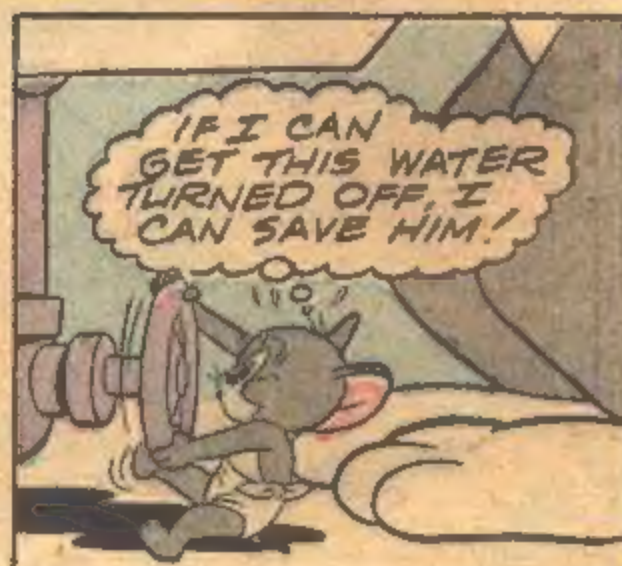
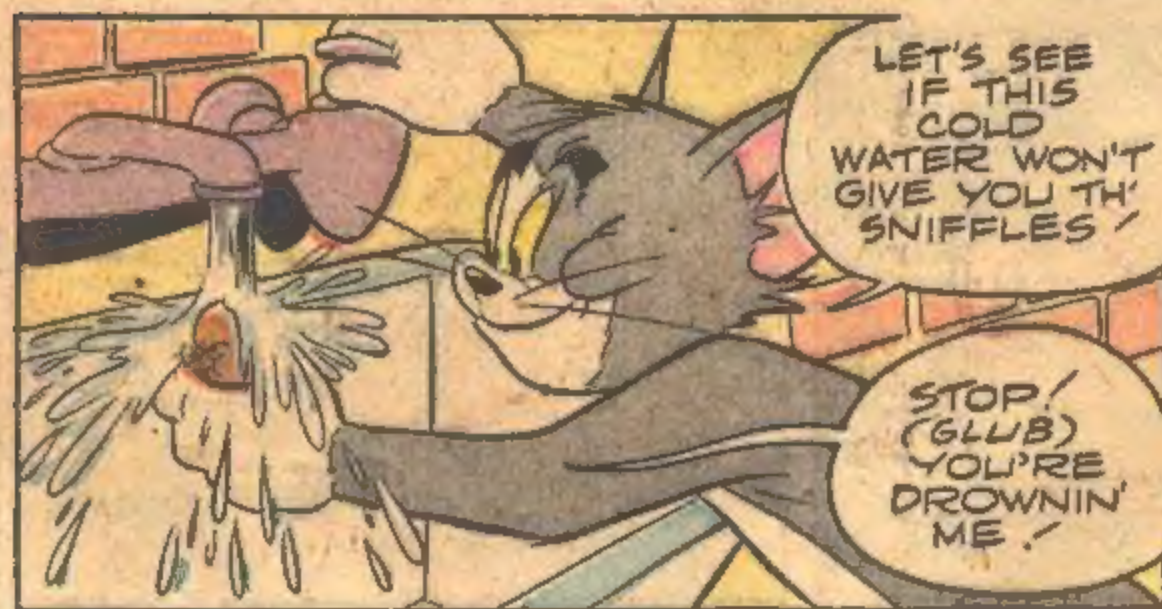
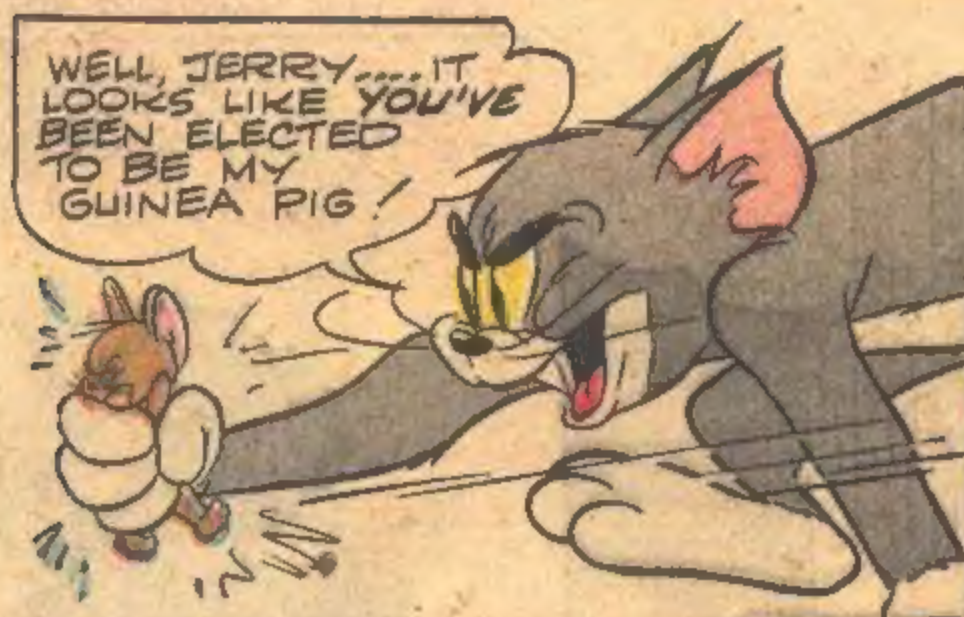
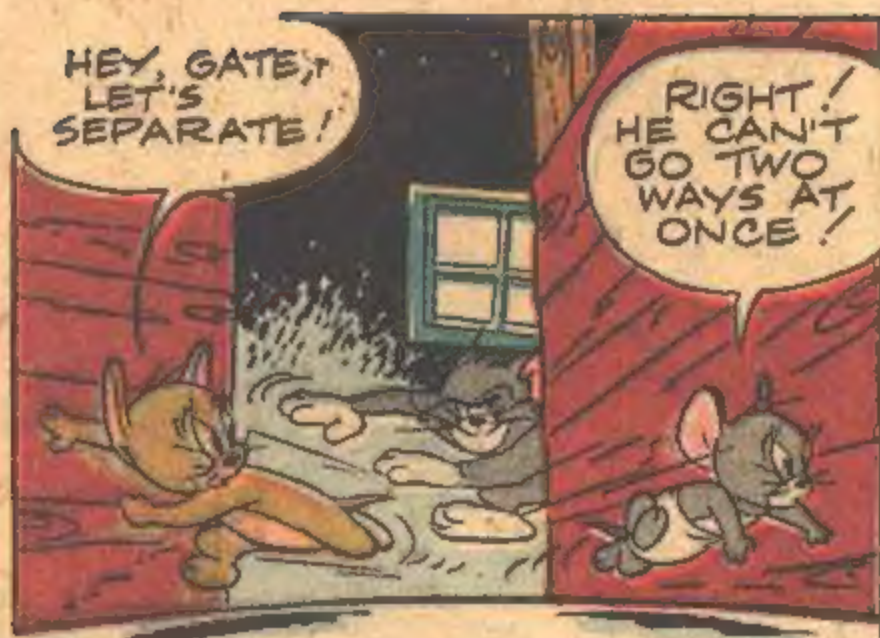
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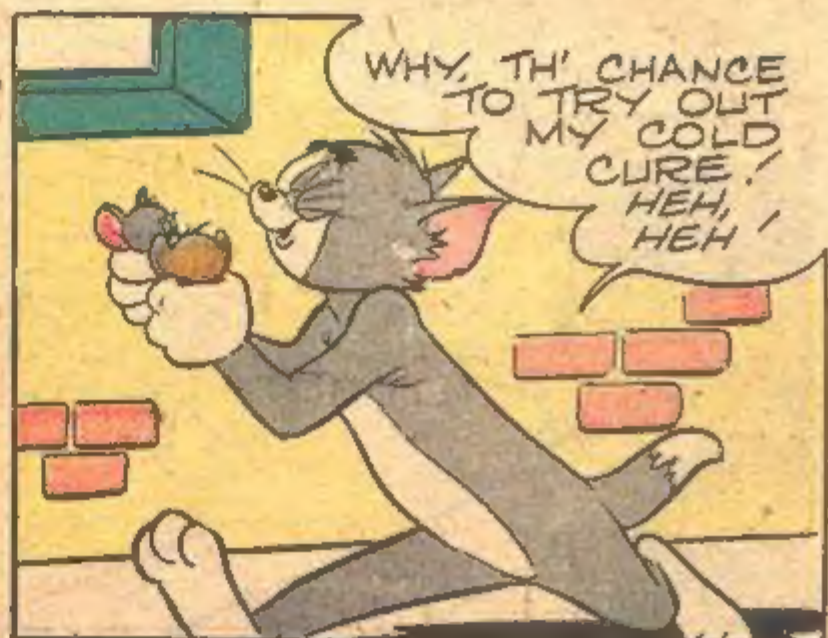
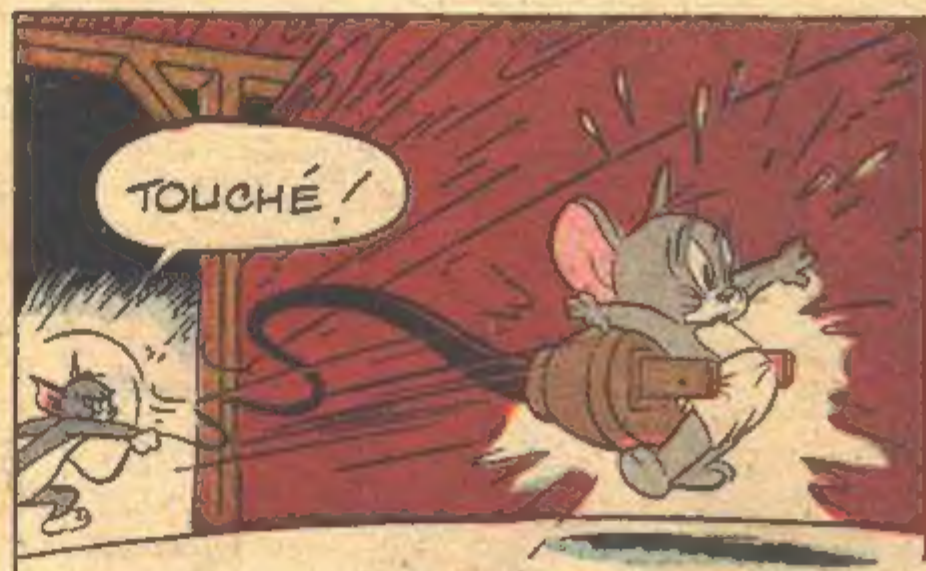
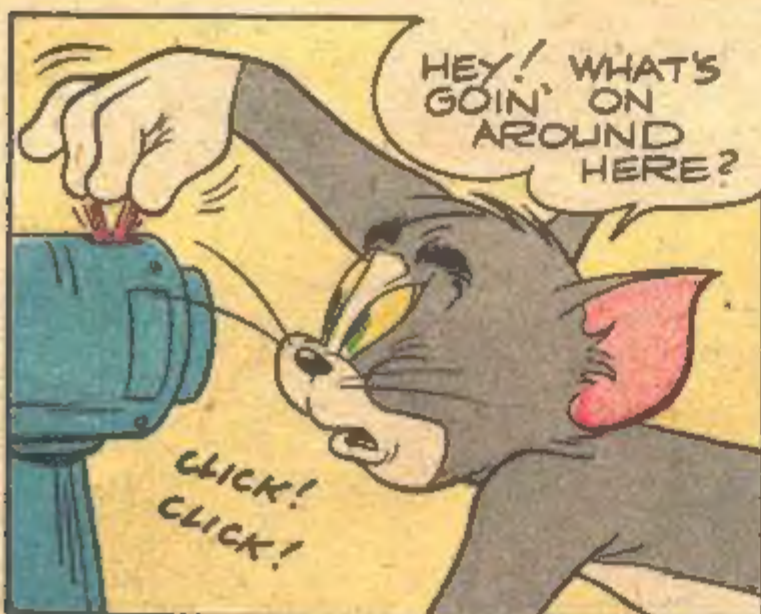
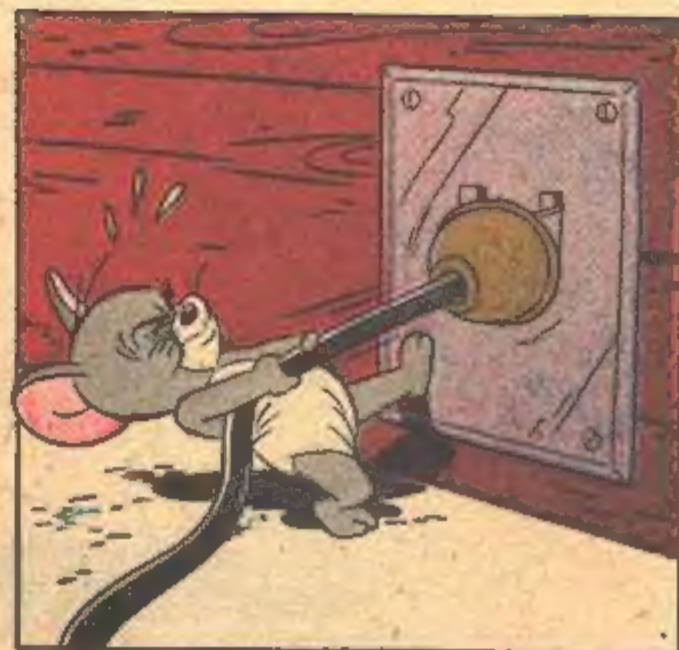
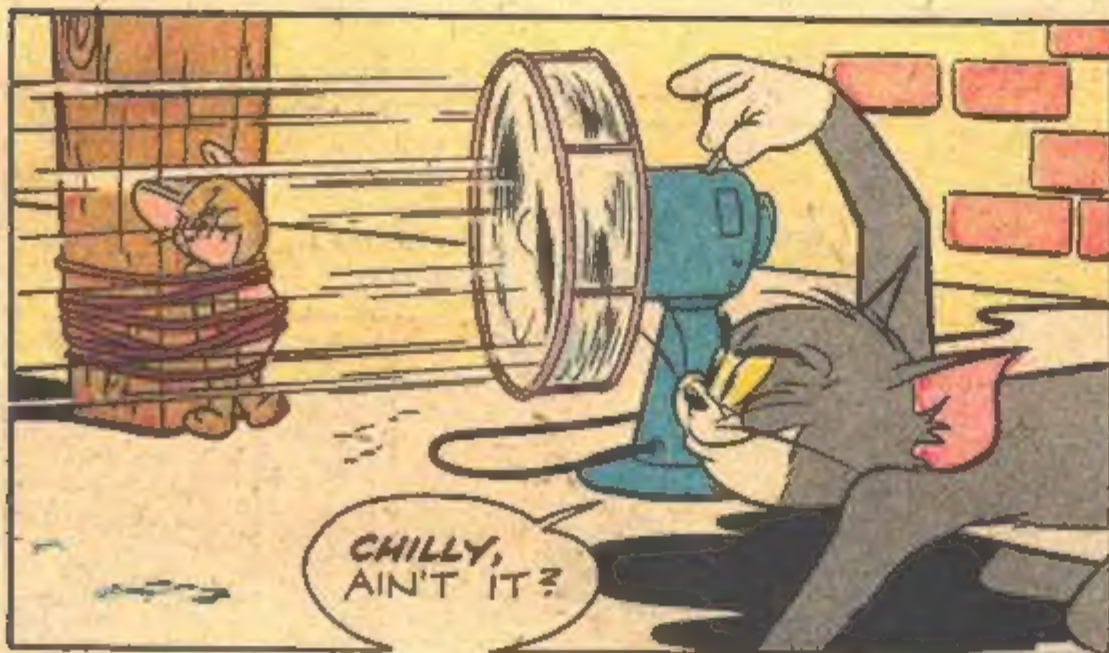
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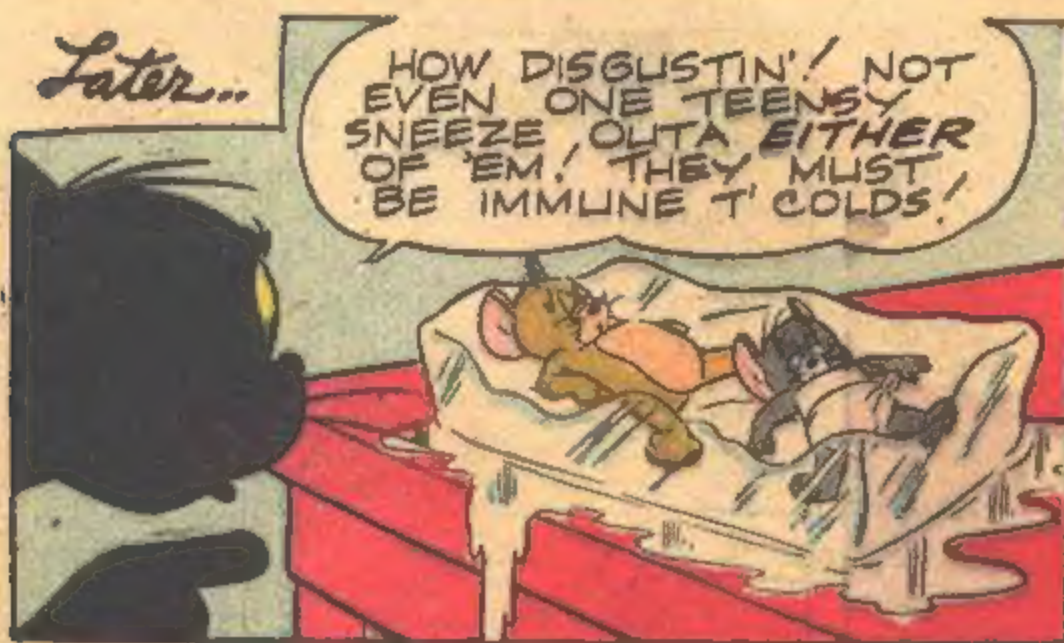
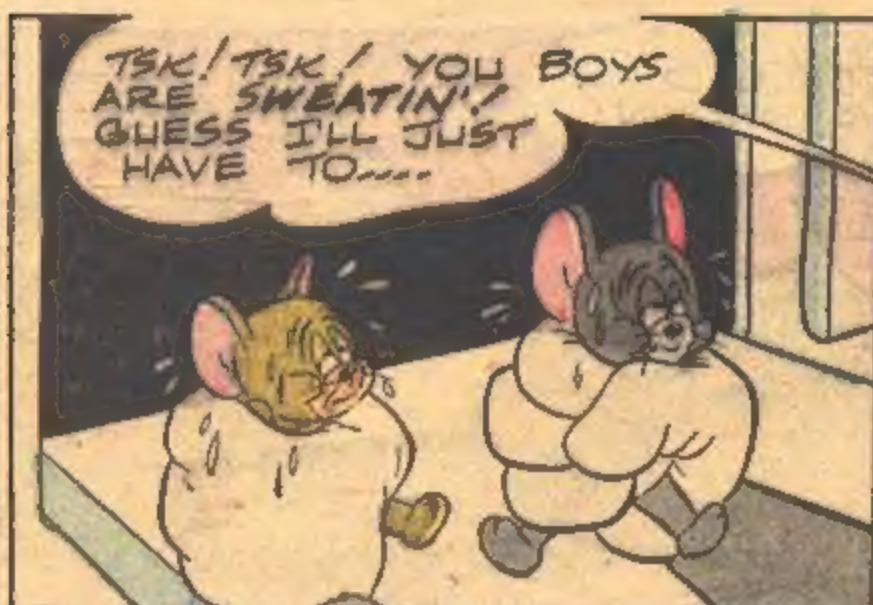
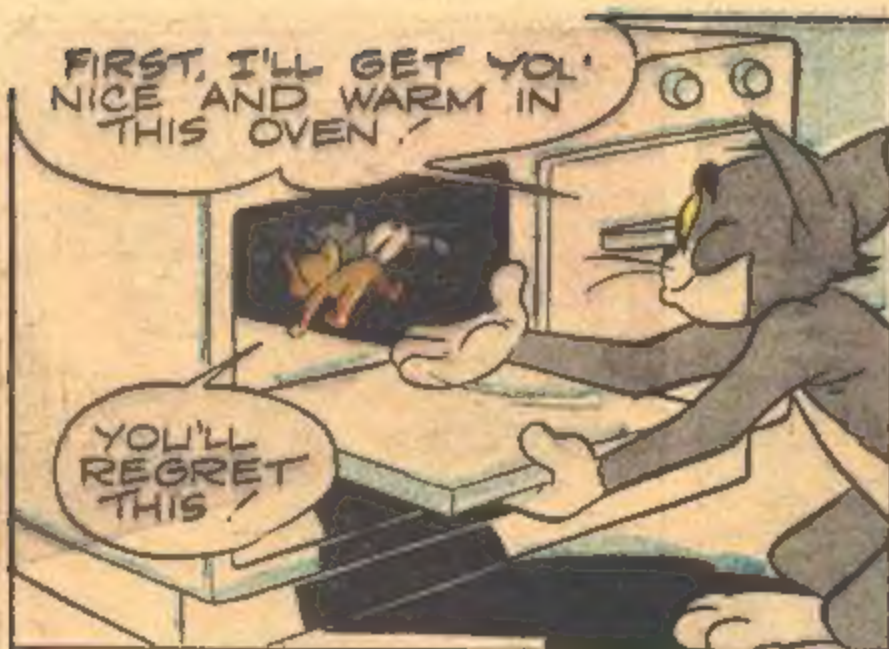


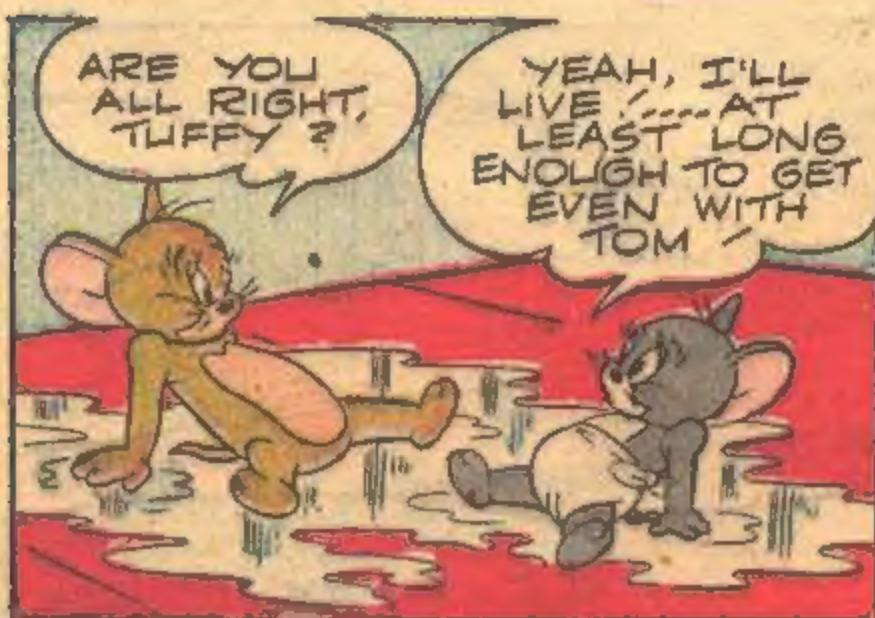
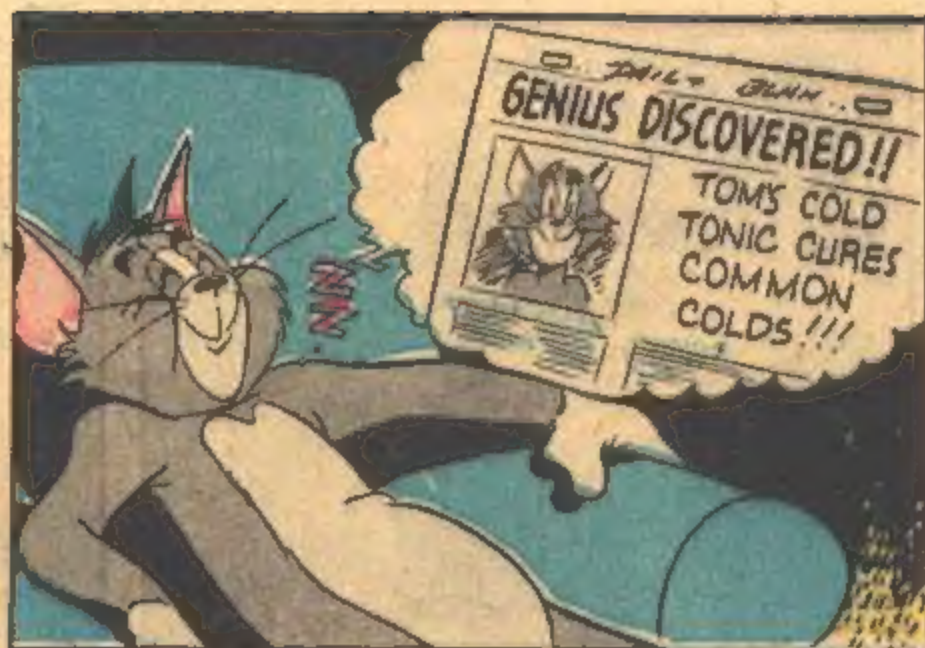


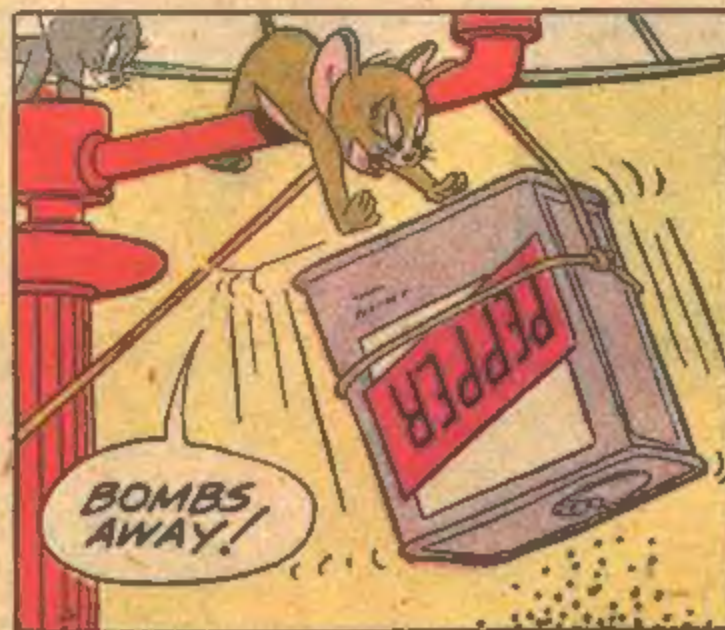
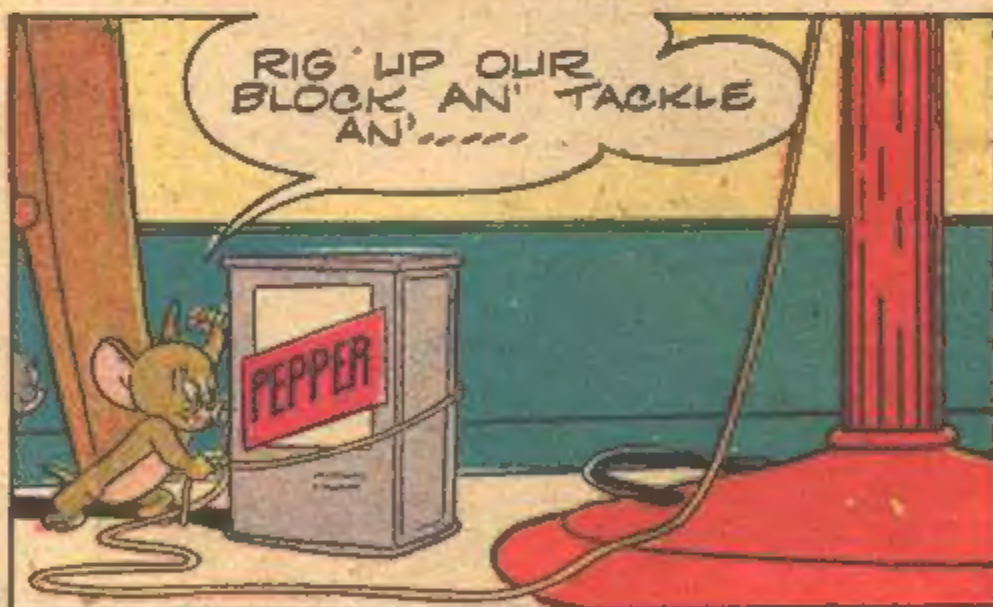
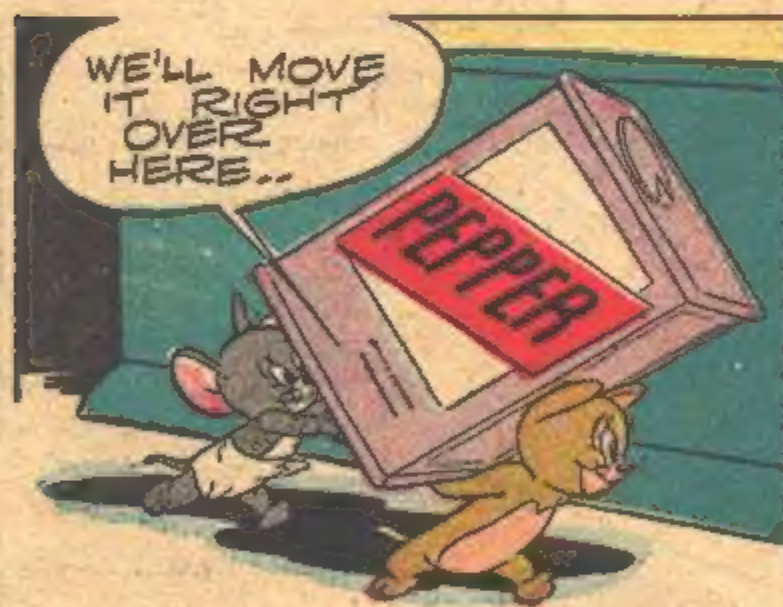
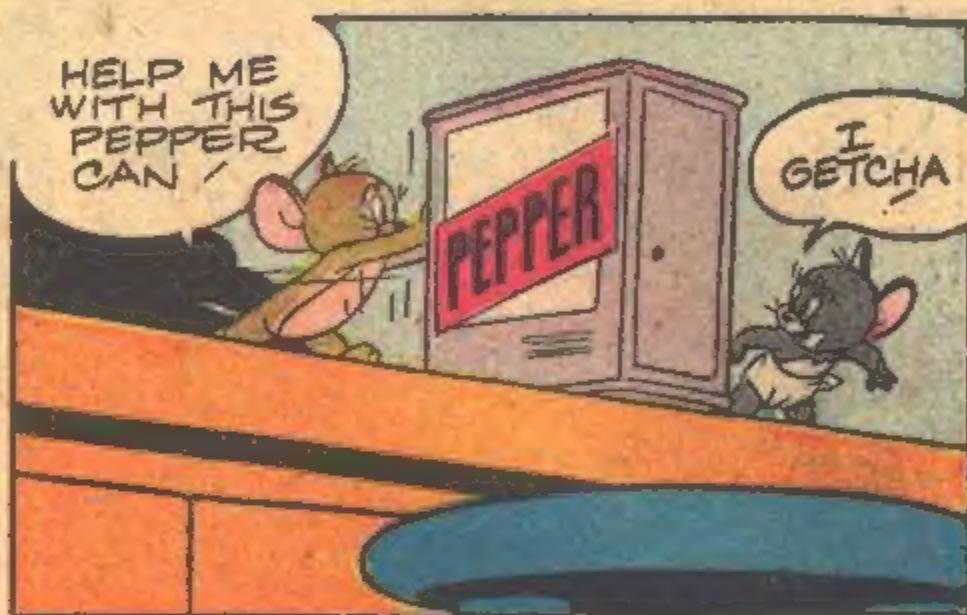
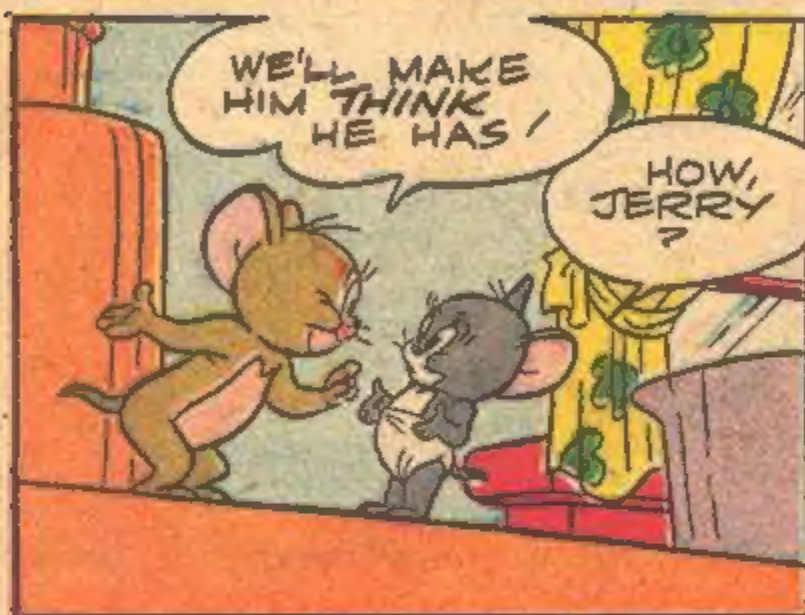
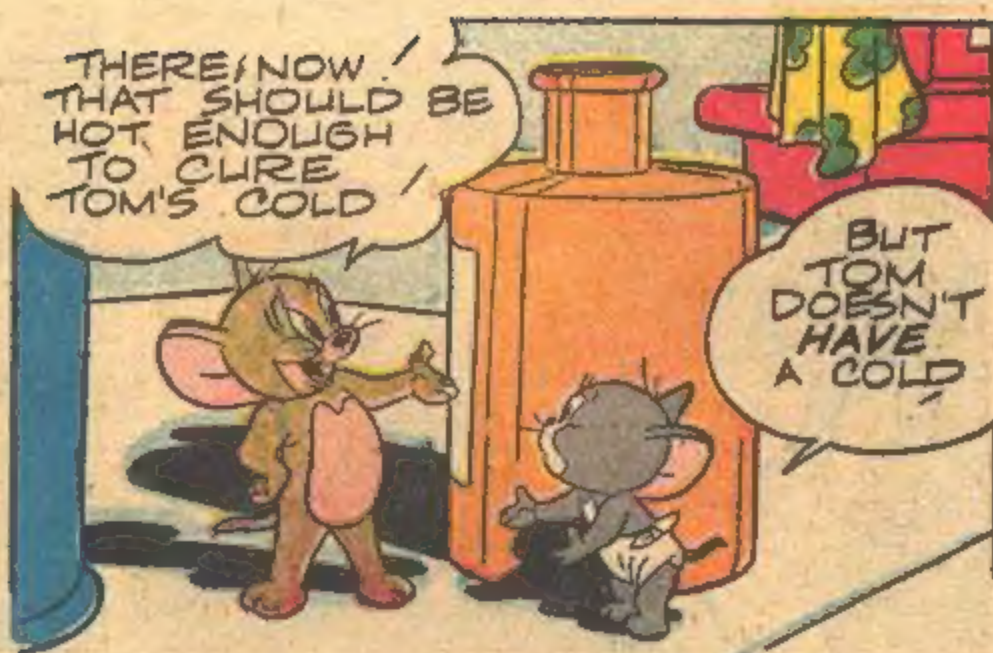


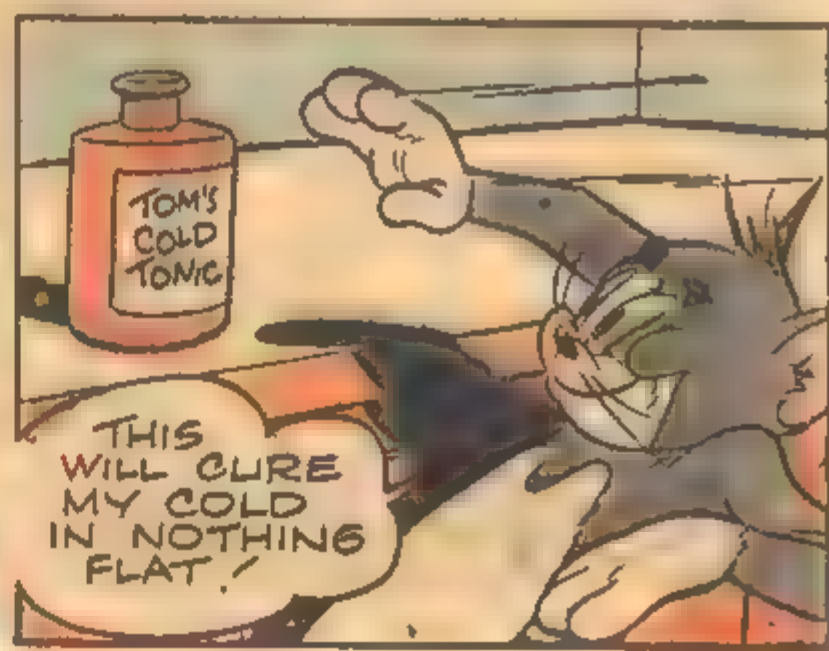
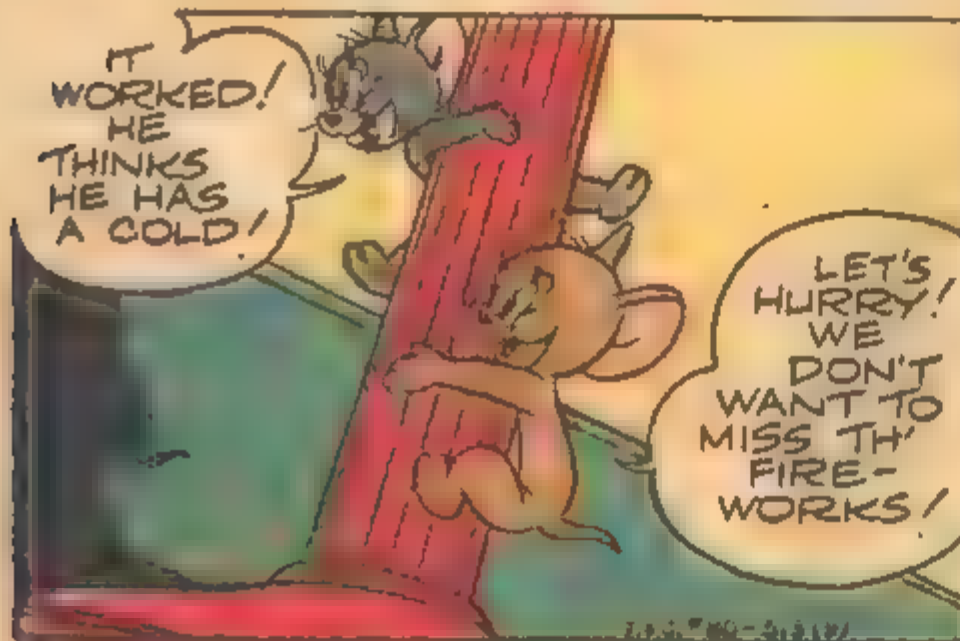
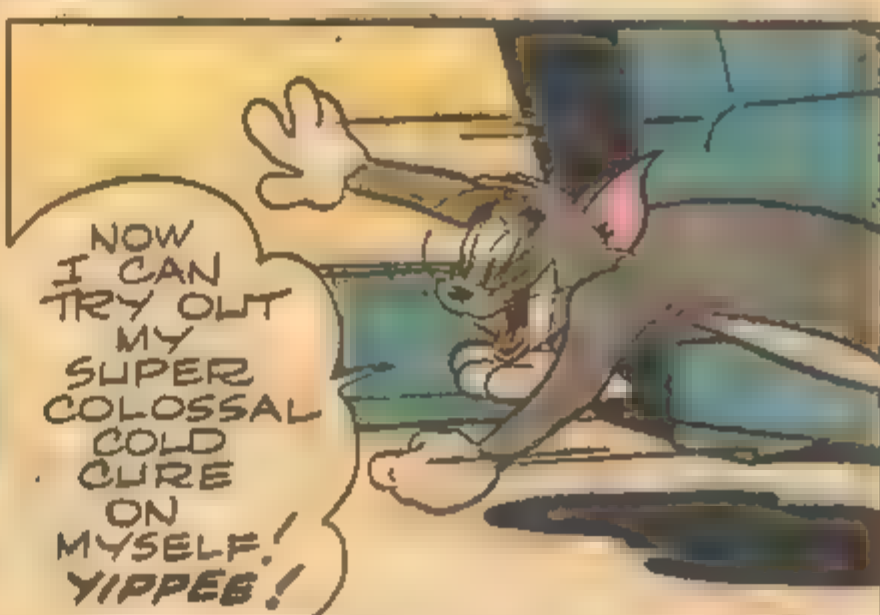
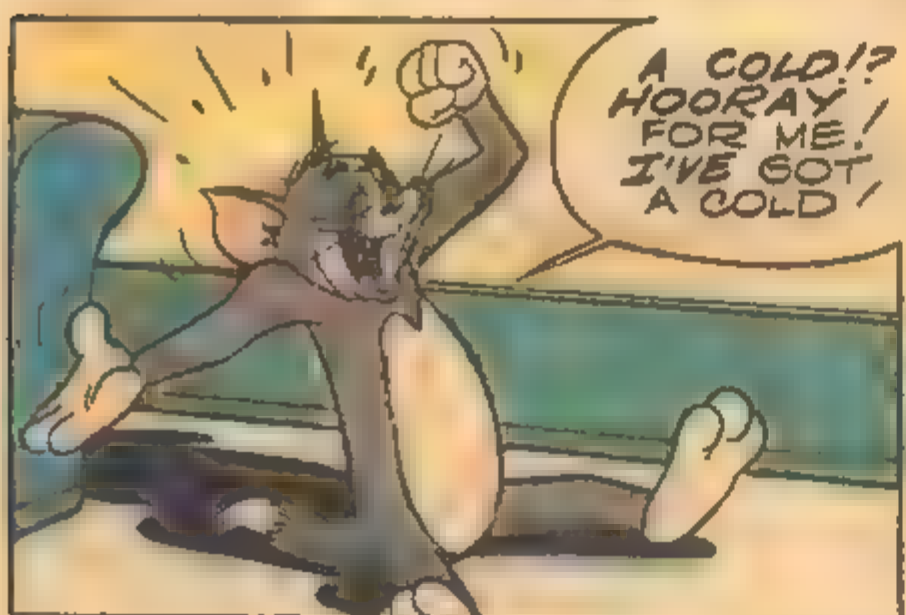
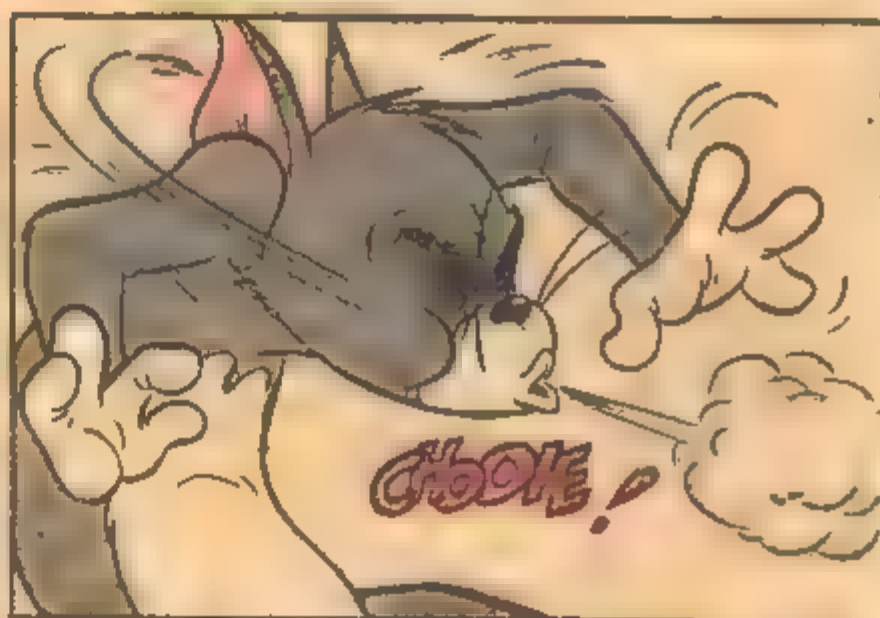
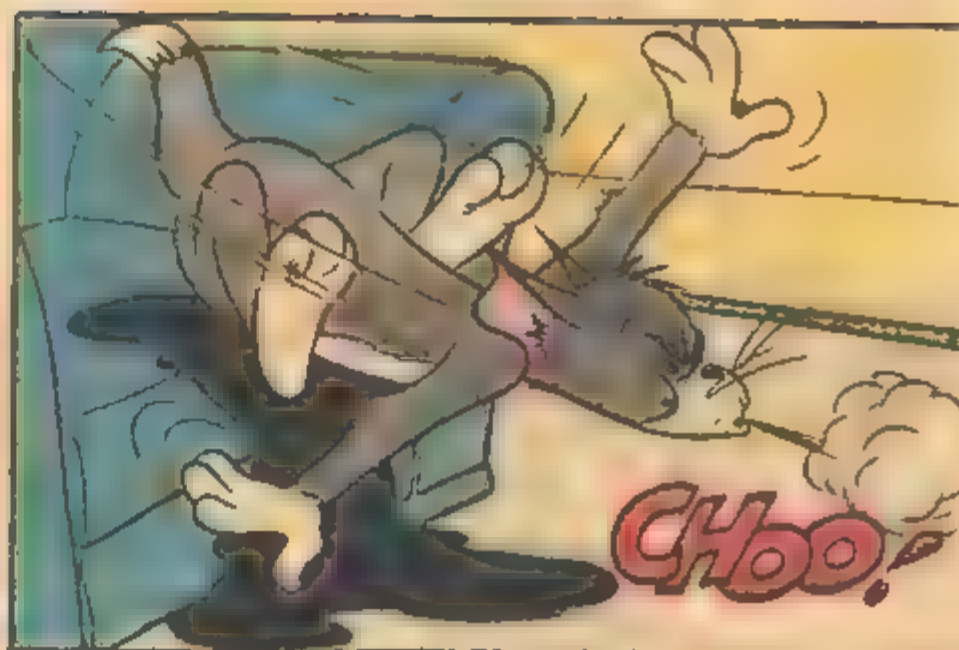
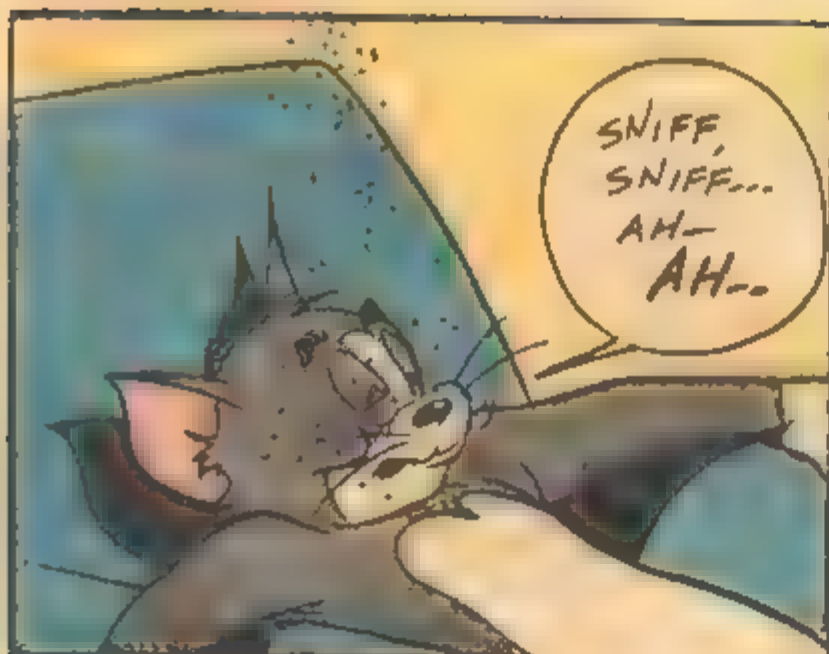


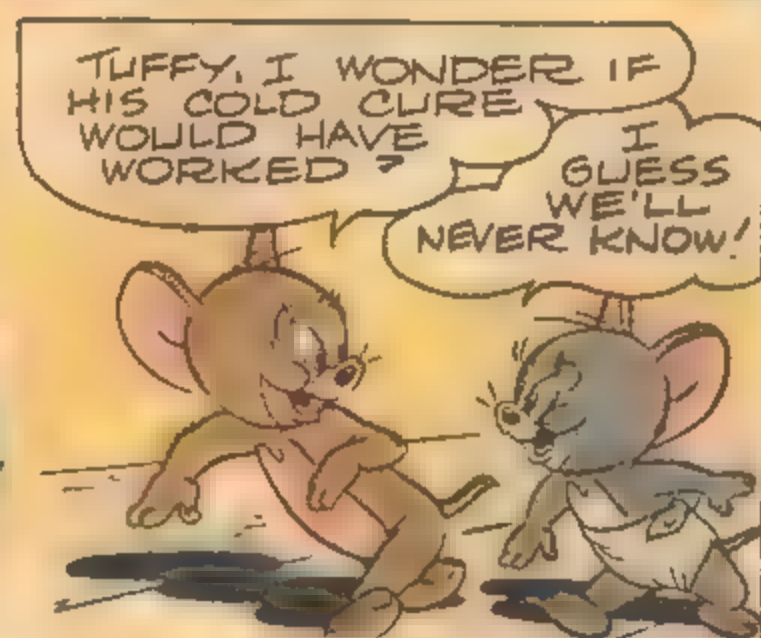
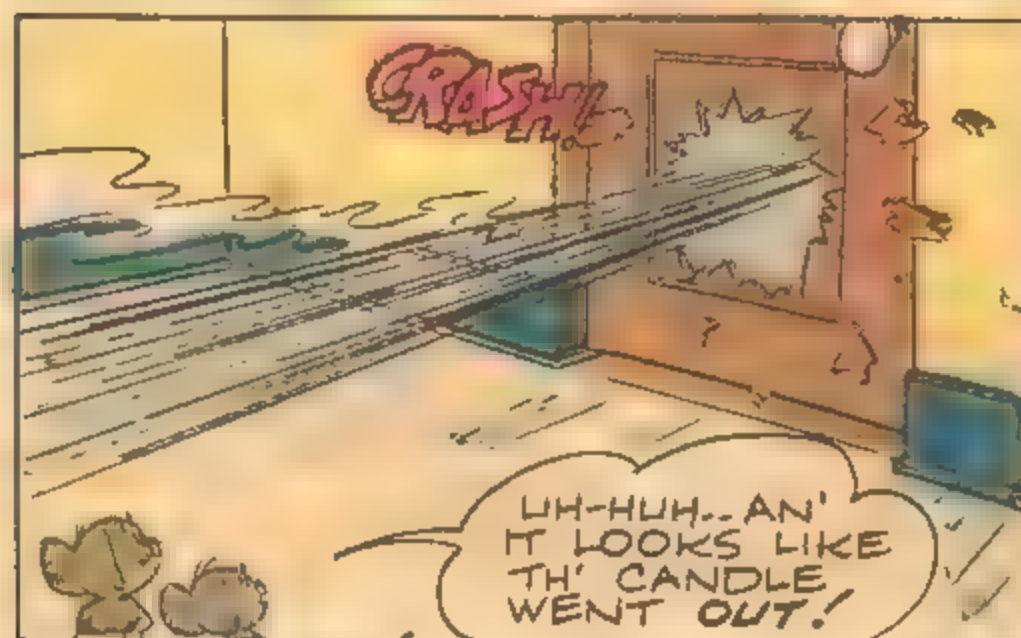
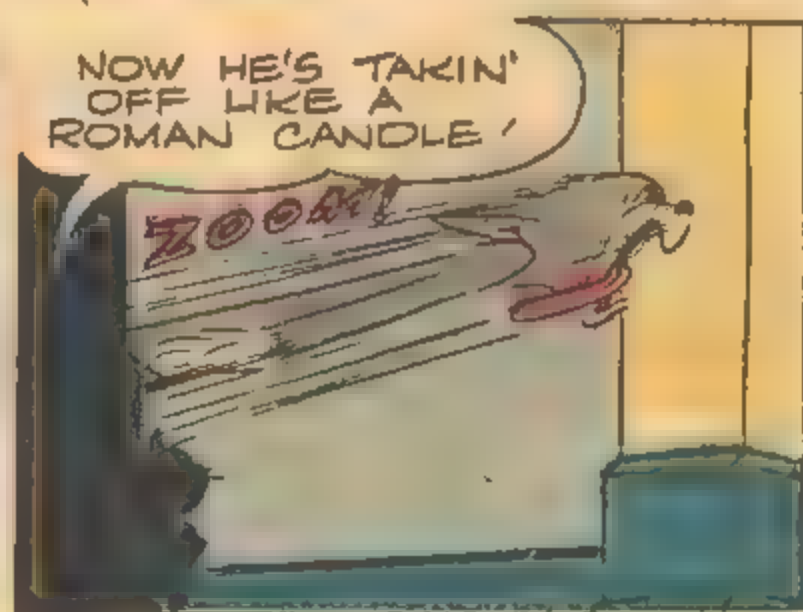
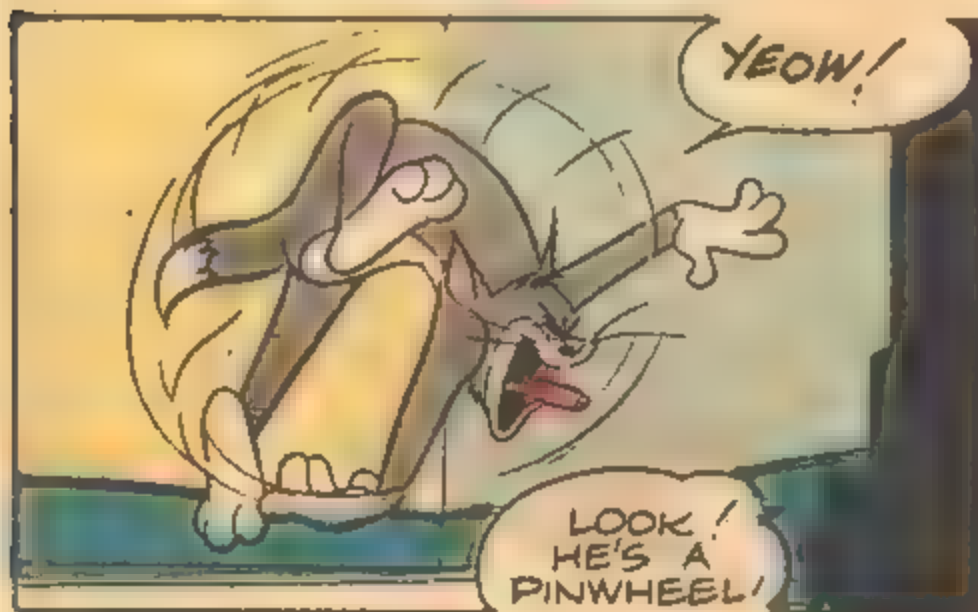
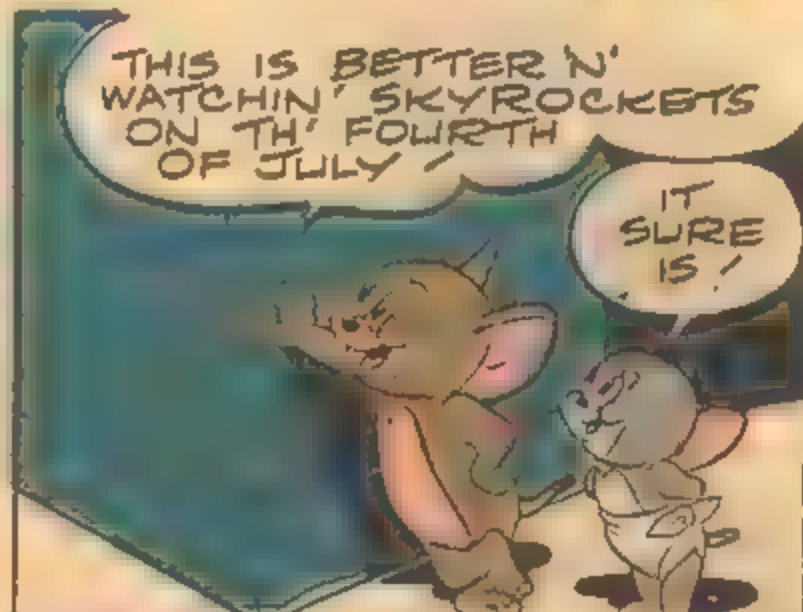
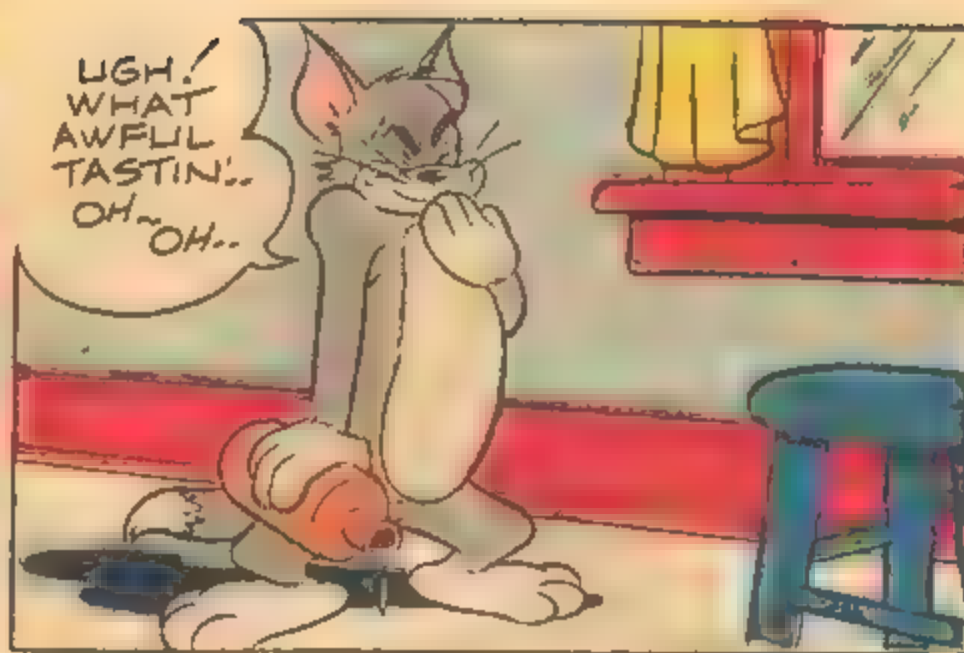
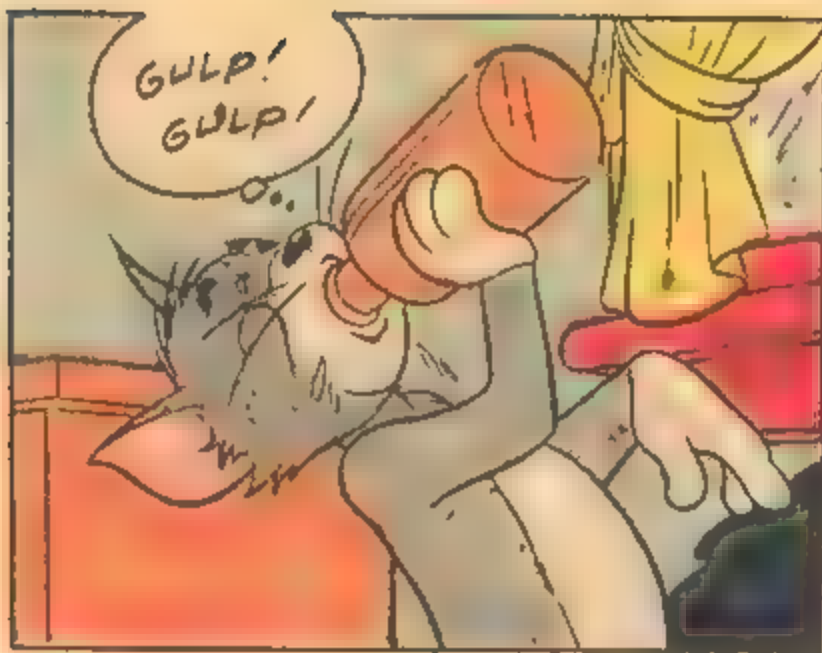












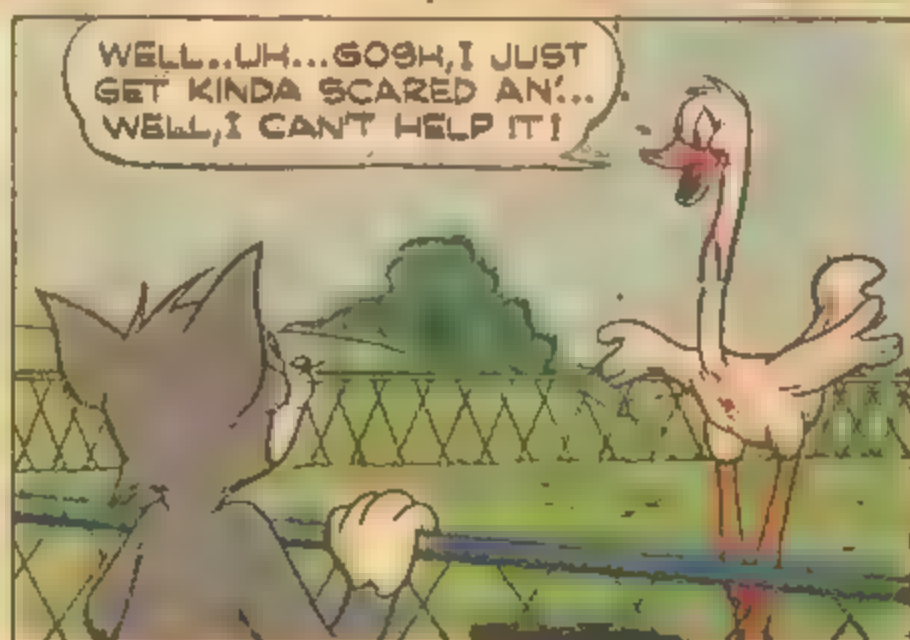
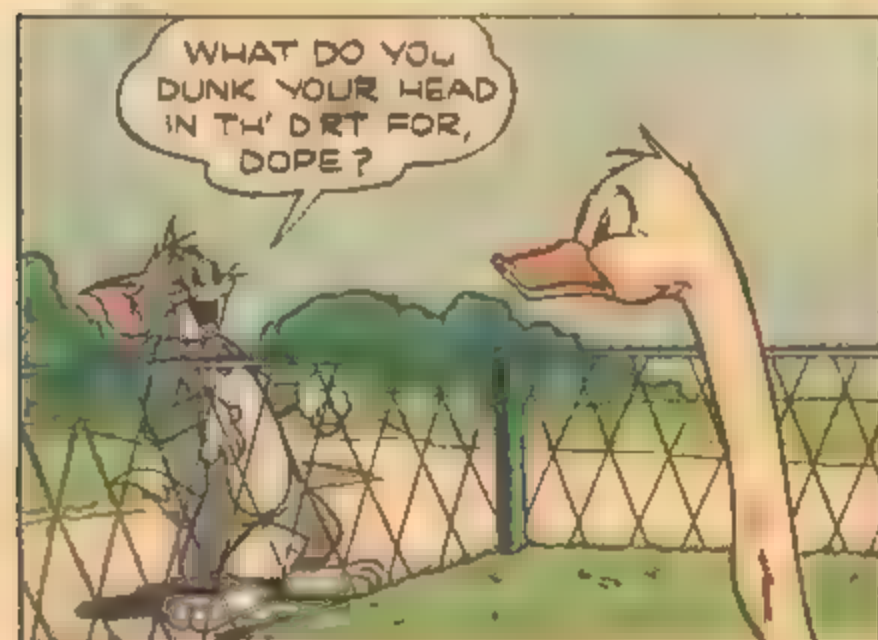
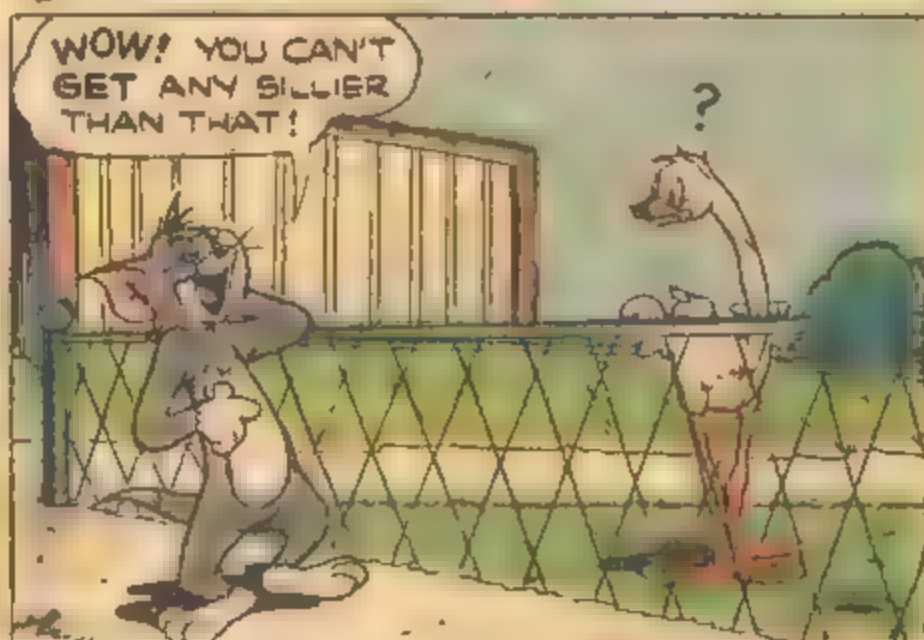
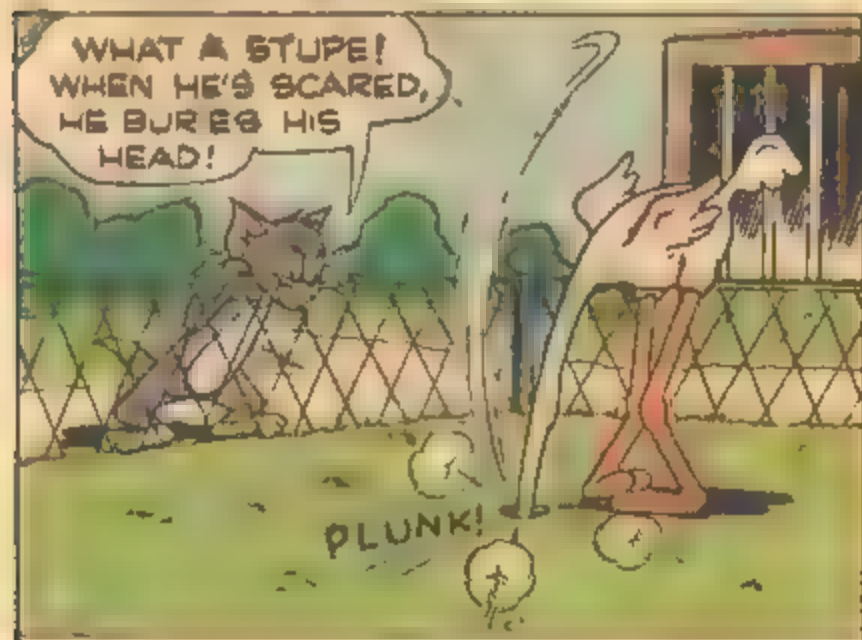
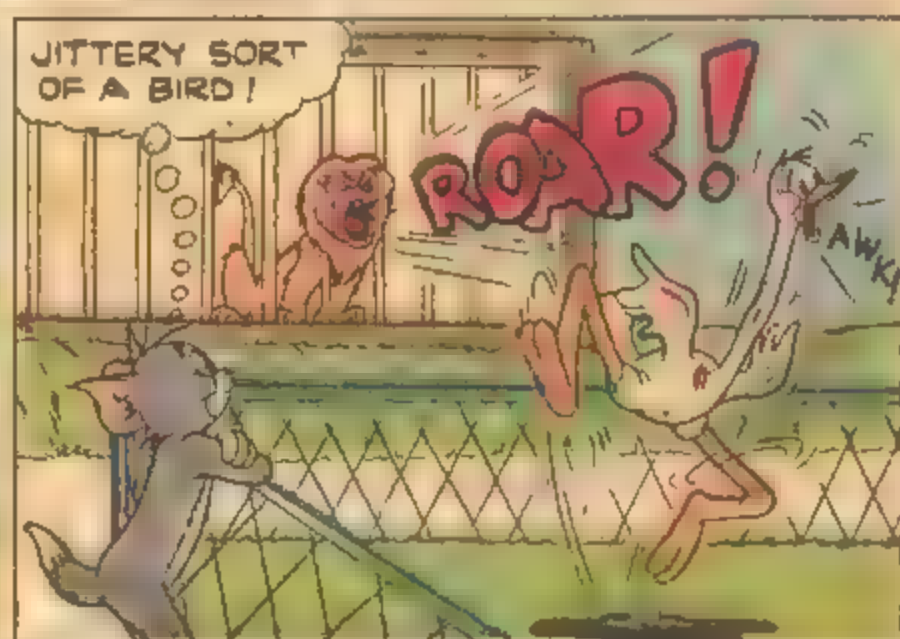
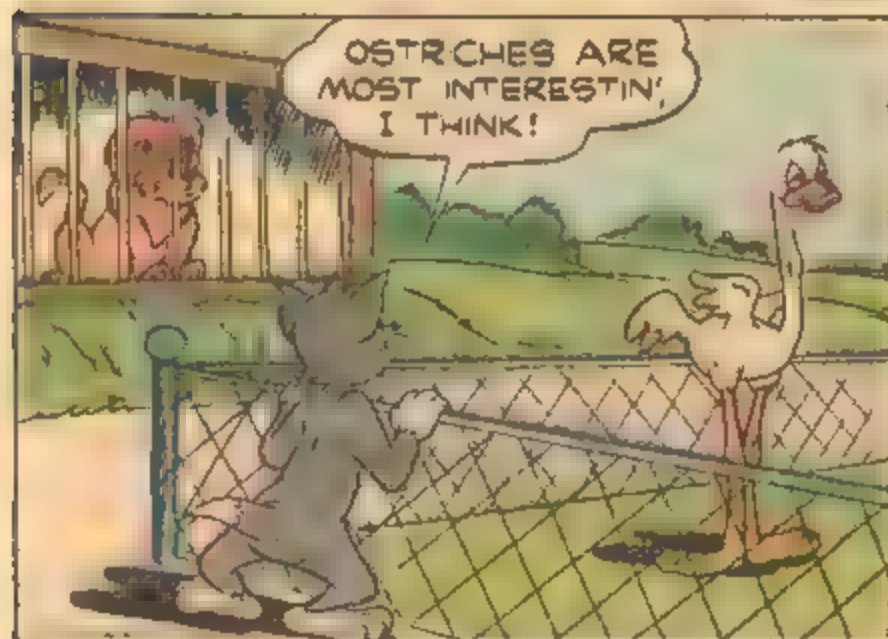
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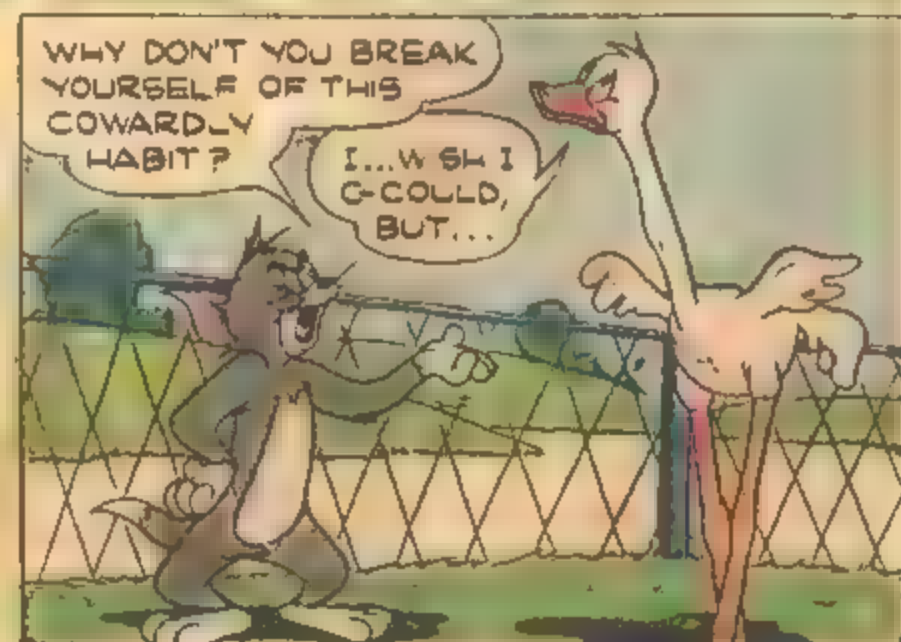
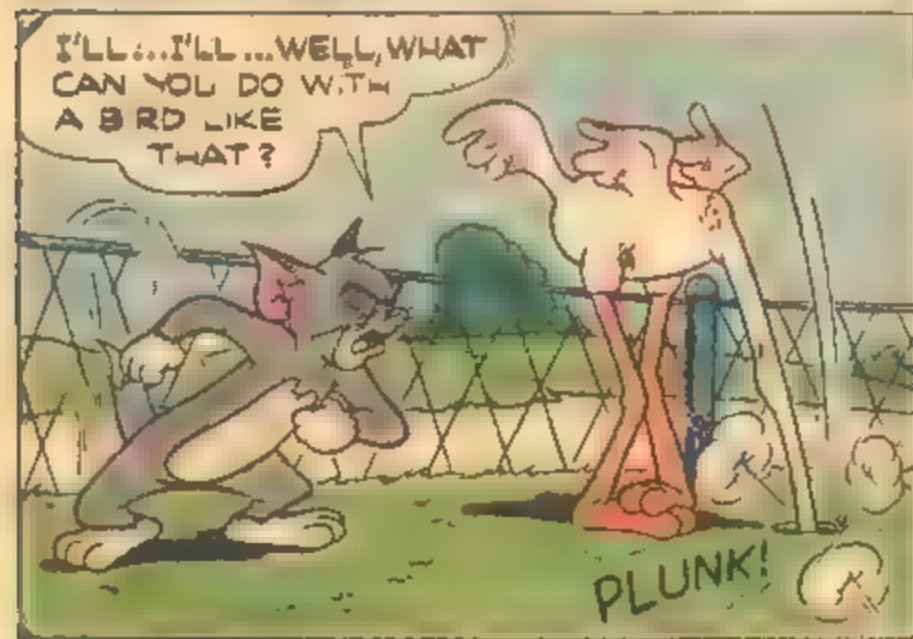
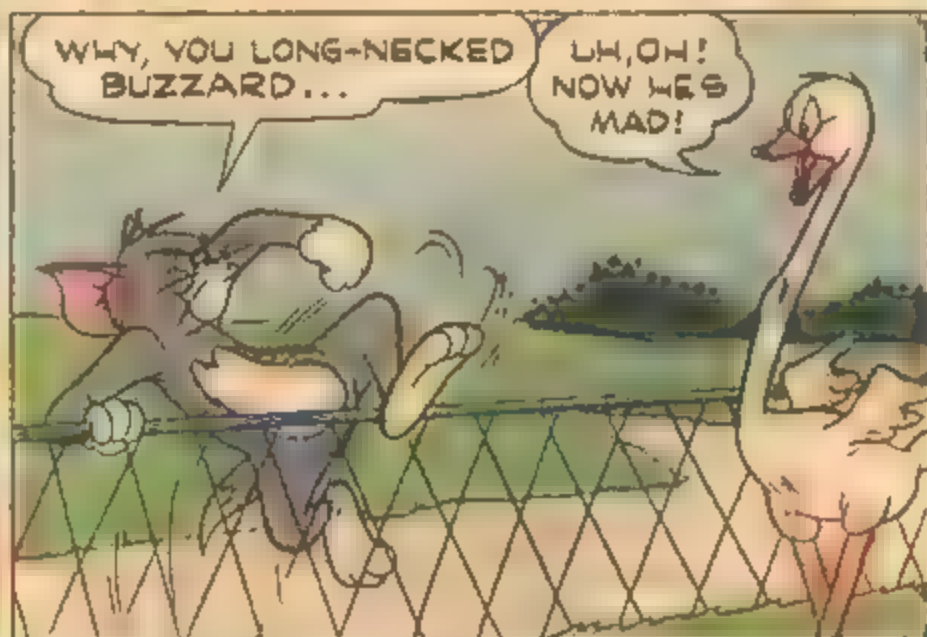
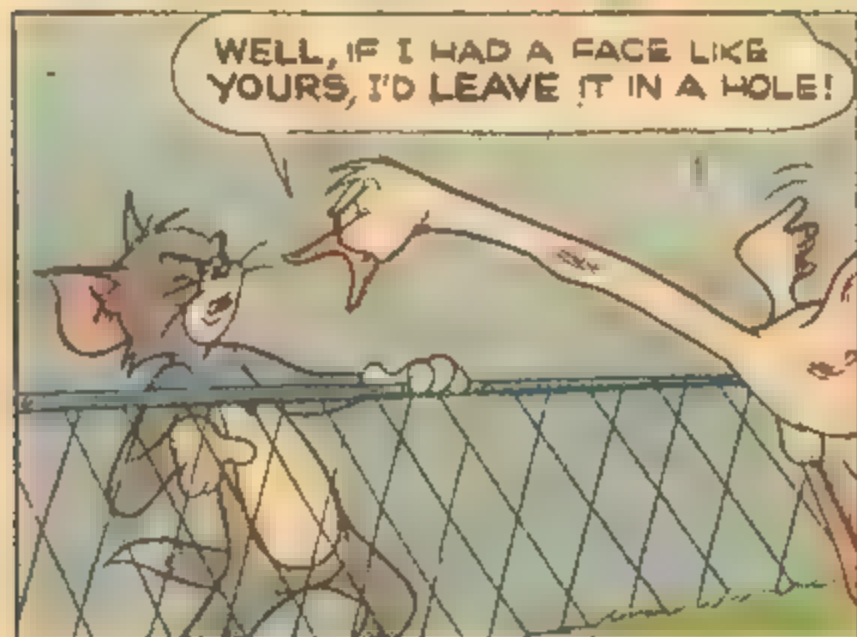
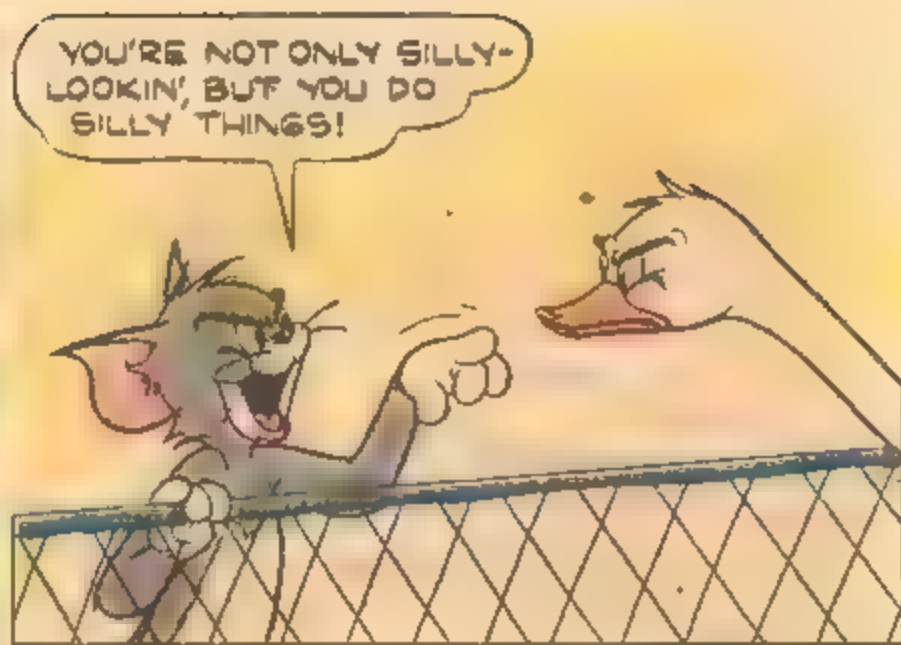
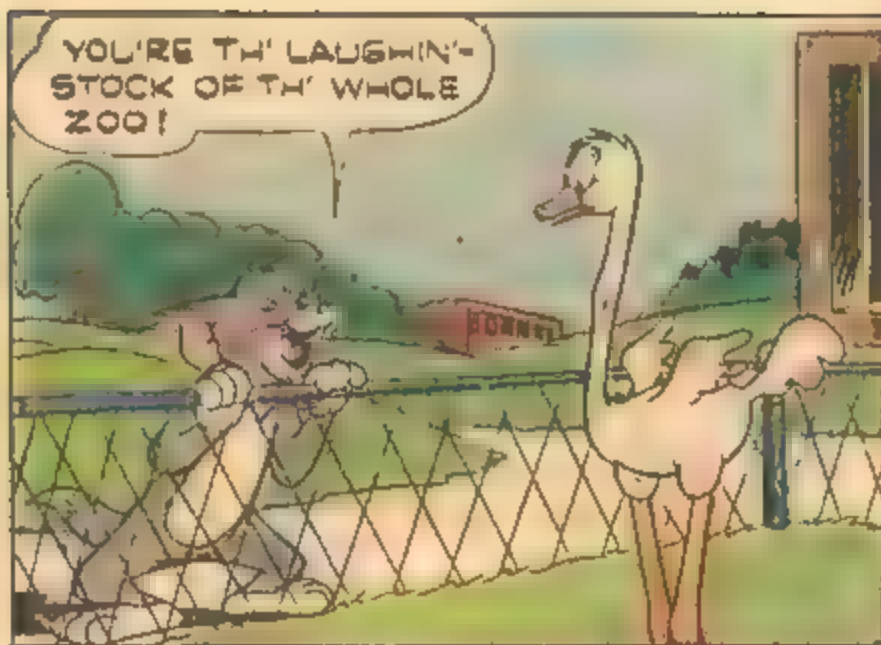
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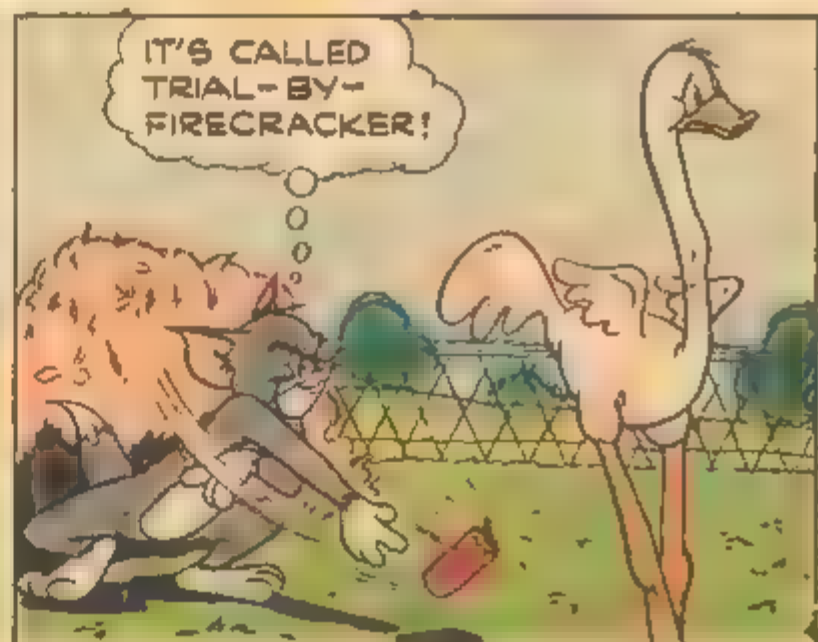
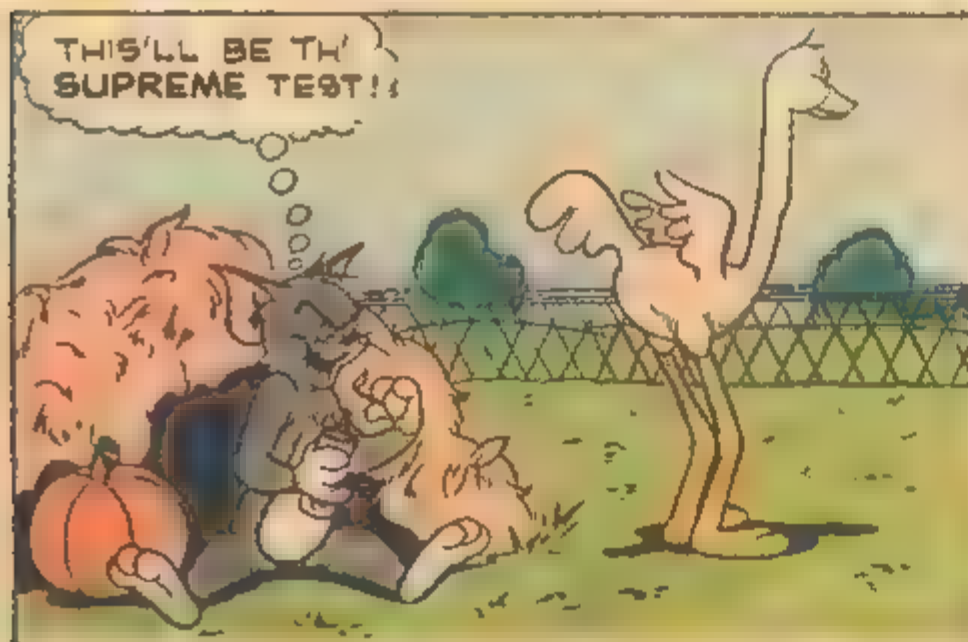
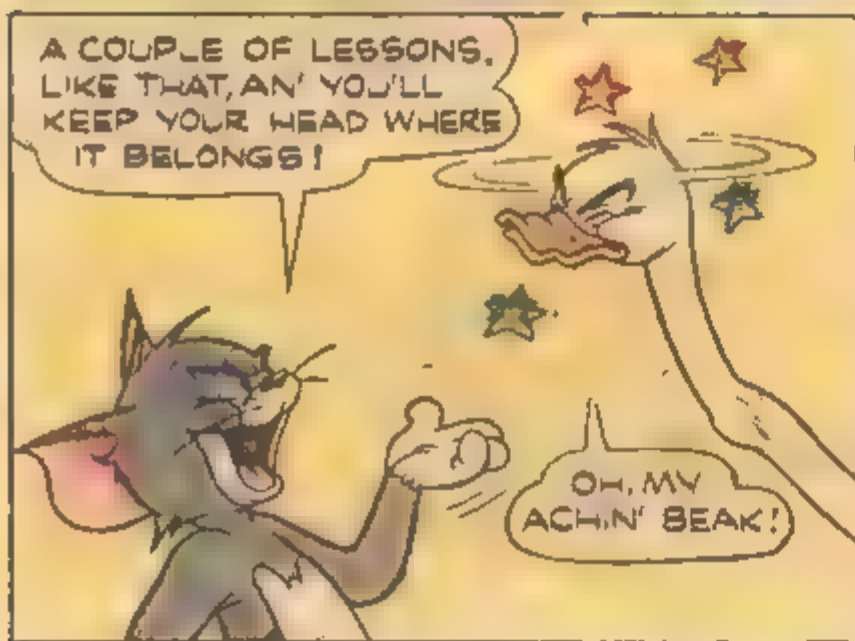
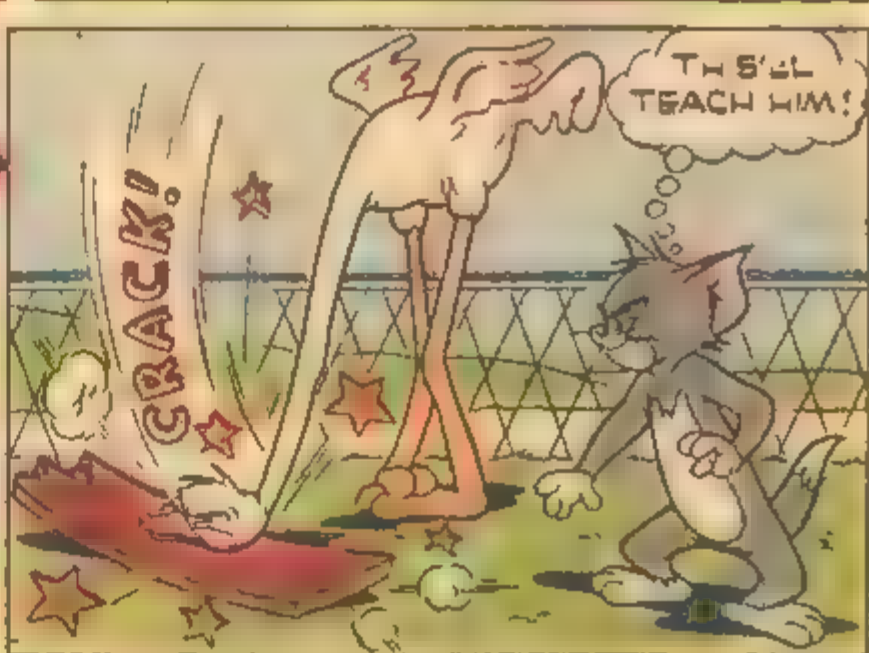
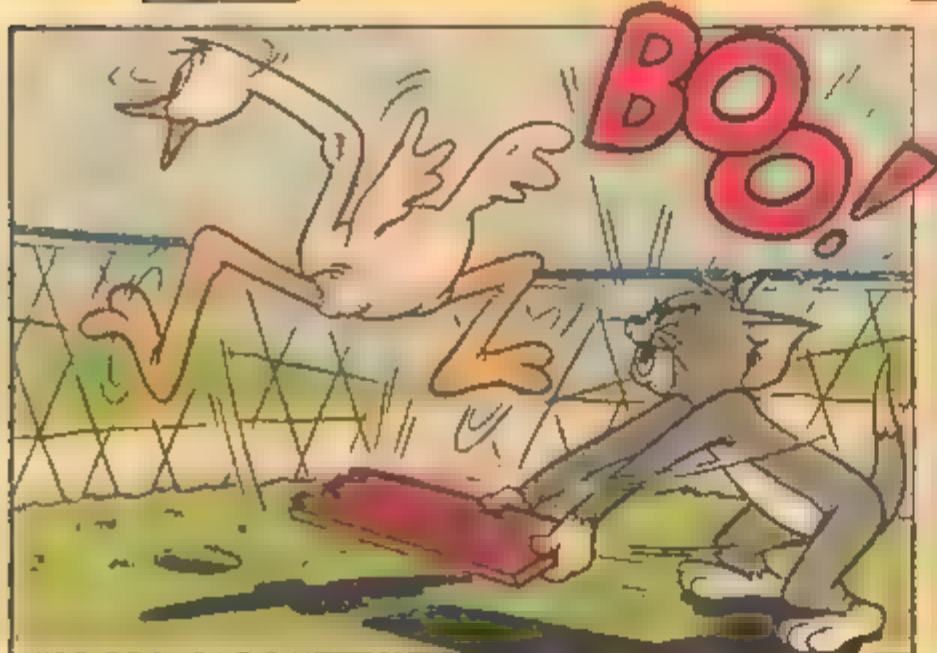
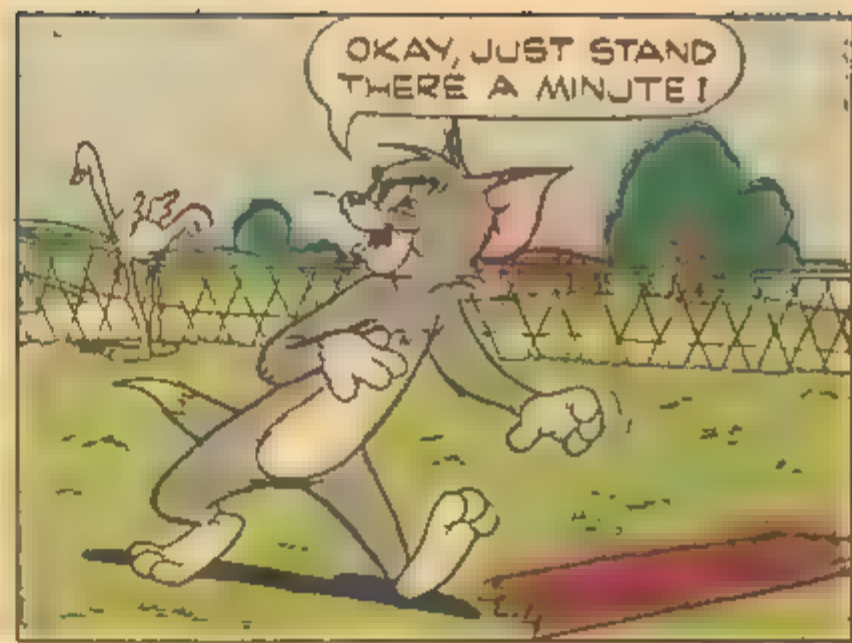
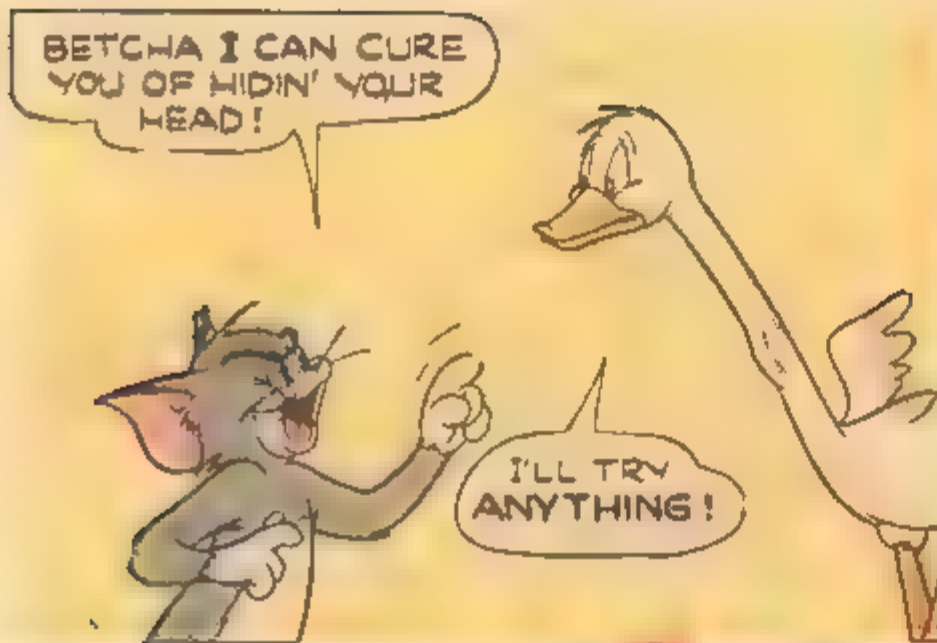
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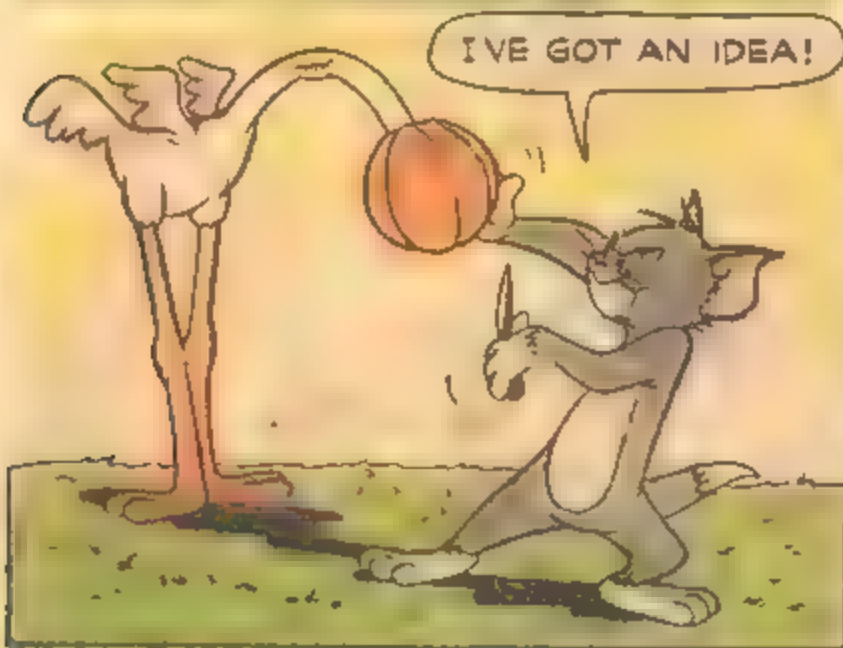
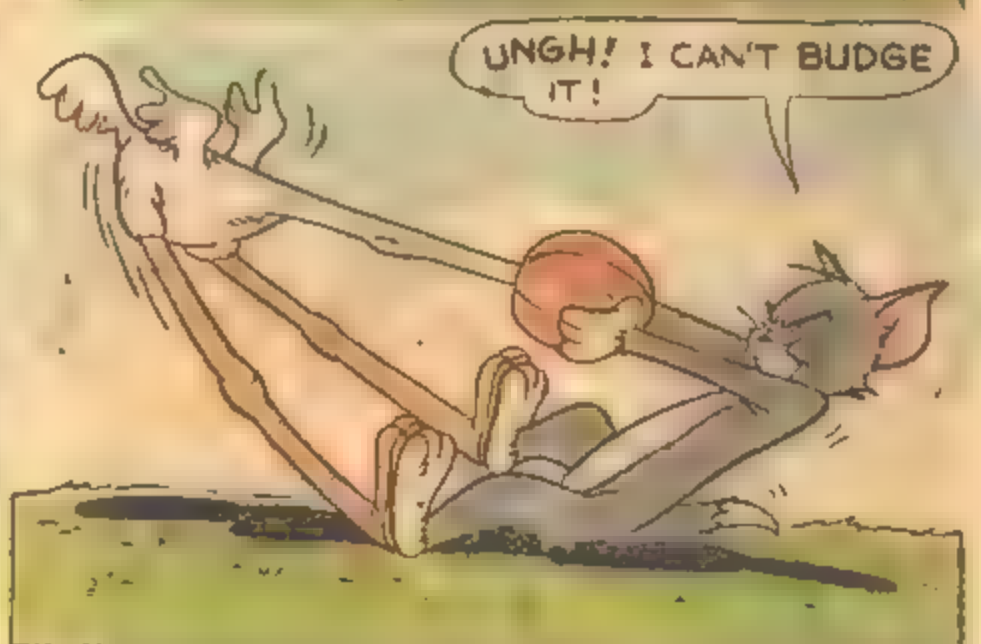
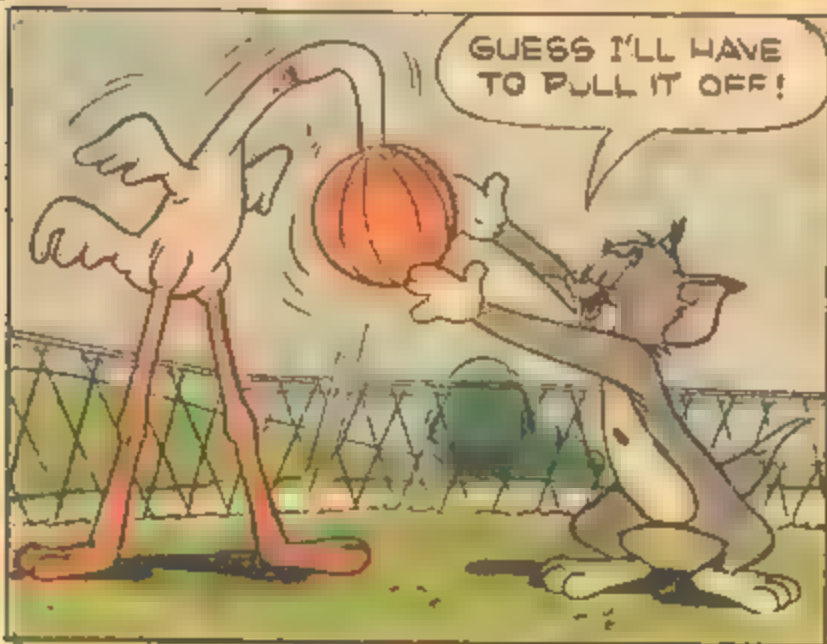
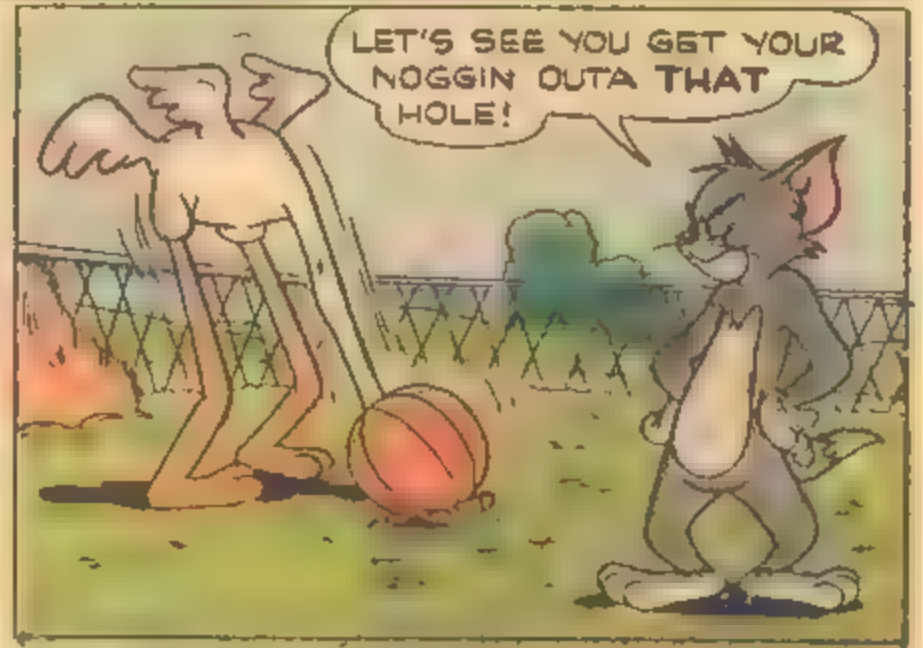
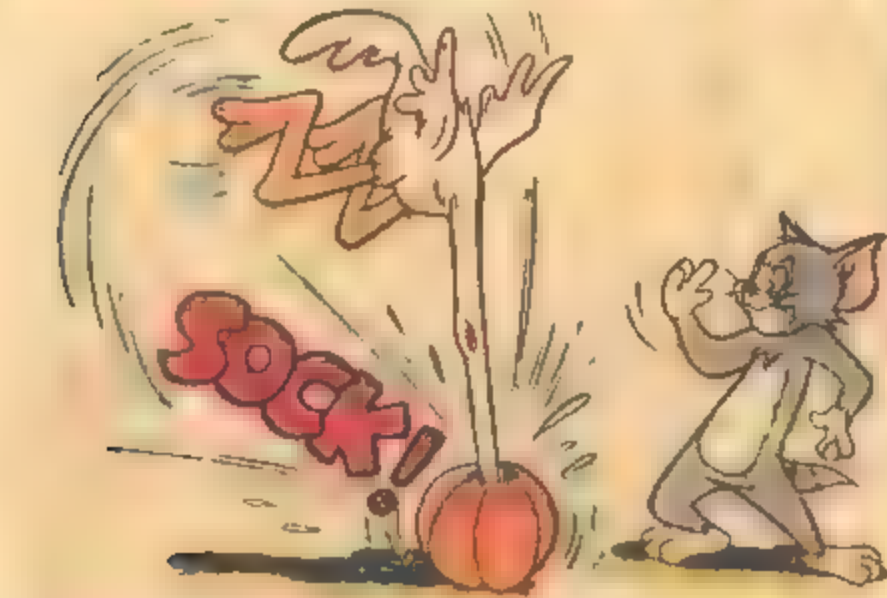
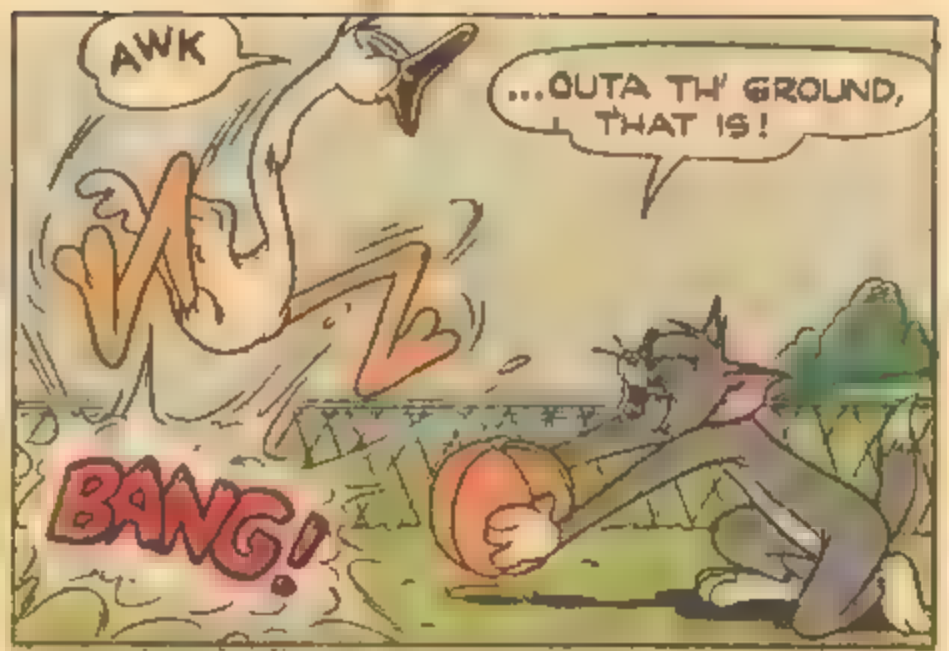
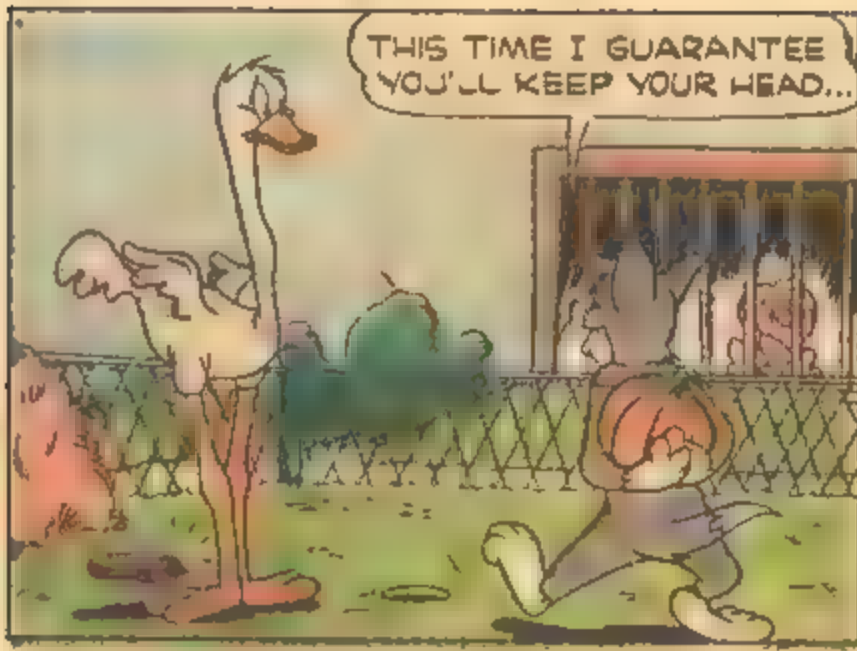
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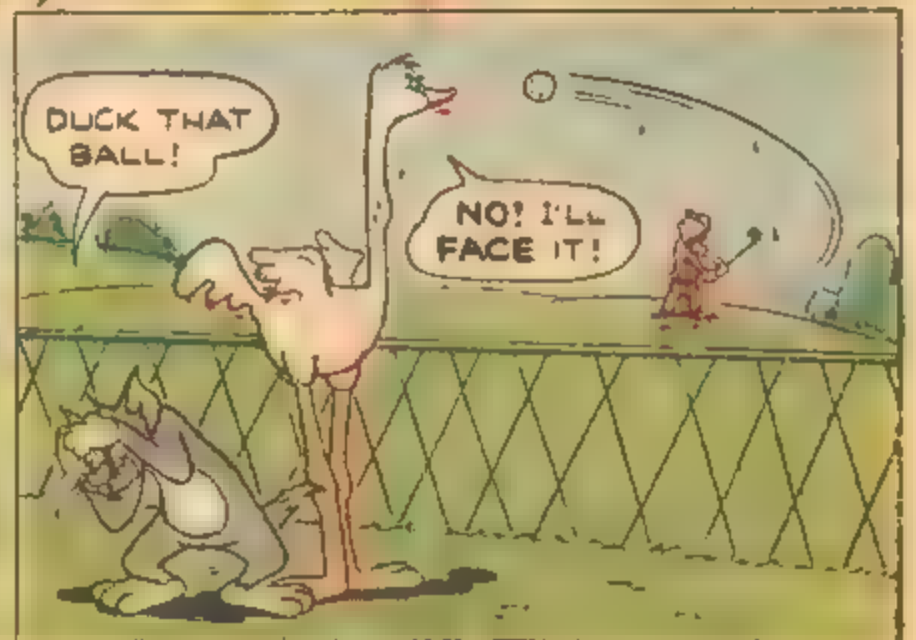
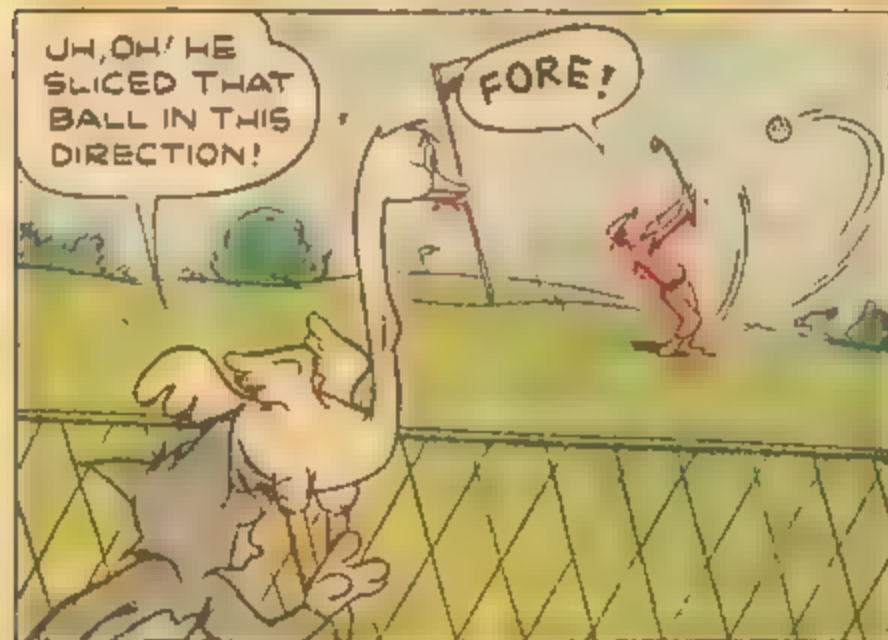
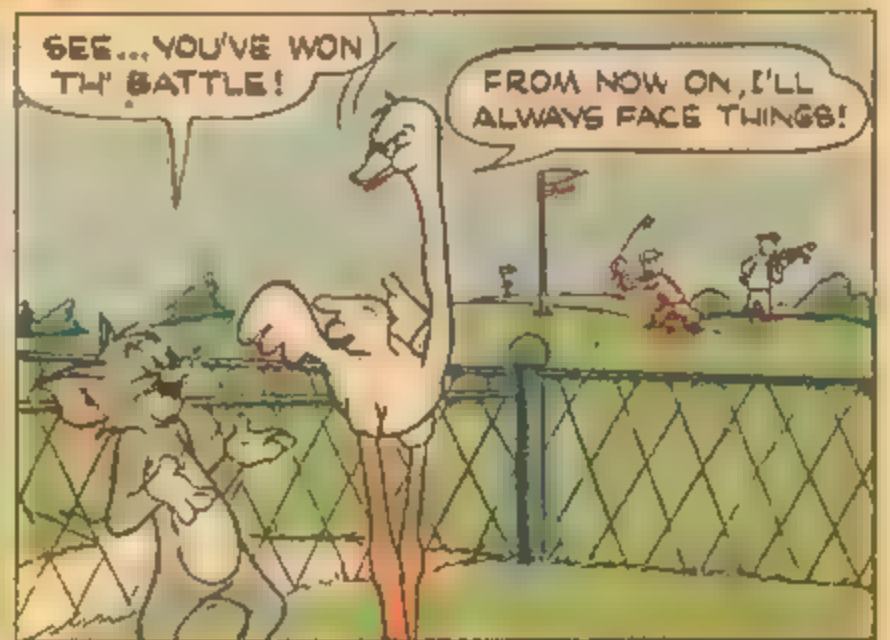
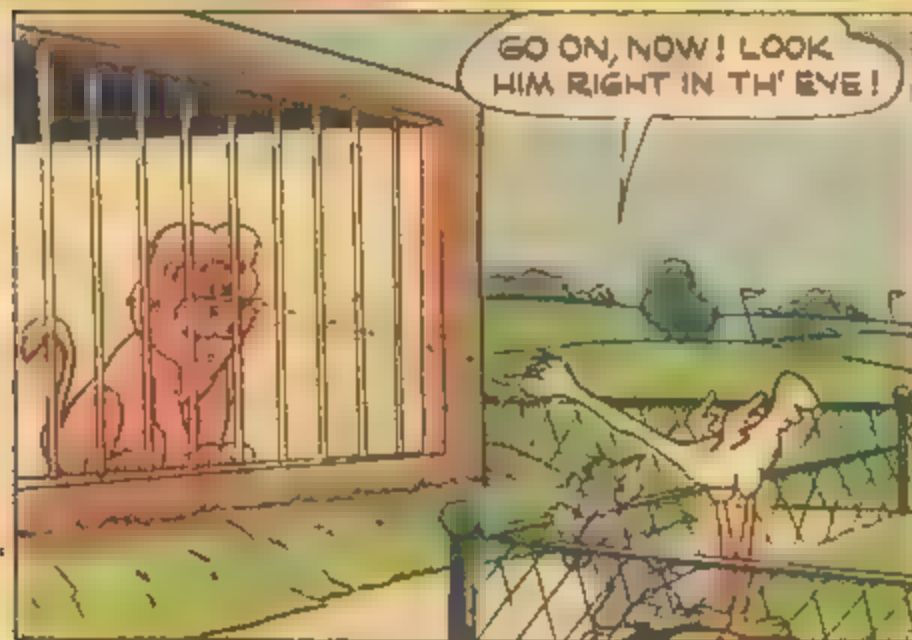
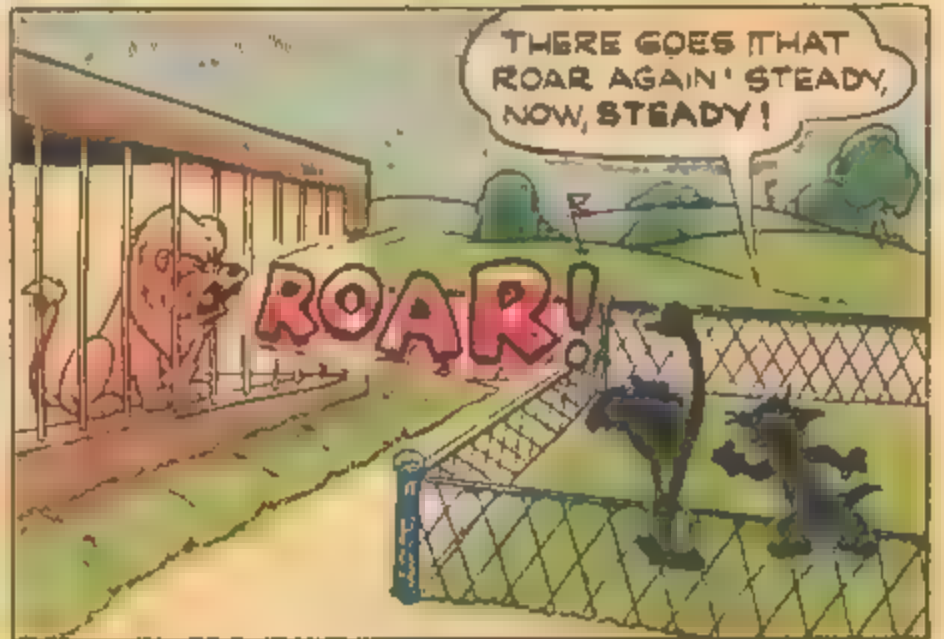
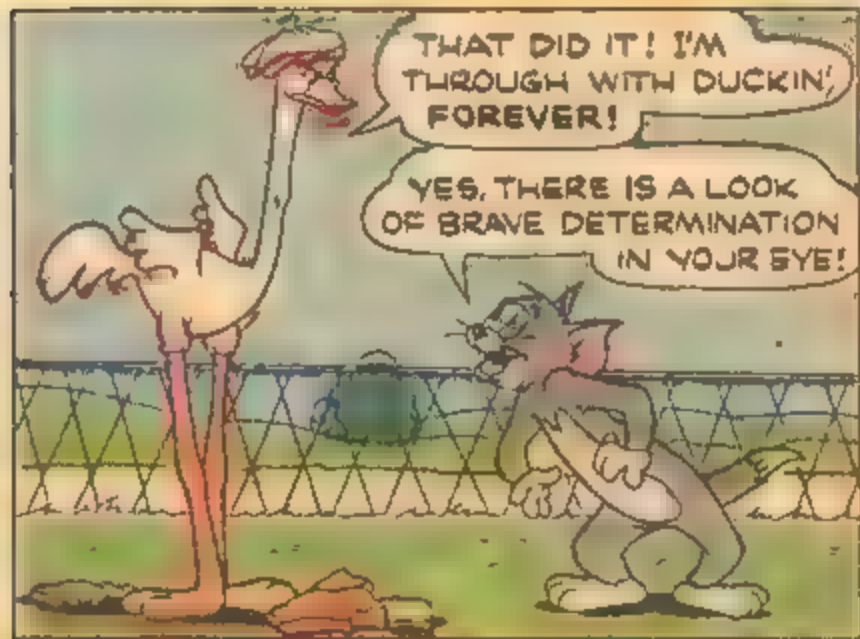
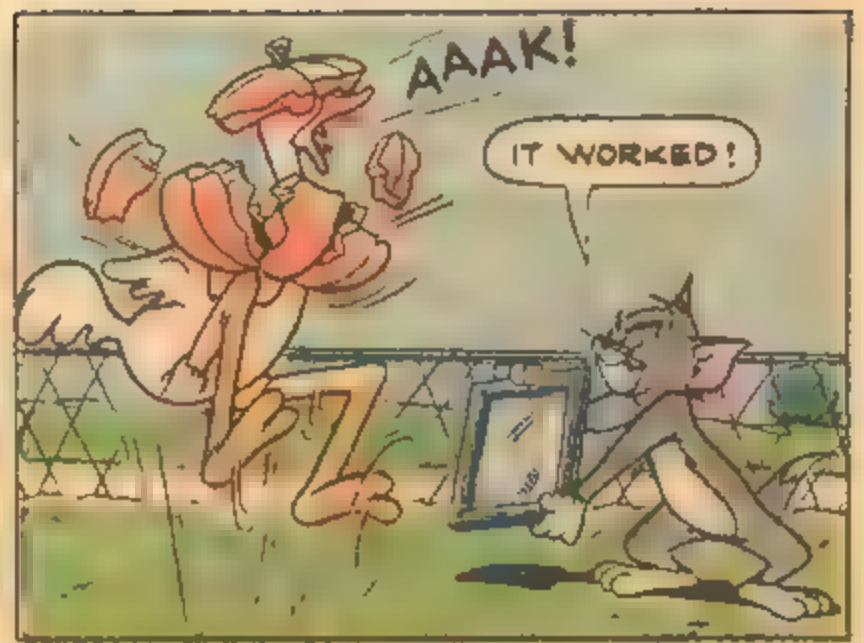
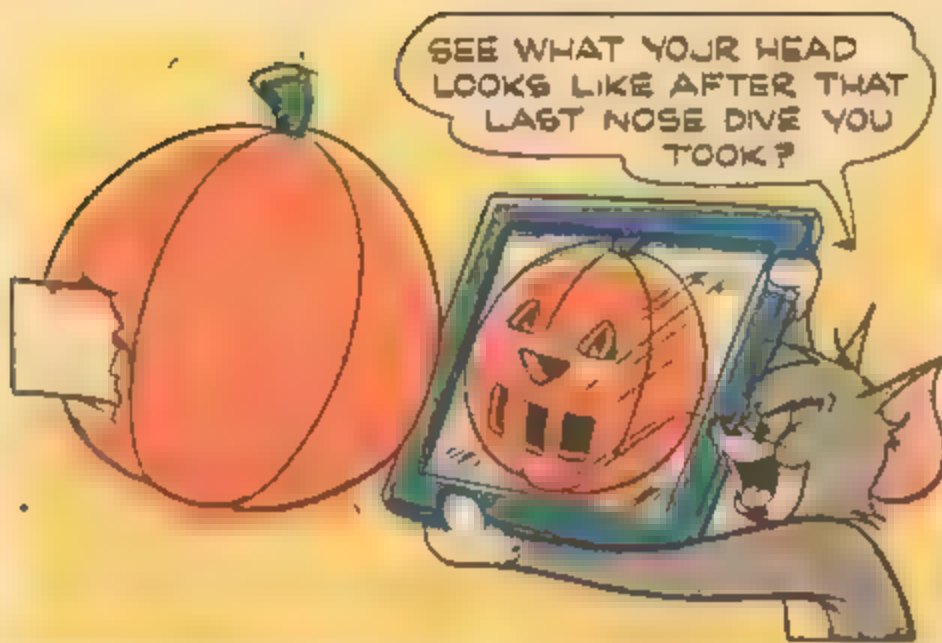
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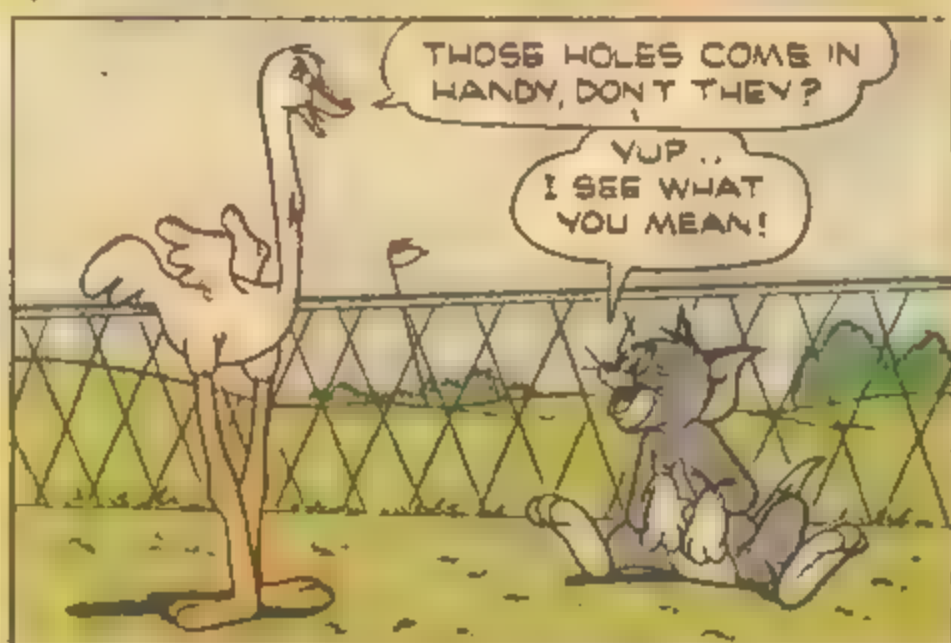
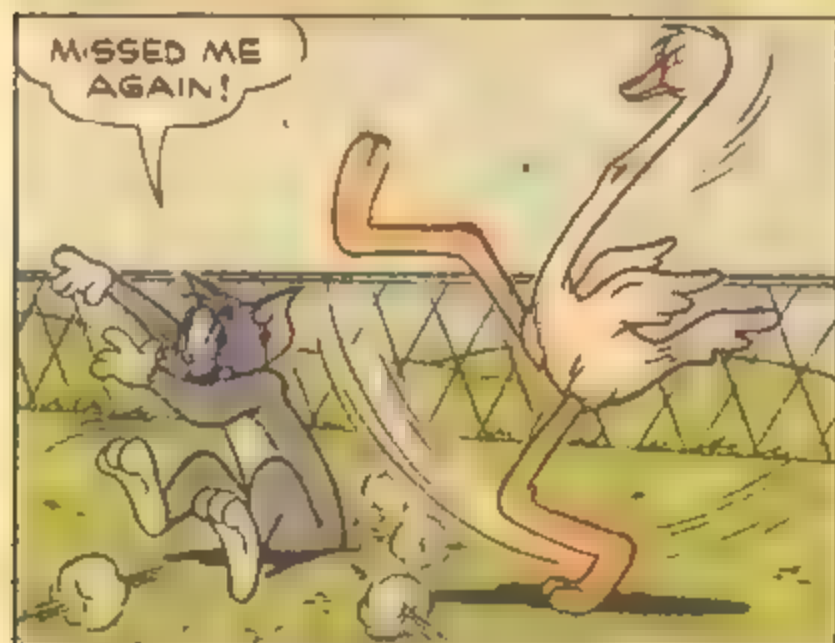
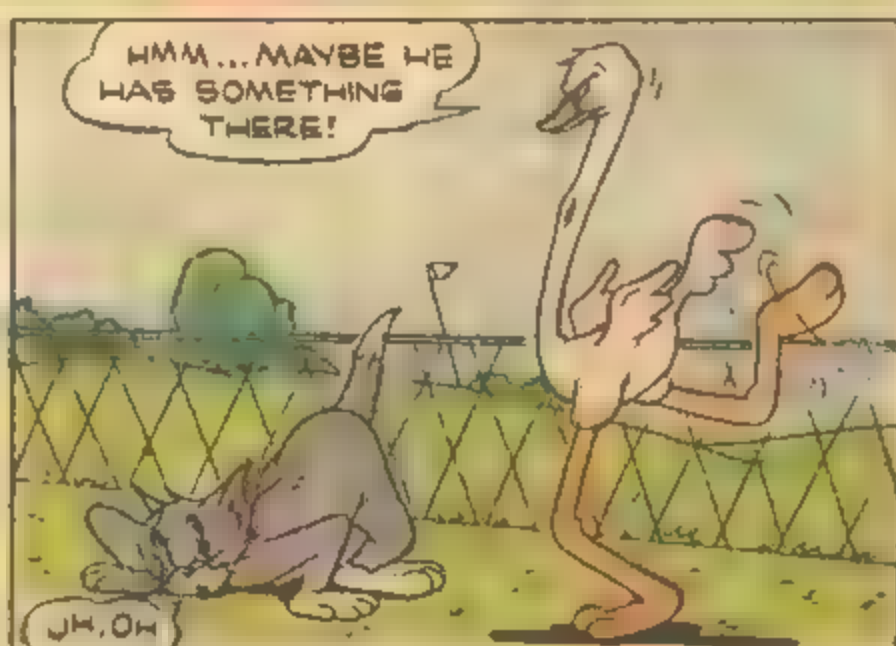
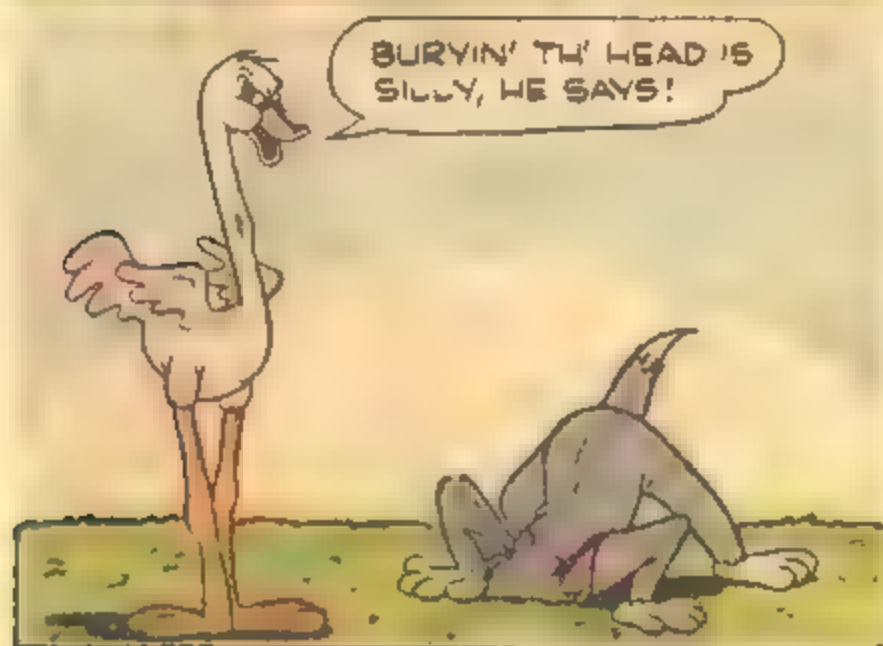
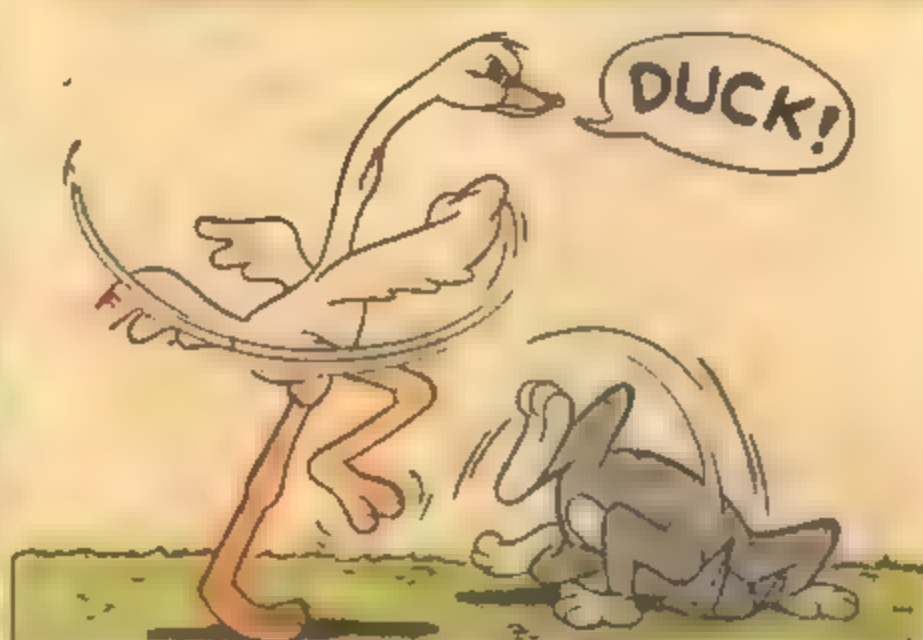
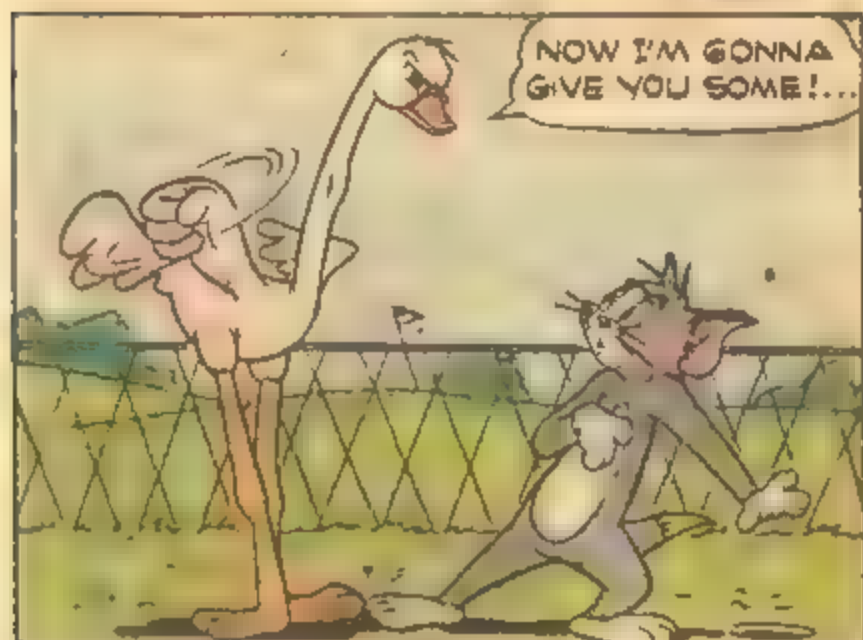
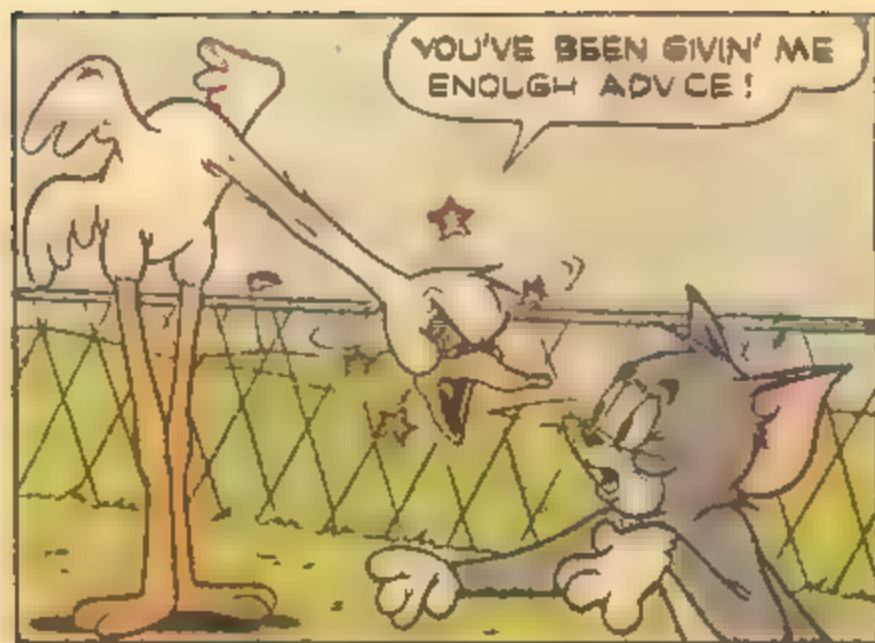
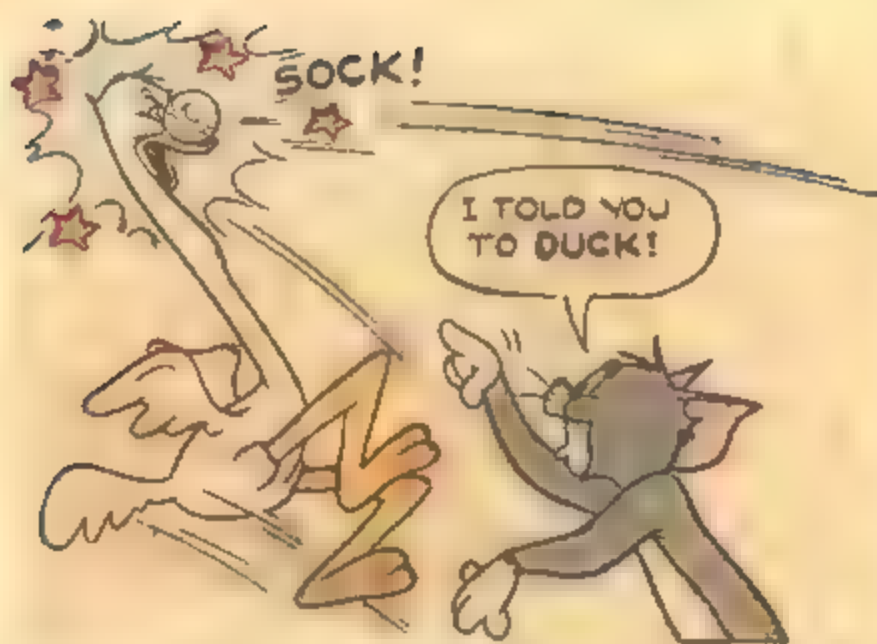


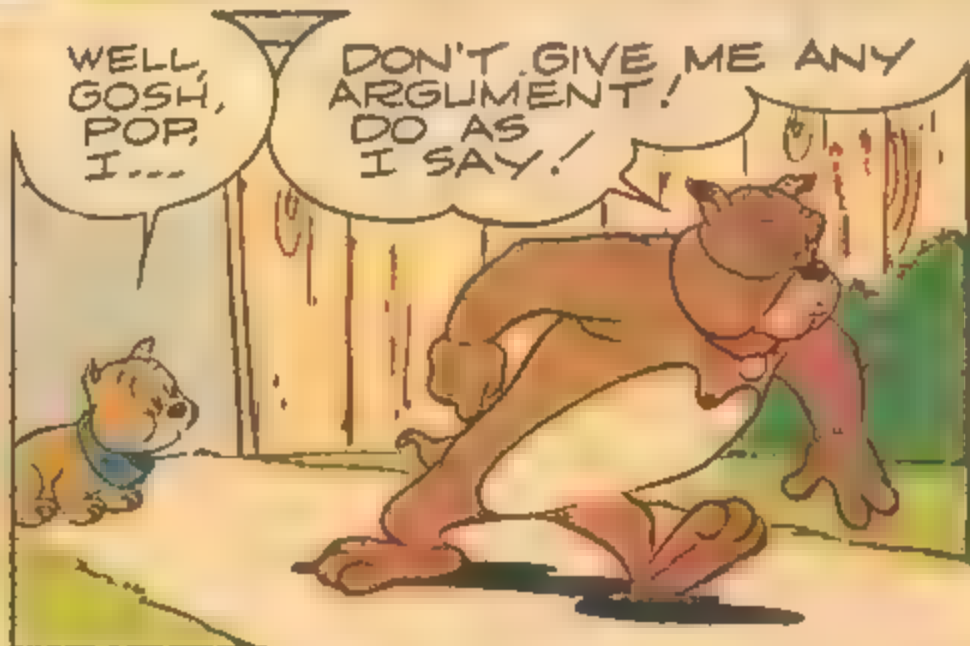
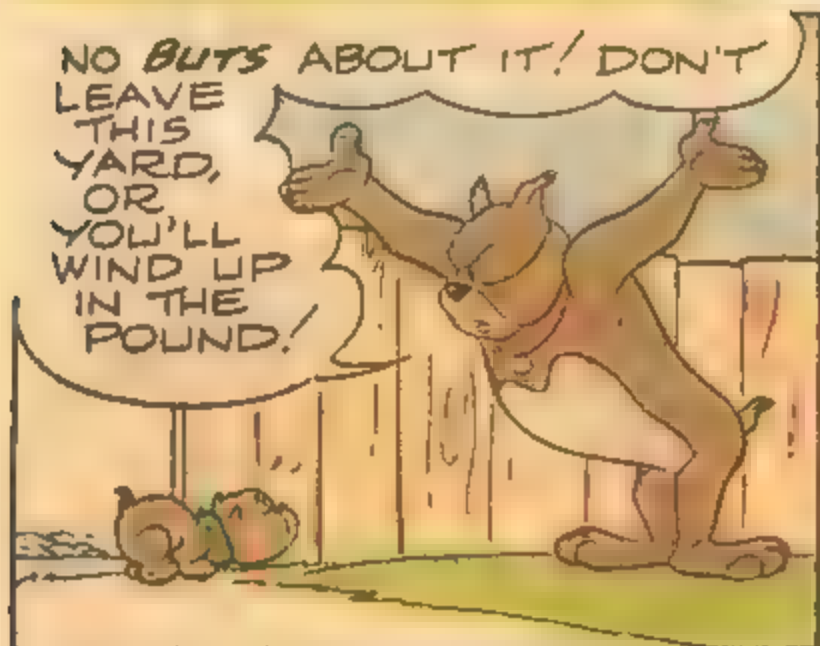
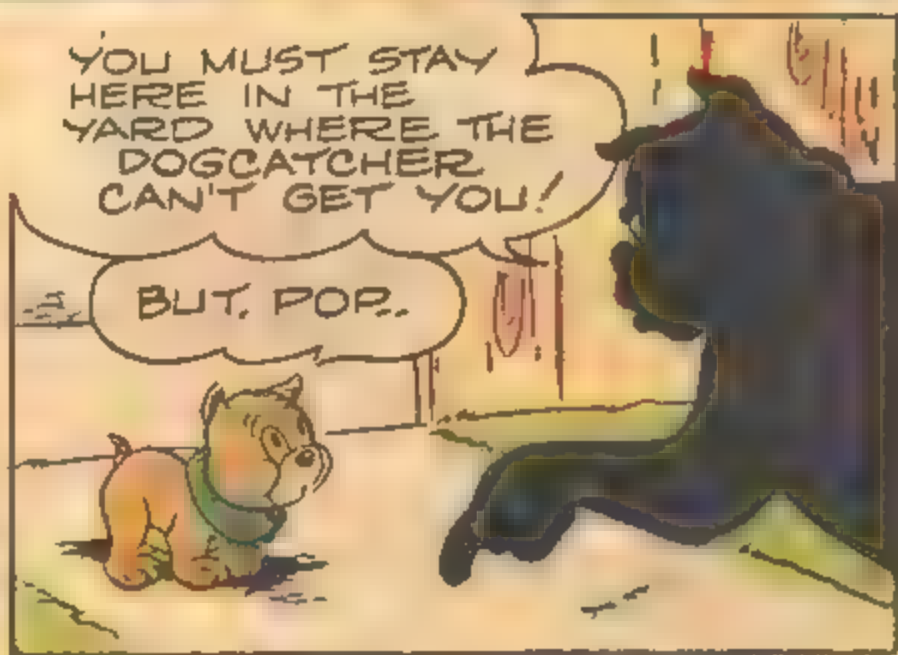
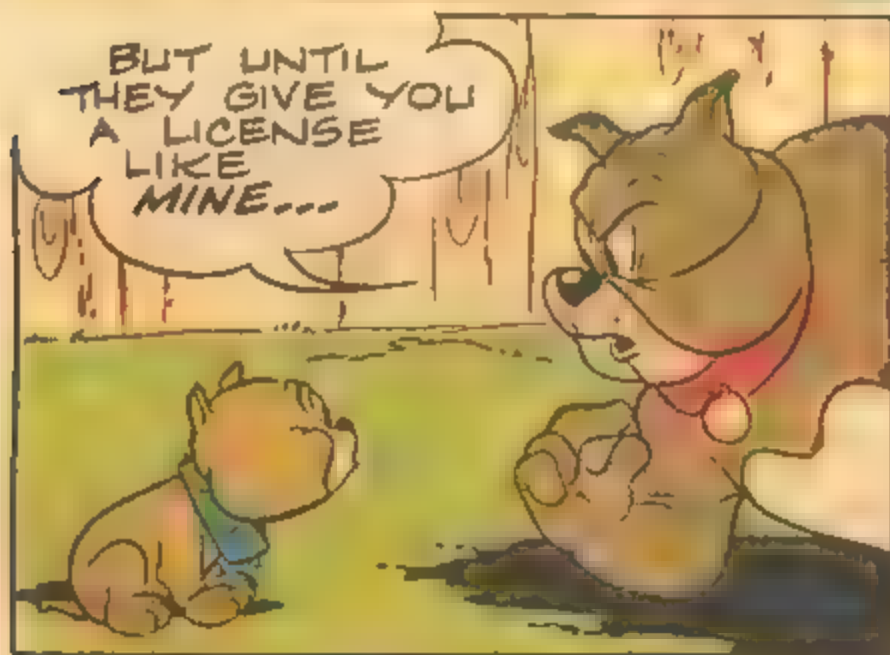
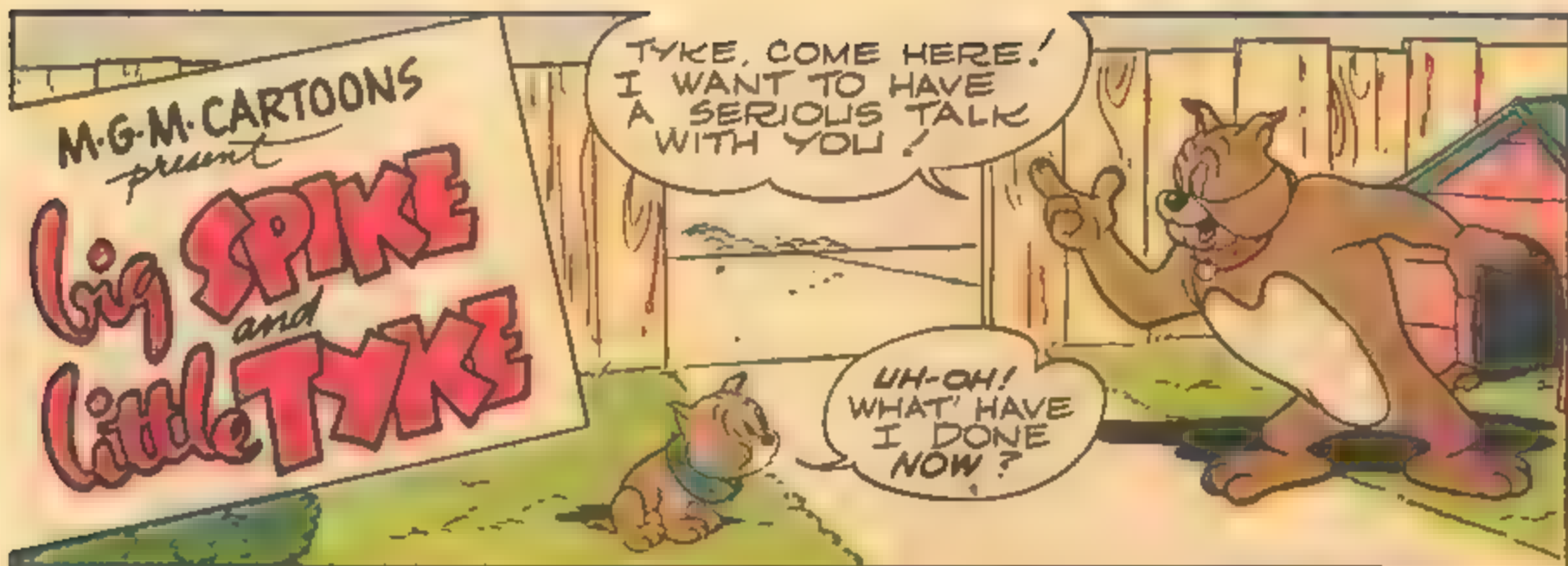


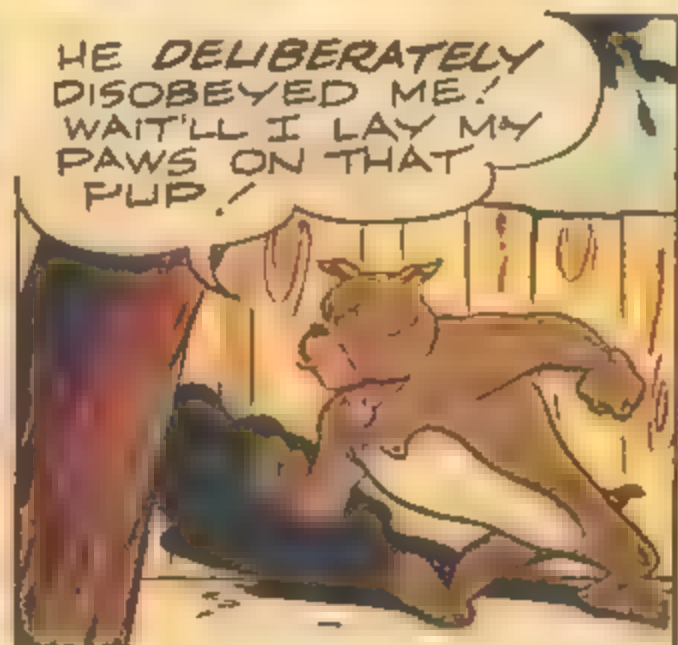
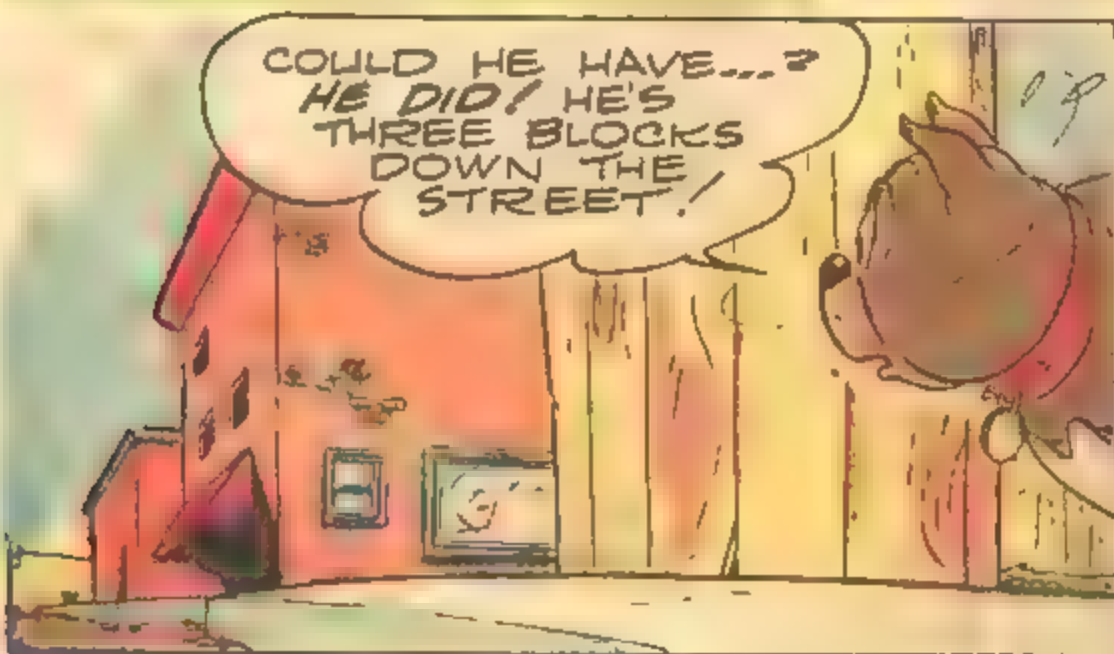
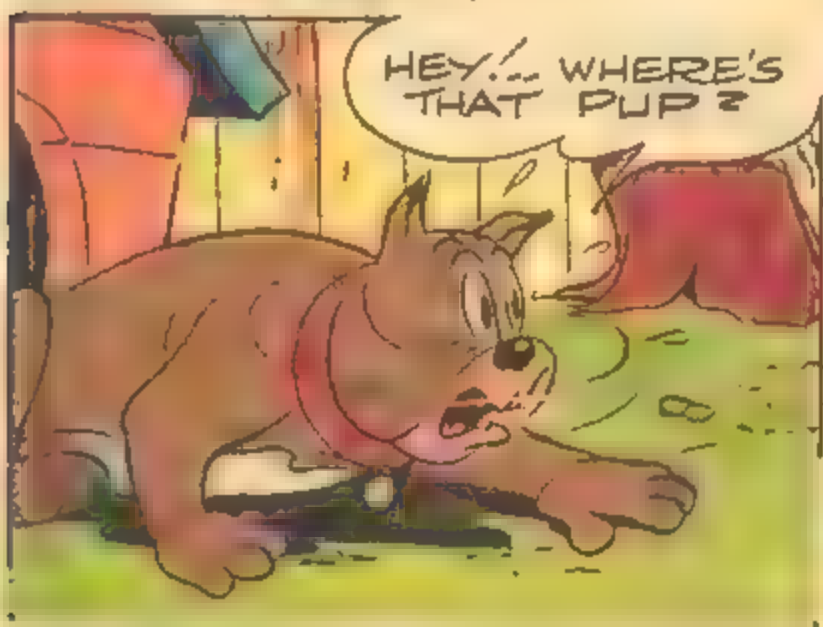
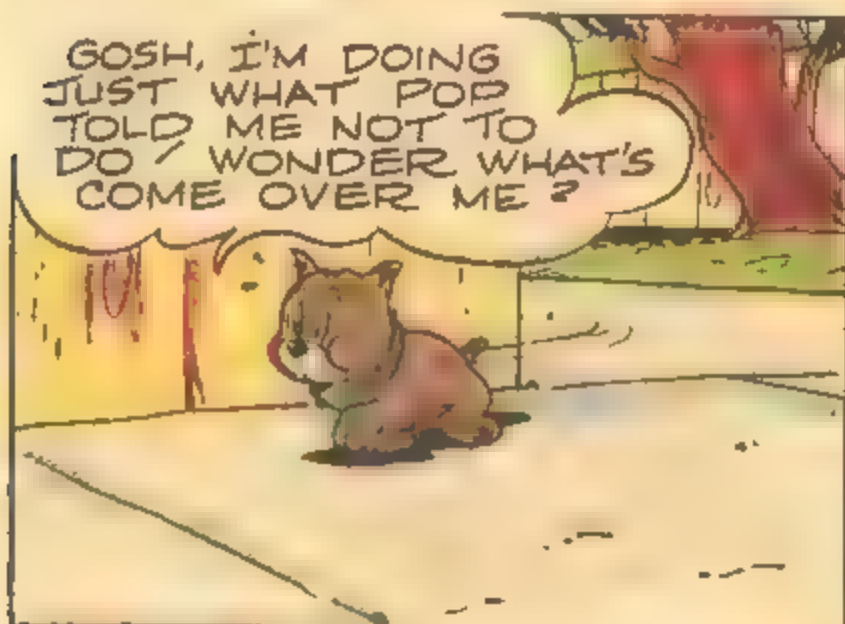
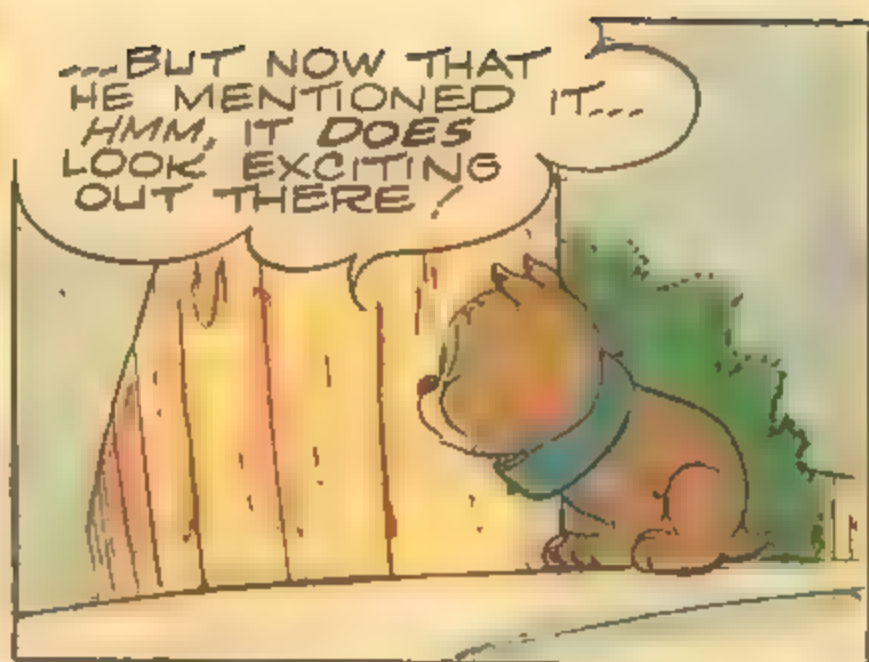
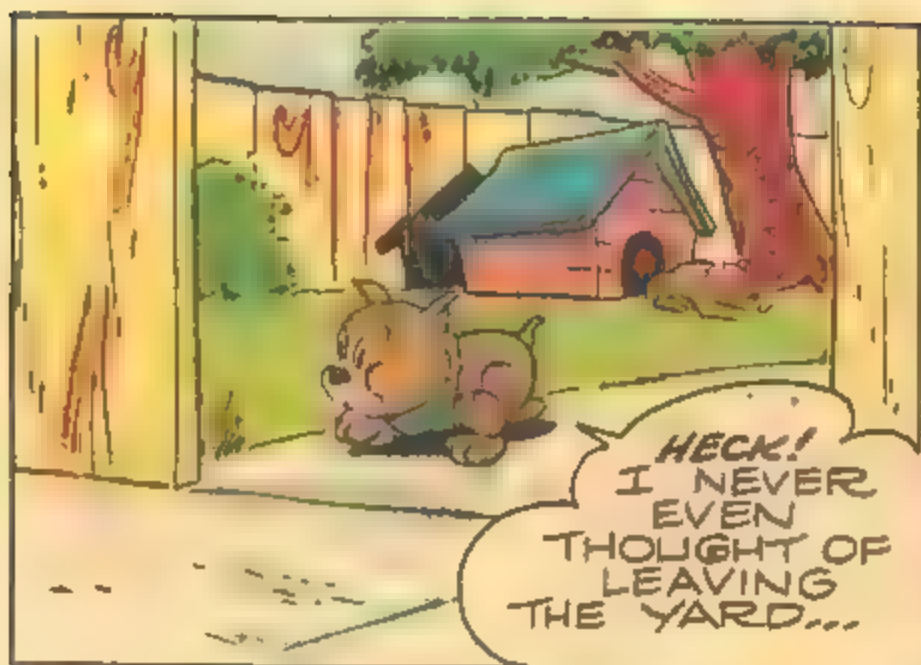


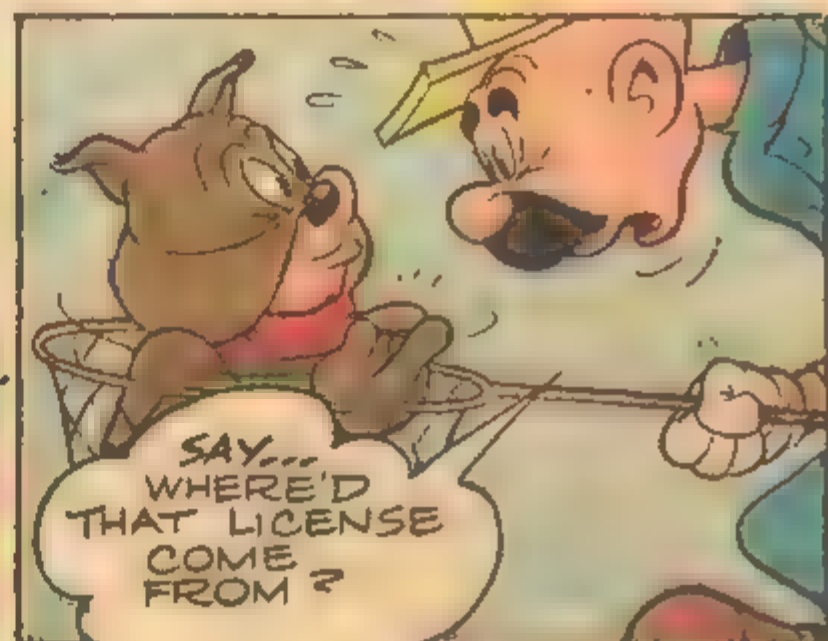
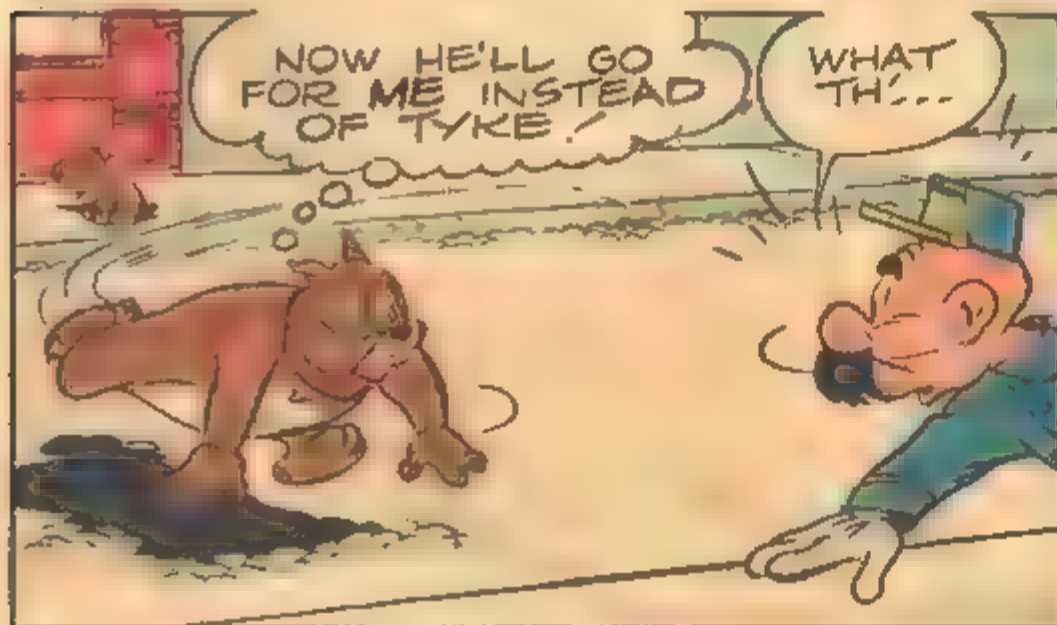
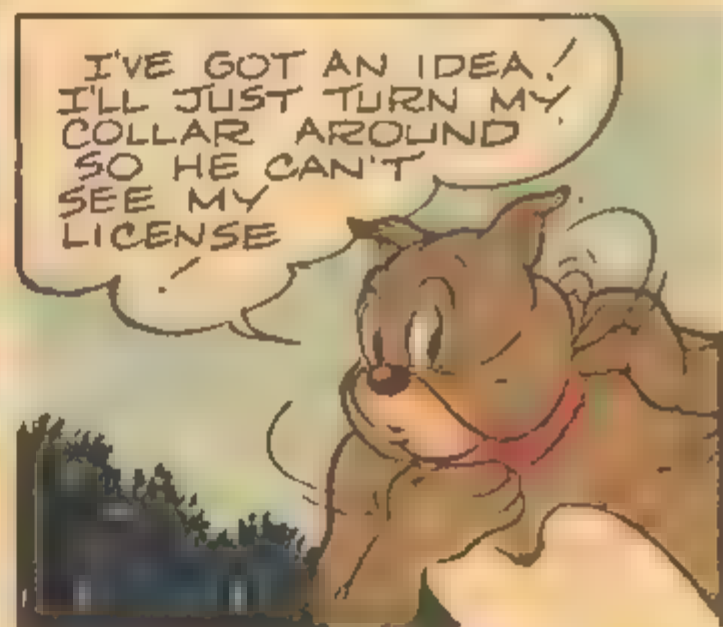
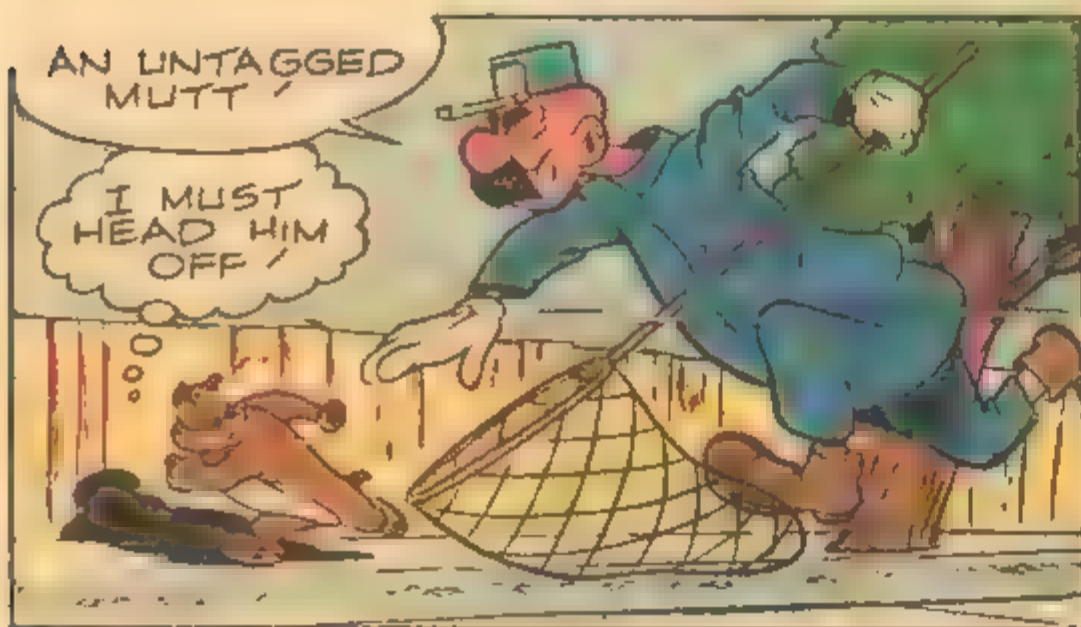
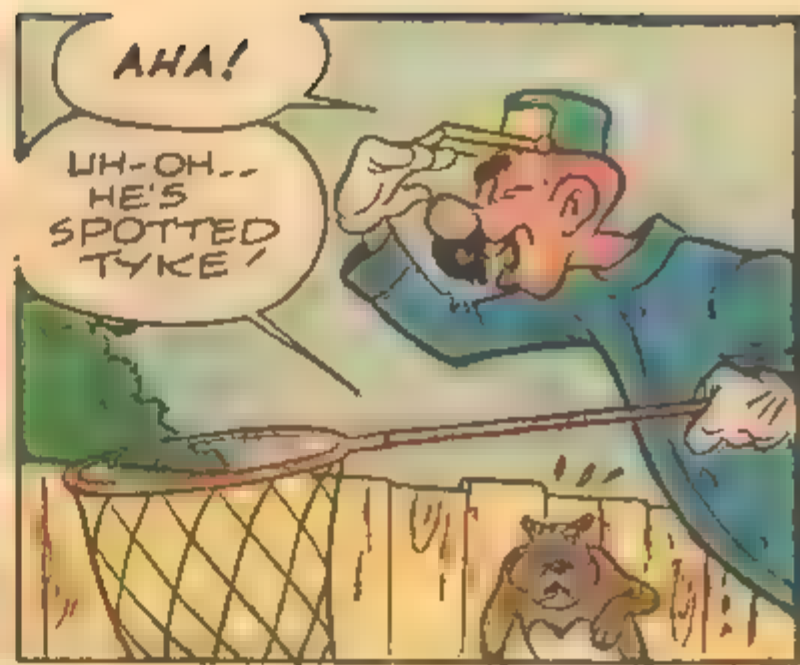
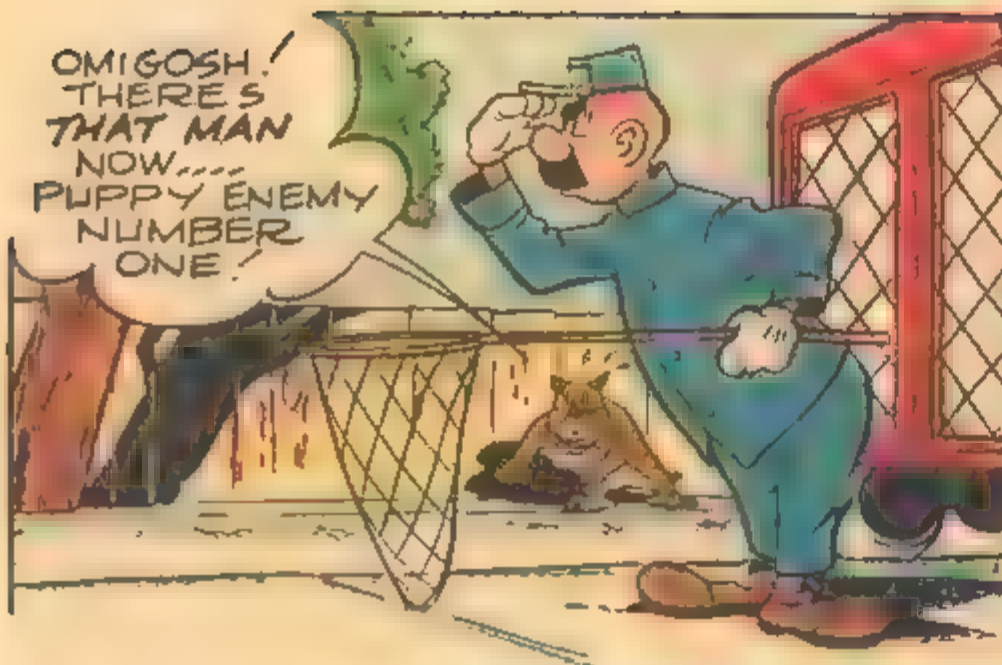


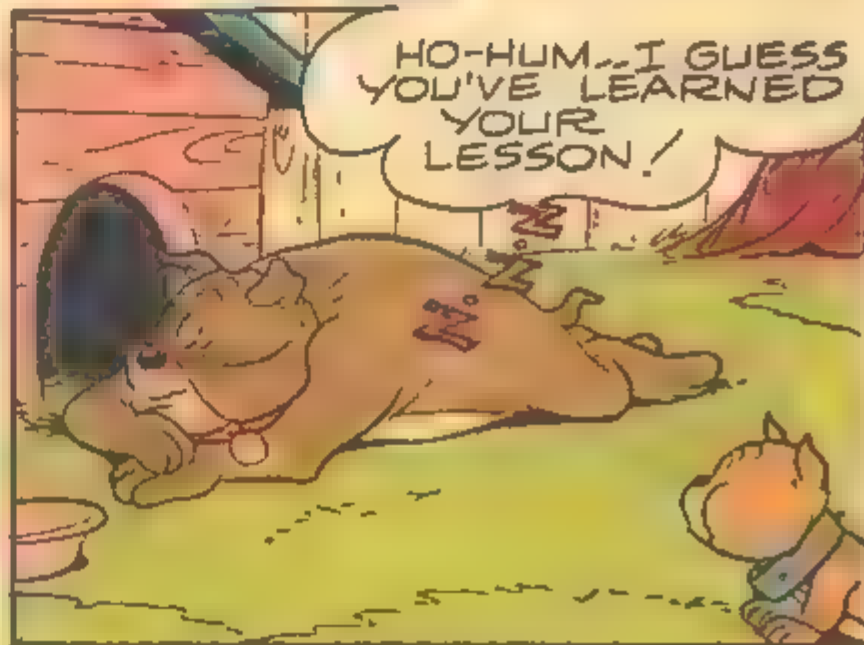
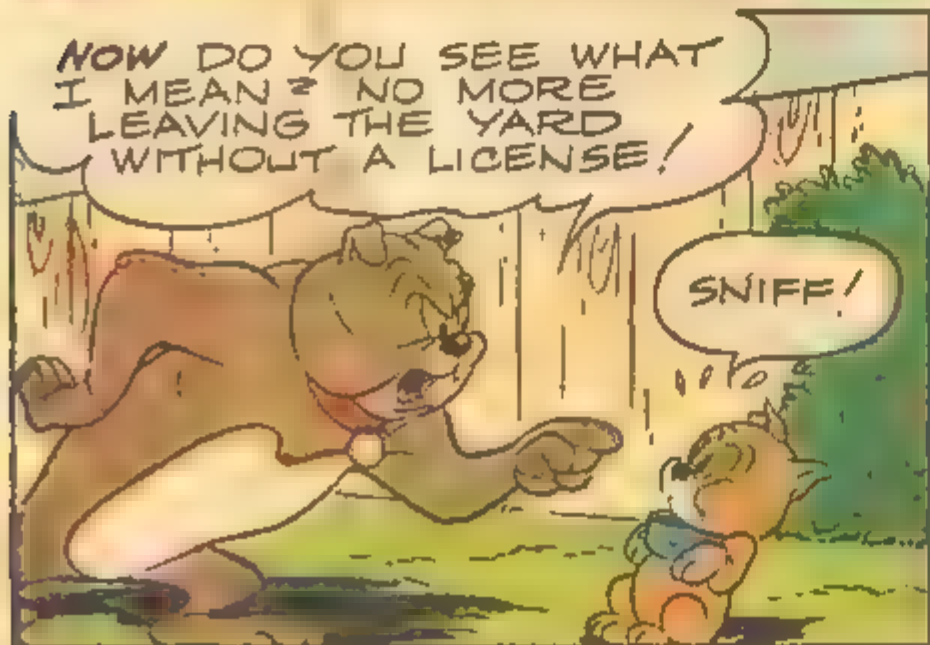
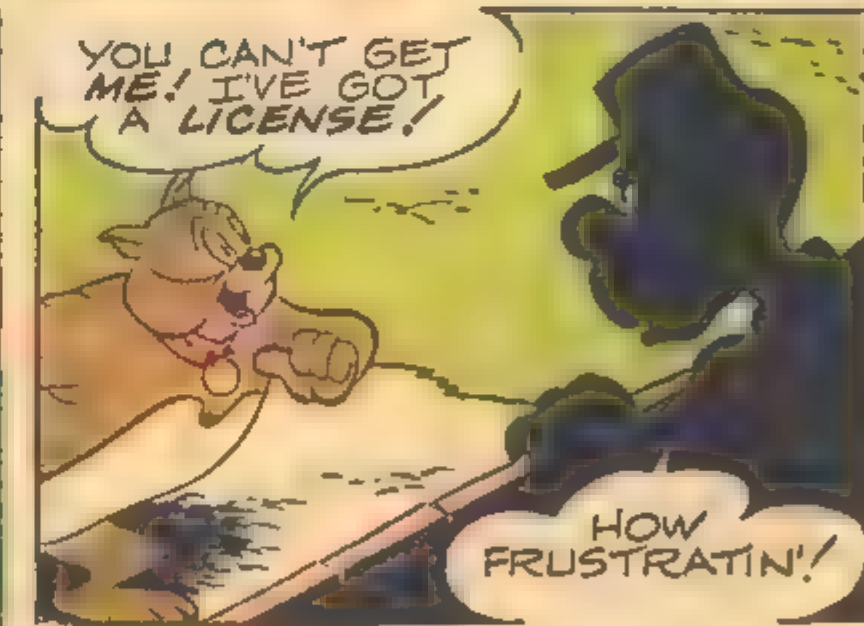
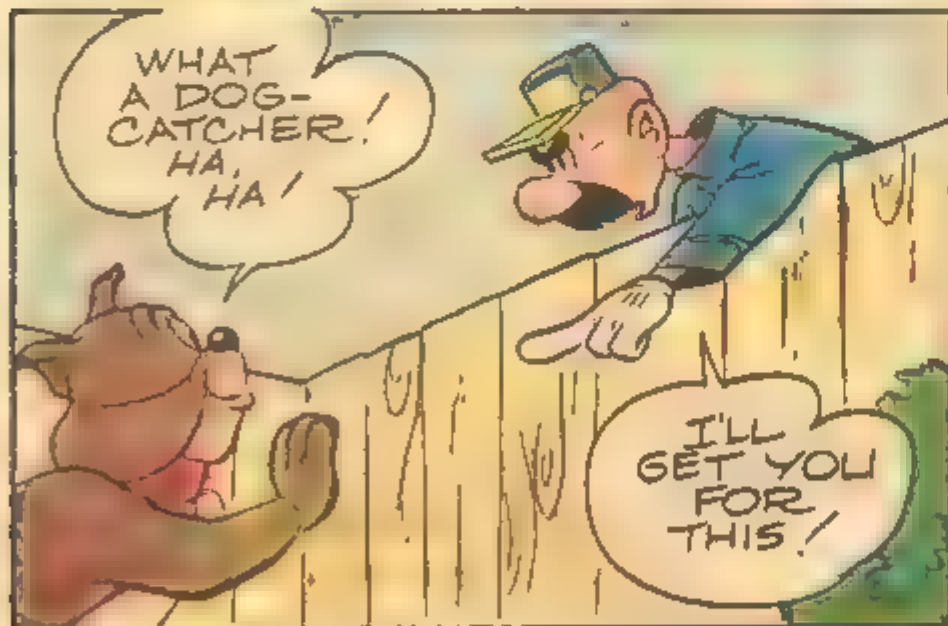
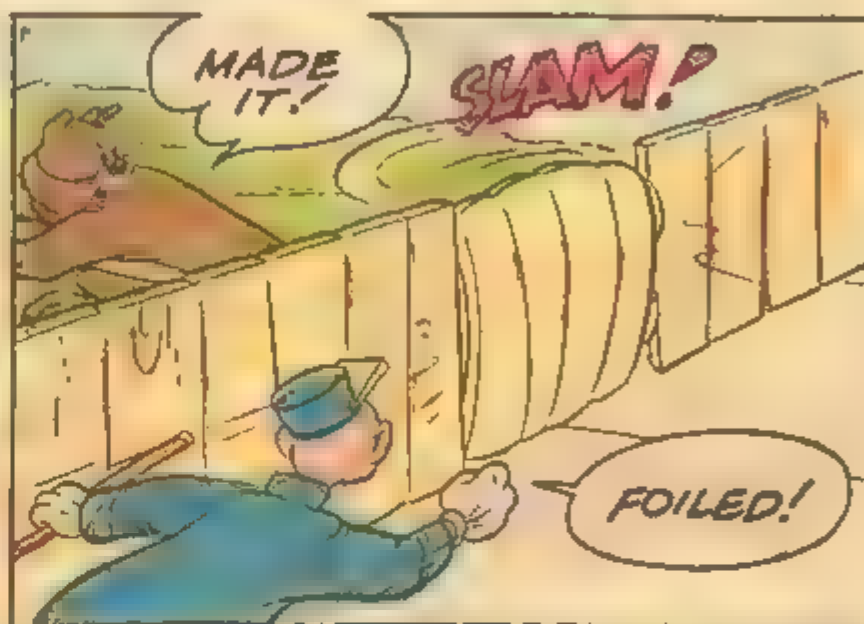
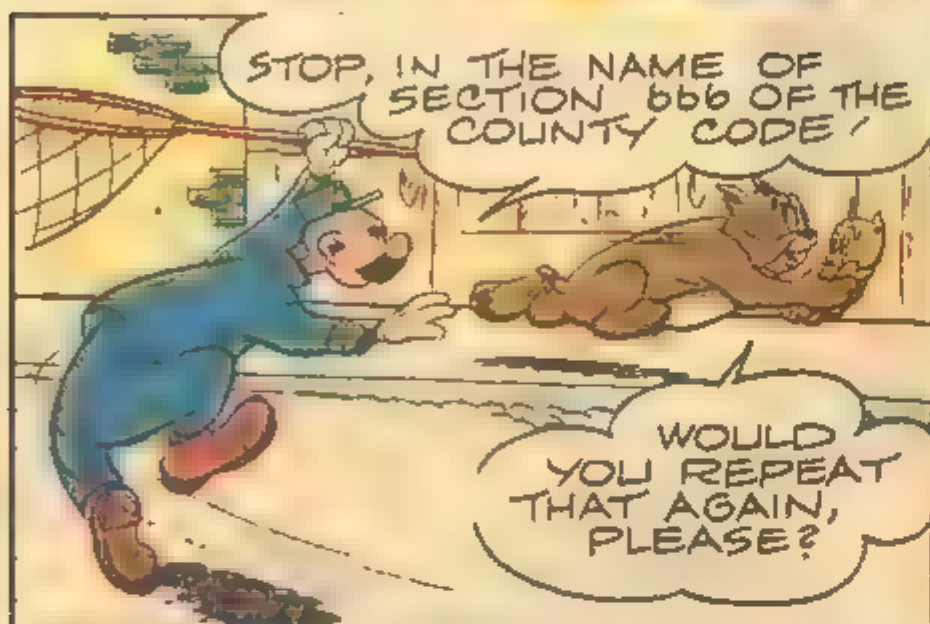
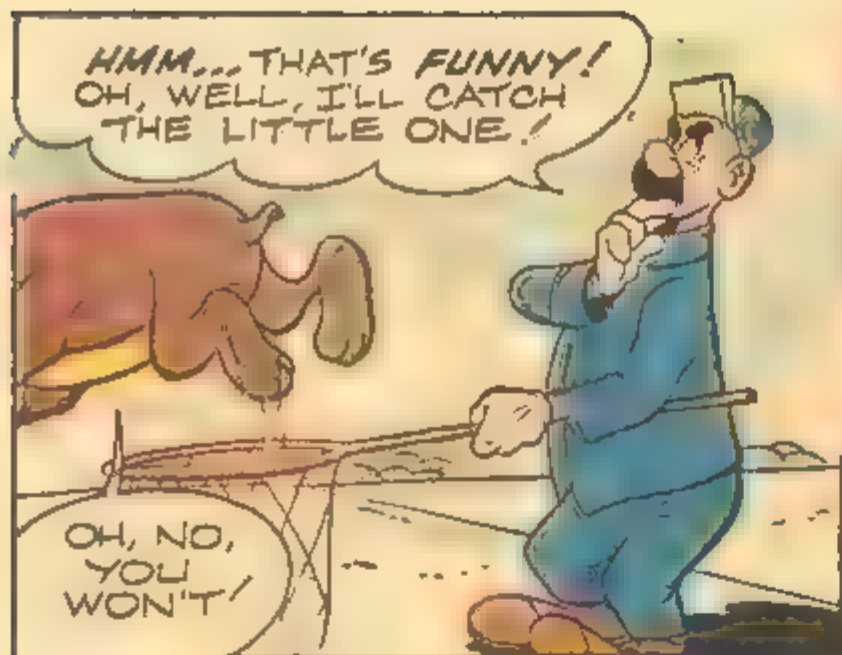


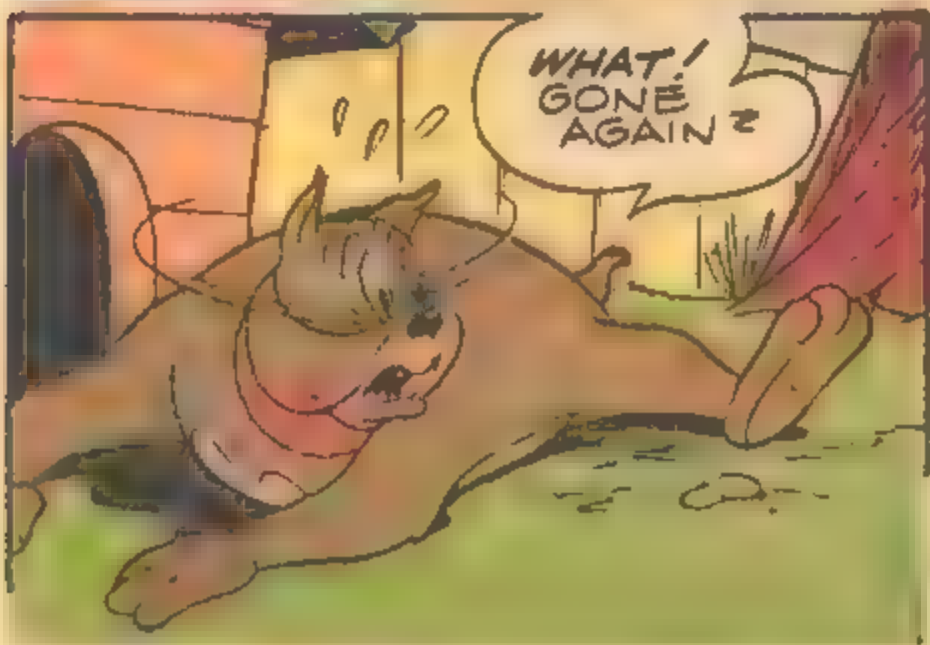
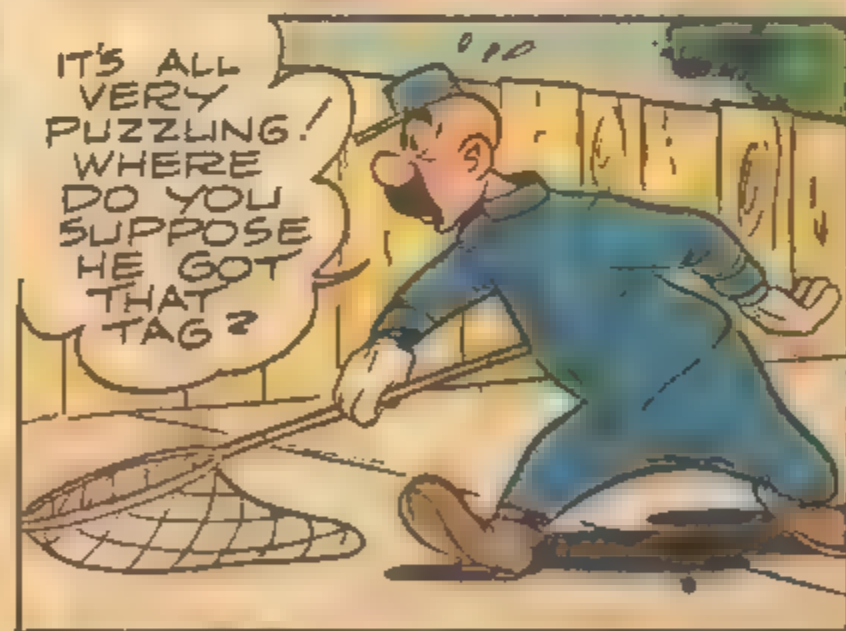
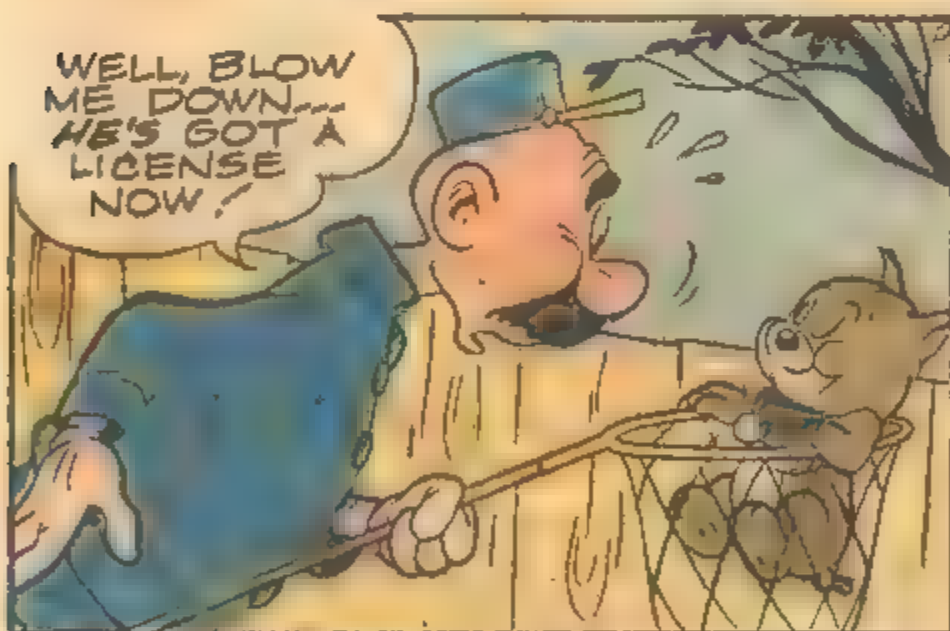
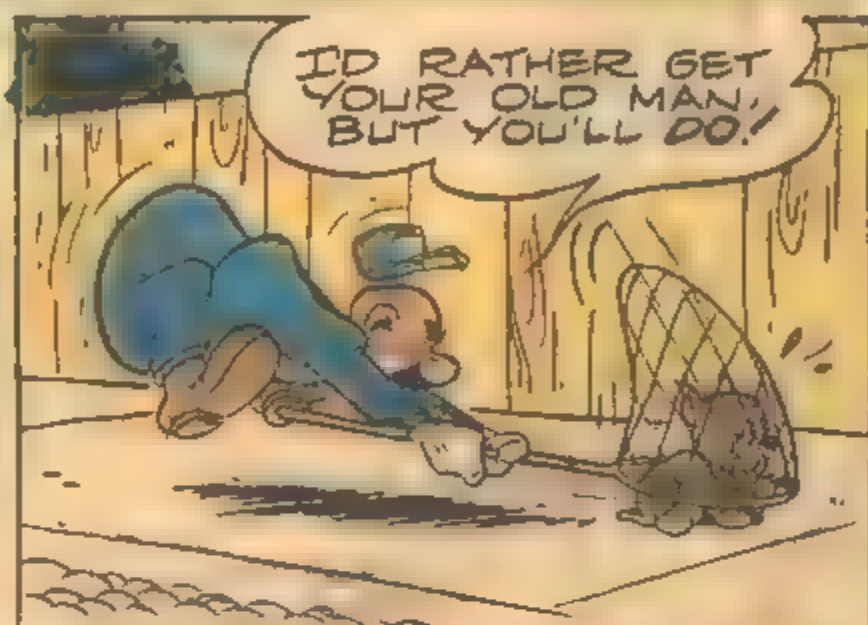
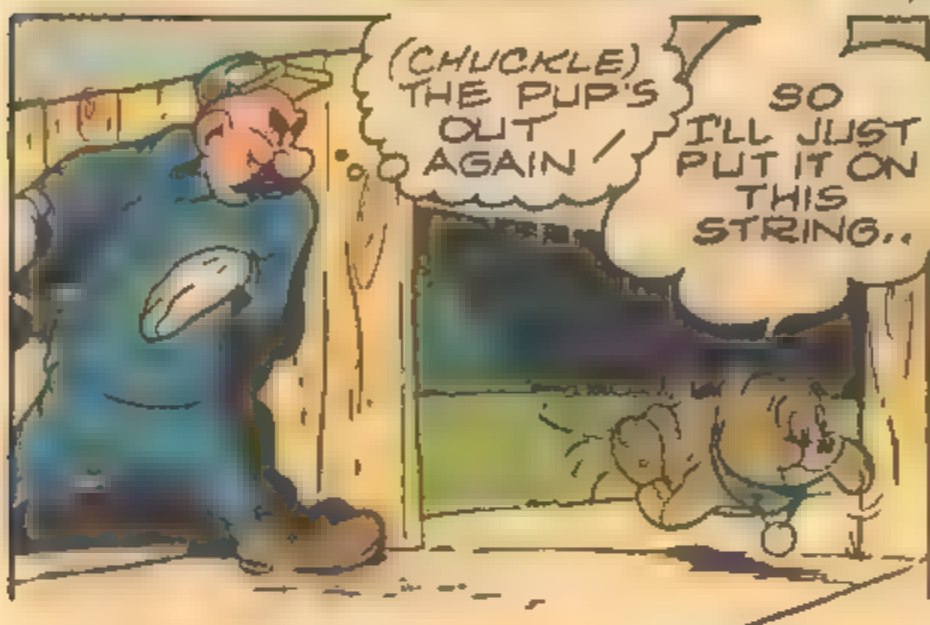
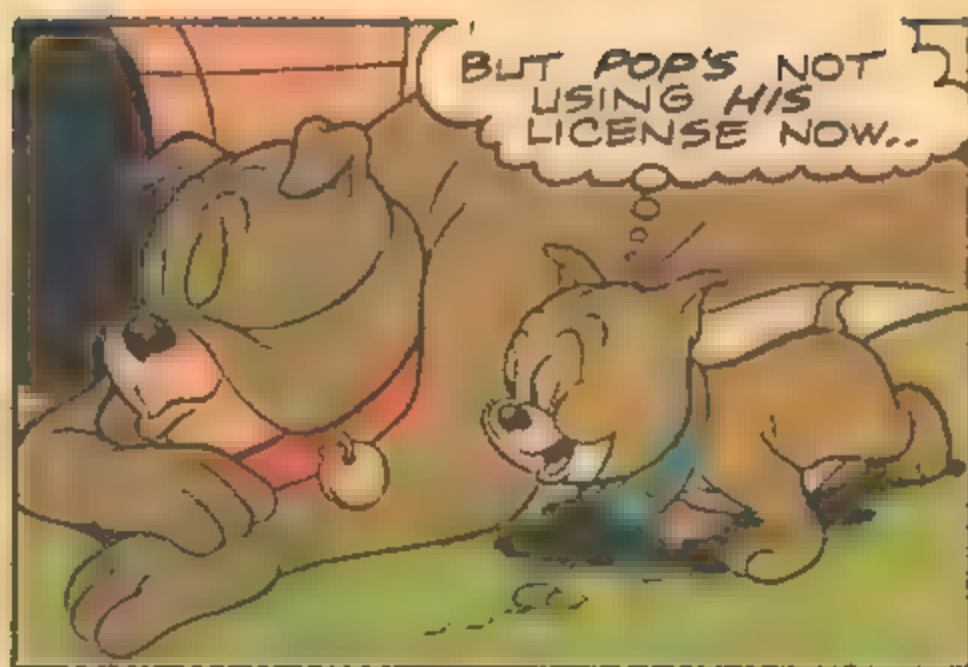






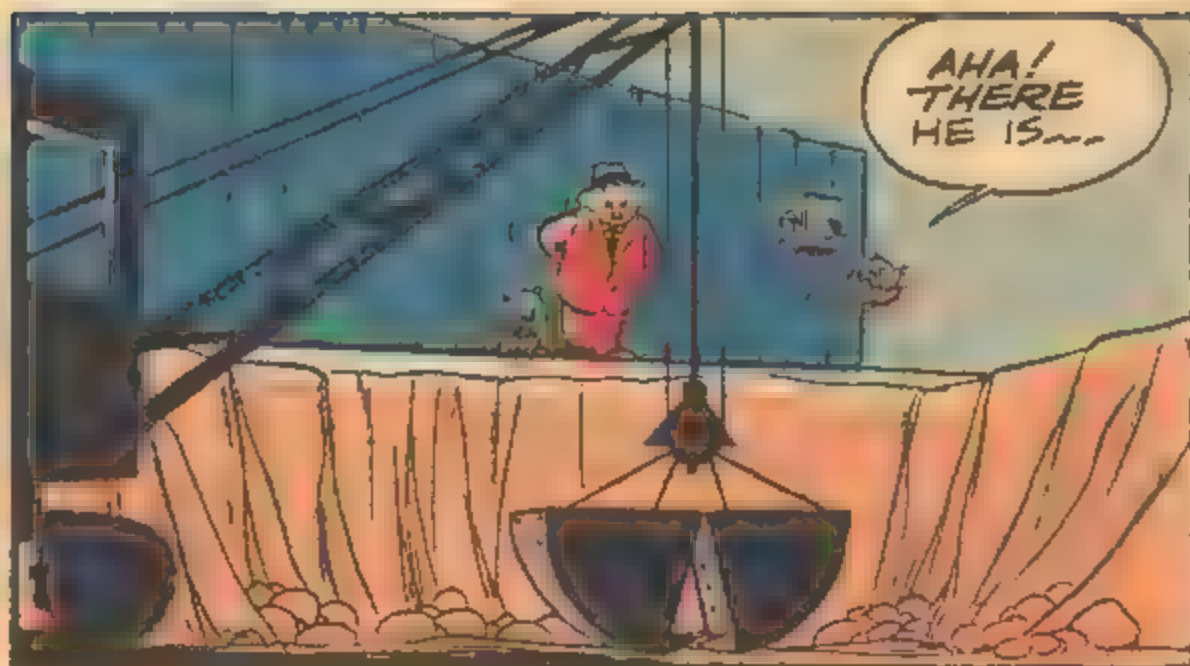




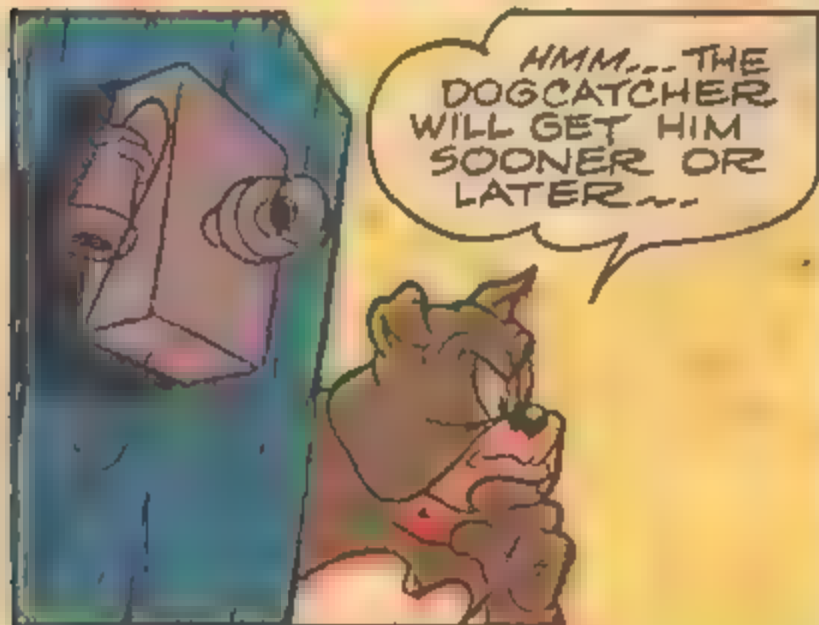




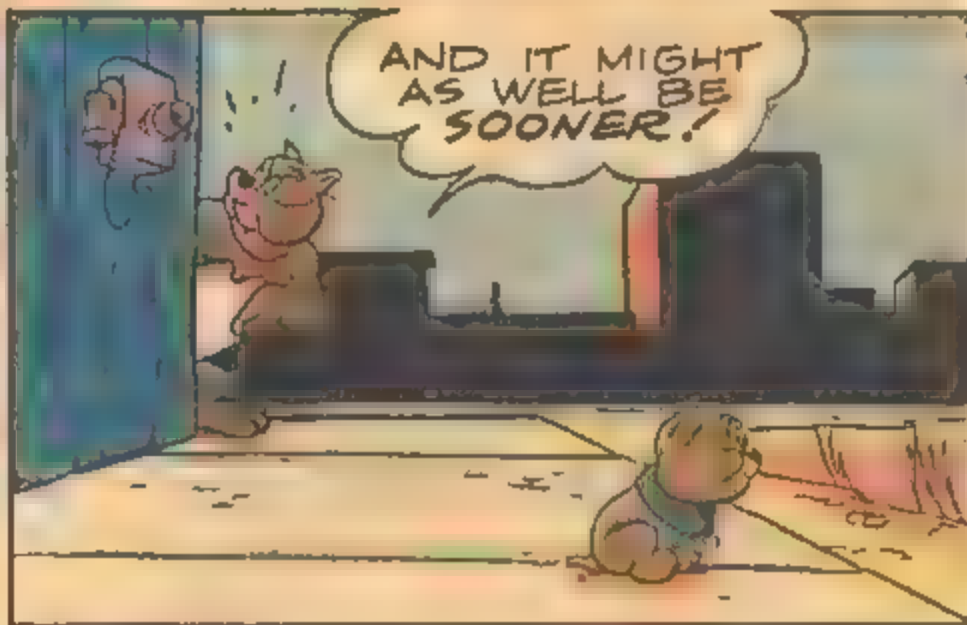
I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING
DRASTIC WITH
THAT PUP!



AHA!
THERE
HE IS...



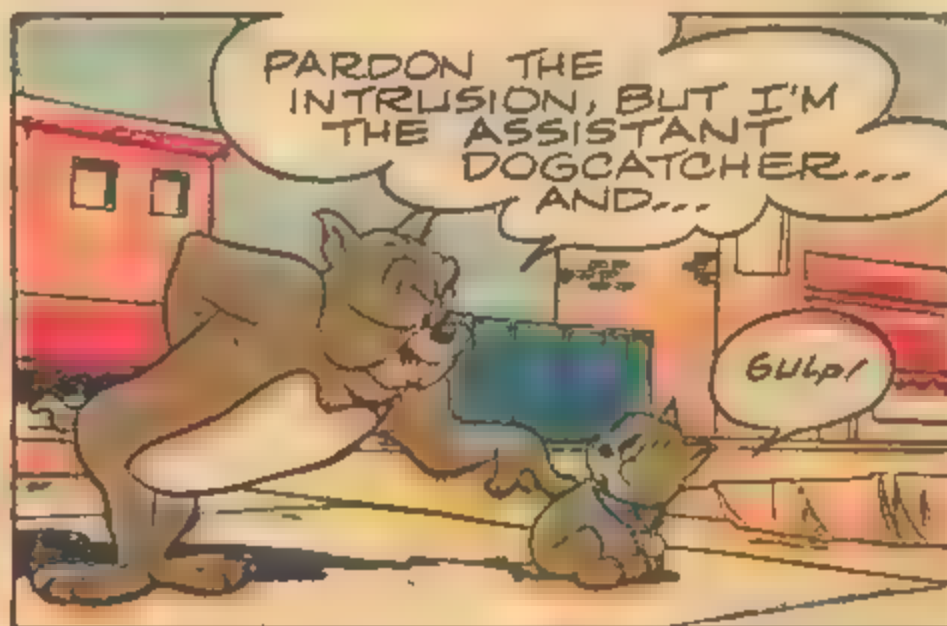
HMM...THE
DOGCATCHER
WILL GET HIM
SOONER OR
LATER...



AND IT MIGHT
AS WELL BE
SOONER!

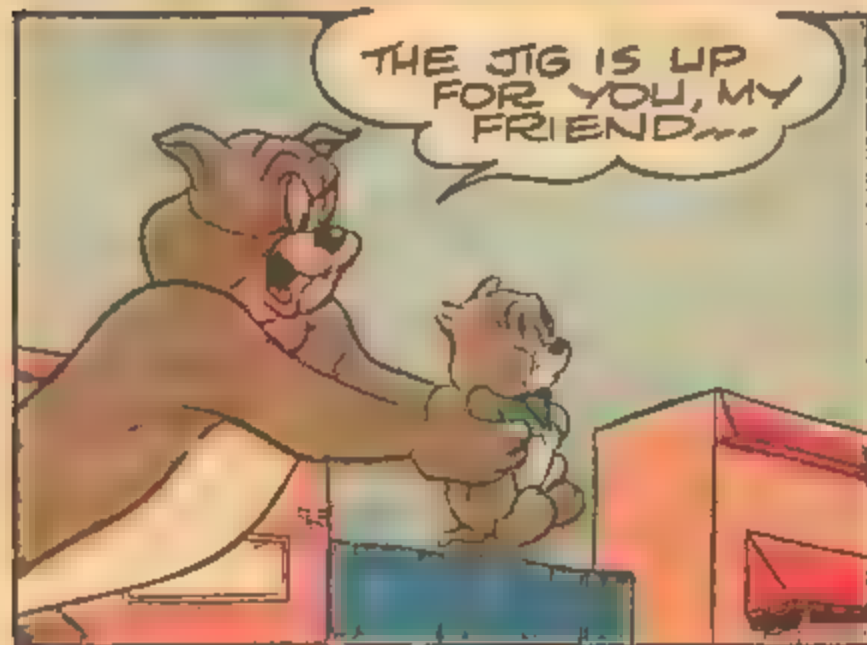


HELLO, DOGCATCHER?
I WANT TO REPORT
AN UNLICENSED
DOG...YES...COME
IMMEDIATELY!

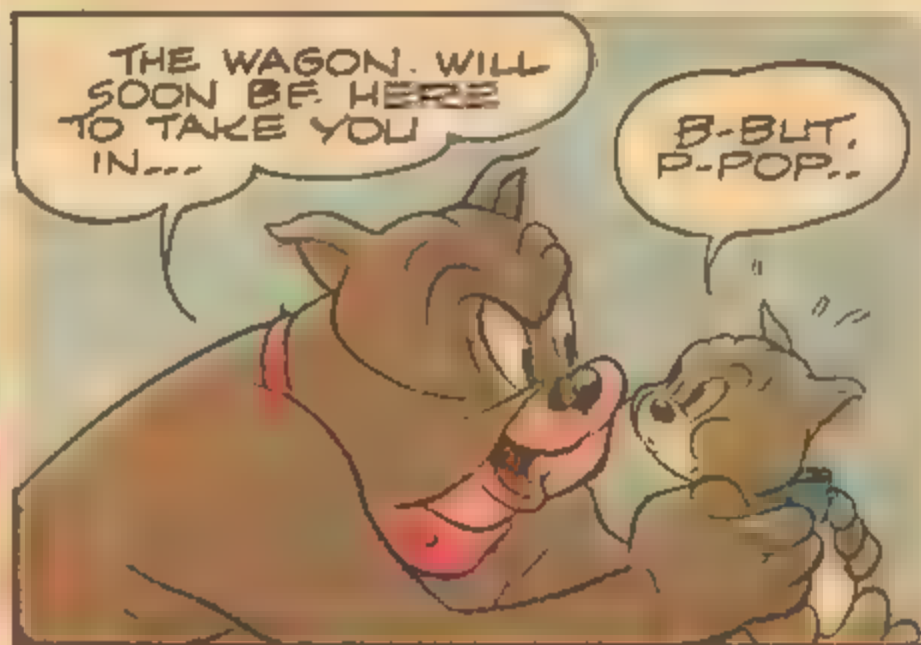


PARDON THE
INTRUSION, BUT I'M
THE ASSISTANT
DOGCATCHER...
AND...

Gulp!

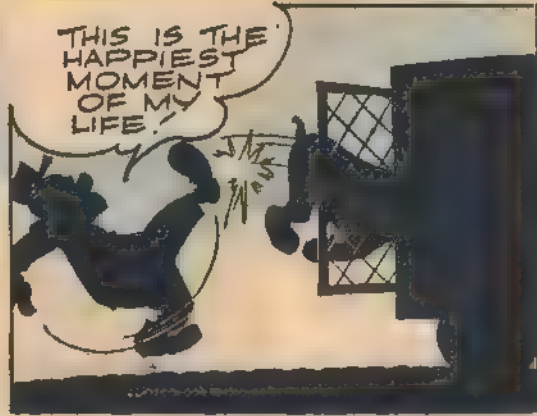
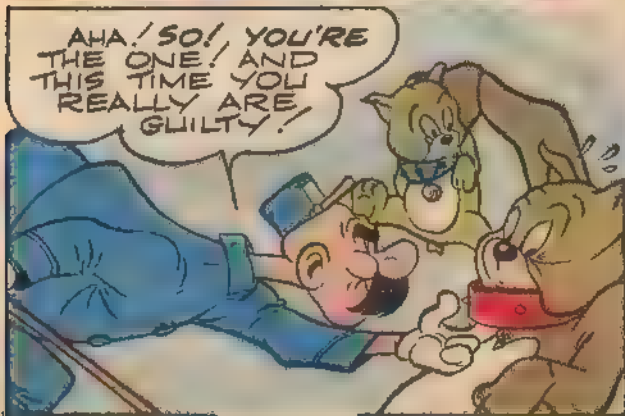
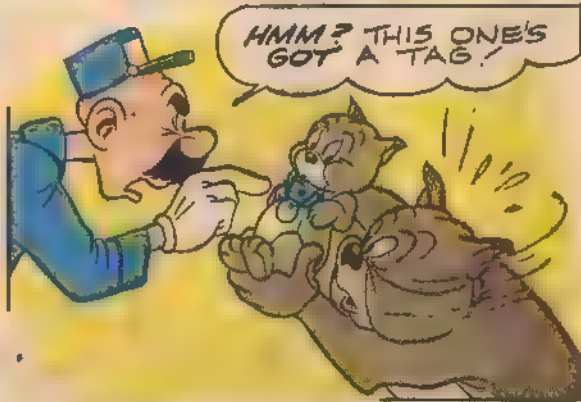
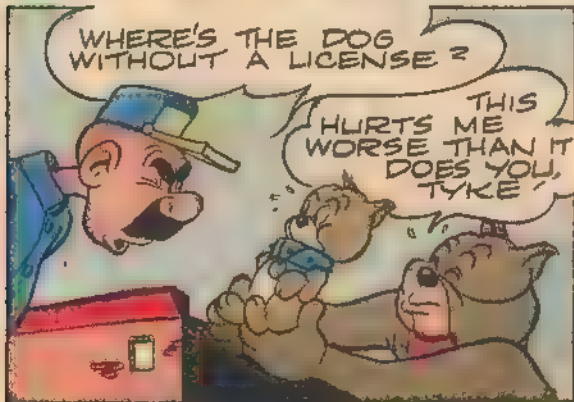
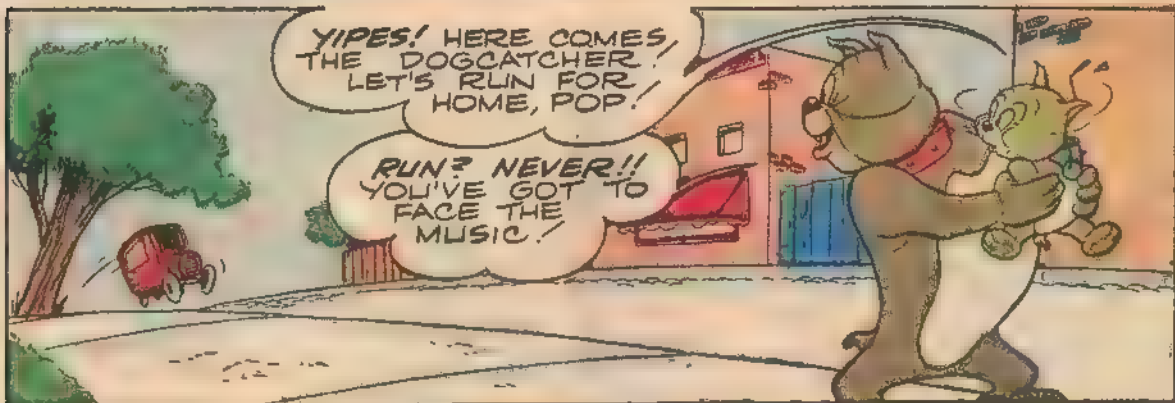
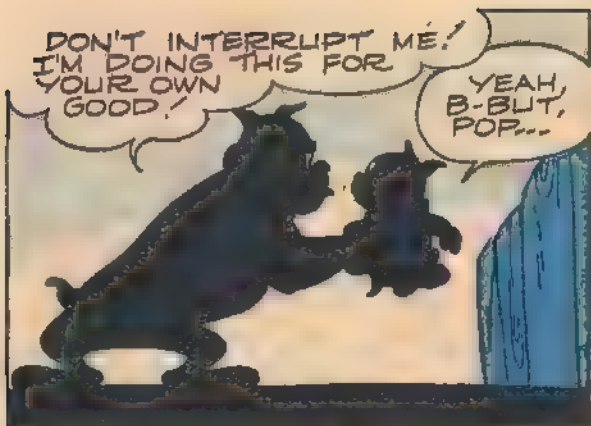


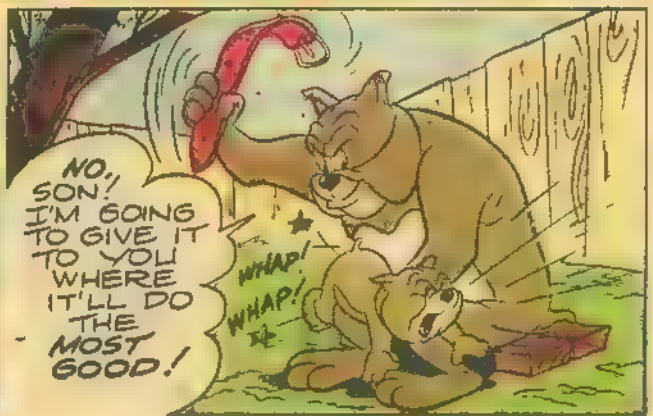
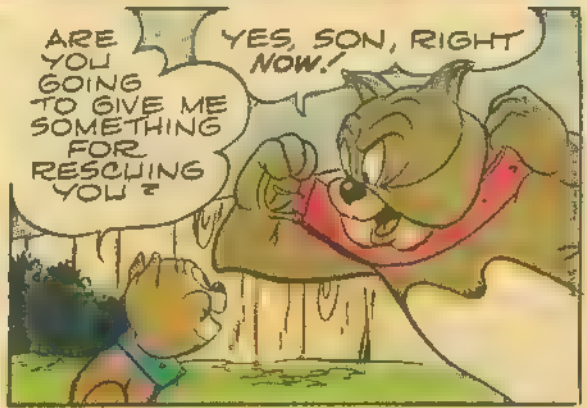
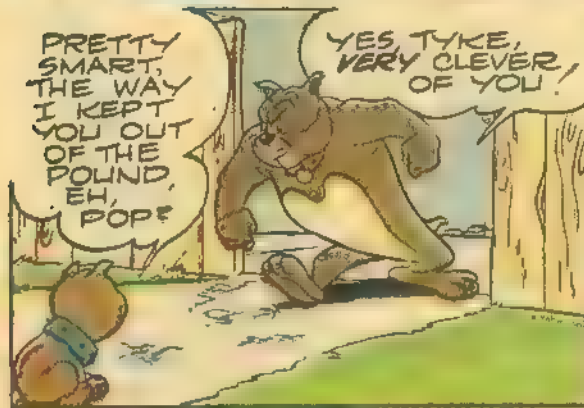
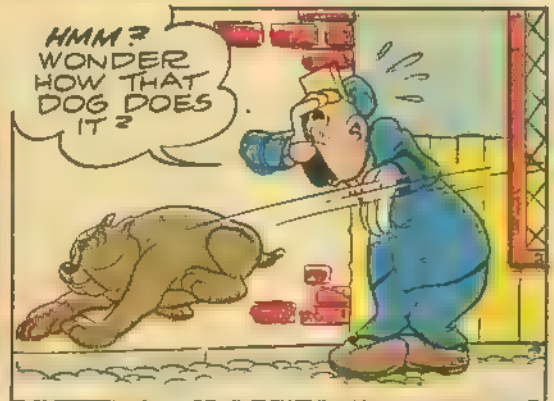
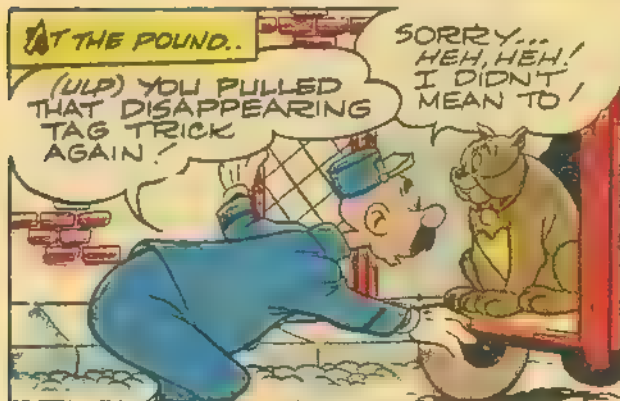
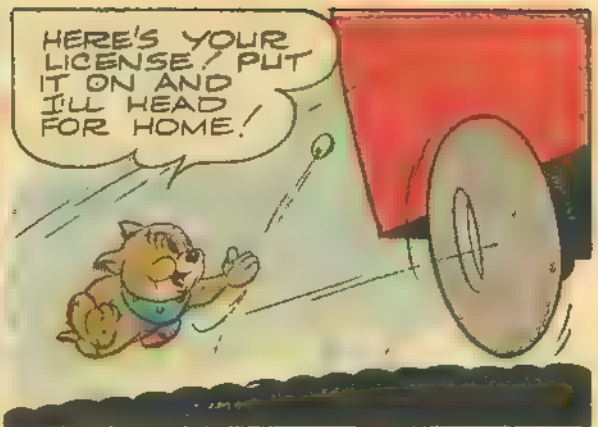
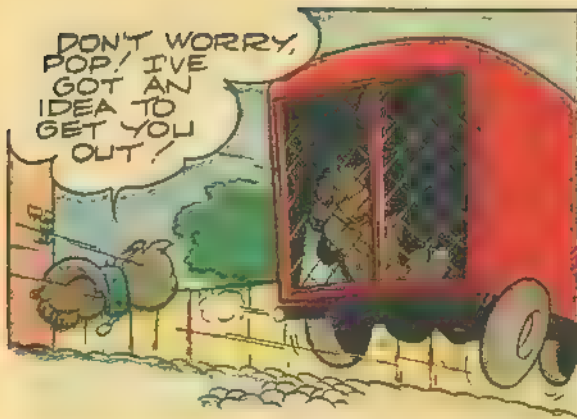
THE JIG IS UP
FOR YOU, MY
FRIEND...



THE WAGON WILL
SOON BE HERE
TO TAKE YOU
IN...

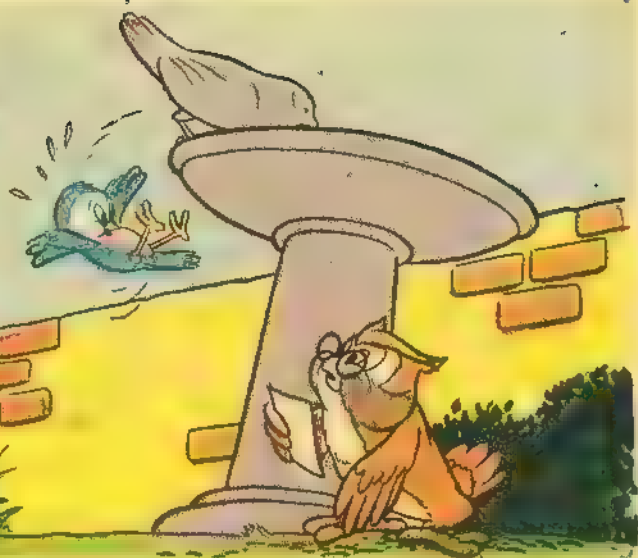
B-BUT,
P-POP...





A GOLD STAR for BERTIE

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Bertie Bird and his sister, Susie Bird, started off for school together on the third day of summer vacation. Mrs. Owl called it Play School, but that didn't fool Bertie. School, by any name, meant being told what to do and when to do it. And already, little Bertie liked to make his own rules.

"See you later, Suze!" And before his sister could get over her surprise, Bertie had flipped a saucy wing at her and flown off!

"Oh, dear," Susie sighed. "All Bertie thinks about is having a good time. And I'll have to go after him, because I promised Mother I'd keep an eye on him. But I'd better tell Mrs. Owl, so she'll know where we are."

"Hurry back for singing class!" Mrs. Owl called after Susie.

"Oh, Bertie! Bertie Bird! Where are you?" Susie tried not to speak as sharply as she felt, for then she knew Bertie wouldn't answer at all. And there he was, out in the petunia bed, circling around after a silly slow-flying bumblebee!

"Oh, Bertie, that isn't much fun! Come on—let's go back—please!"

Bertie shook his head. "No," he said. "I don't want to. The games are all silly—and the boys are all sissies!"

"But you like to sing, don't you?" Susie's voice was sugar-sweet. "And it's almost time for singing class."

"Well-I-I—" Bertie did like to sing and he was tempted. "Well, okay. May-

be I'll come to singing class. But I prob'ly won't stay for the games. They're all so silly, just jumping up and sitting down. They're just baby games!"

Bertie lagged as they drew closer to where Mrs. Owl stood with her back against a tall cement pedestal. "Mi-mi-mi," she hummed, setting the pitch. She raised her little baton, then waited as Susie slipped hastily into her usual place. Mrs. Owl pretended not to see Bertie.

As the class sang, Bertie flew up and up, toward the top of the pedestal against which Mrs. Owl stood. It was a long way up, but if he ever got to the top, he was going to swoop down and buzz over the group, making a noise like his friend, the bee!

At last, out of breath, Bertie reached the top of the pedestal. But there he found a high wall jutting out, and it took his last bit of strength to heave himself over it. Plop! He tumbled into a great big bowl, and it was wet! Catching his breath, he looked around. All he could see above him was sky. But he found he was sitting in a little puddle of water.

Why not splash around and have a little bath, Bertie thought. Then he'd be ready to really swoop down on the singing class below. He scooped up a few drops and splashed a fine spray over himself with the tip of his wing. But there wasn't enough water to get really wet.

In disgust, Bertie looked around some more. And there, sitting up on the edge of the bowl, was another bird! He was bent over, looking far, far away.

"Whee," said Bertie to himself, "someone else is playing hooky, too!" Quickly, he struggled up the side of the bowl, softly twittering his delight. At last he reached the rim and, watching his step, he hopped carefully over to the stranger.

"Hi," he whispered hoarsely. "This is fun, huh?"

Not a feather of the stranger stirred.

Bertie tried again. "What's your name?" he asked. Still the bird sat motionless.

"Well, why don't you say something?" Bertie demanded impatiently. Then, lifting his head, he gave the bird a nudge.

BONK! Suddenly Bertie was in the air and fluttering to the ground! And he landed with a plop, right at Mrs. Owl's feet!

All of the little birds stopped singing and started to laugh. Bertie looked so funny! But Mrs. Owl went to his rescue.

"Why, Bertie Bird, what a fine object lesson you have shared with us!" Stifling a laugh of her own, she helped the dazed little fellow to his feet. "You see," she went on, "every one of the children has been wondering about that naughty bird who sat up there glaring down at us, never answering our questions, never moving, and never joining in with the singing or games!"

"But—but—but—" stuttered Bertie, excitedly, "he isn't a real bird at all!

He's just made of stone!"

"I know," Mrs. Owl nodded wisely. "And now you know, too. And I think we've all learned something from your experience, if we will remember that being too curious doesn't pay! Bertie shall have the very first gold star in this whole class," she went on, "for the valuable lesson he taught us today!" And right then, in front of all the others, she printed Bertie's name on a report card and put a shiny gold star on the first line!

"There you are, Bertie Bird. Our first honor student! And every day, you shall lead the class as we march in to take our places!"

Bertie practically burst, he swelled so big with pride. At that, Susie jumped up and whispered to him.

"Oh, yes—thank you, teacher," Bertie said.

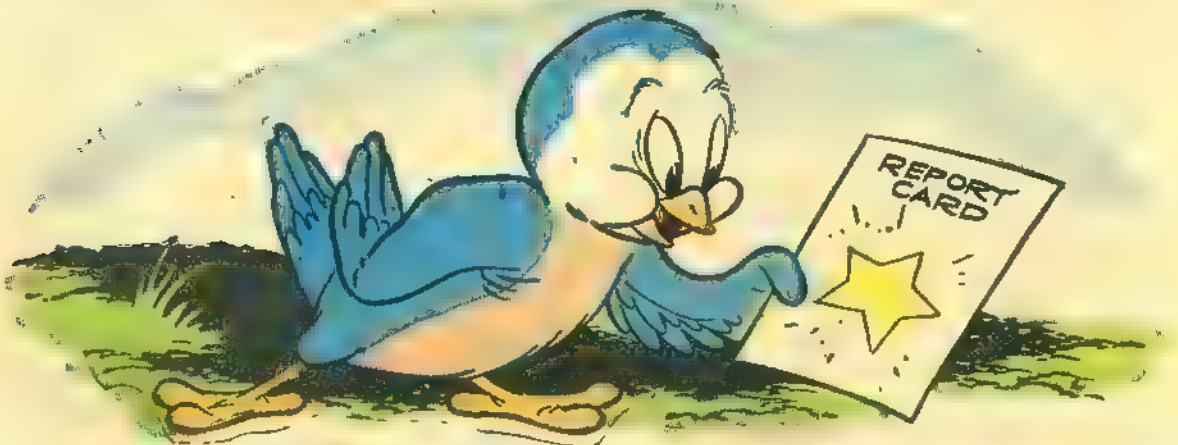
"You are welcome, Bertie. And now, you may choose the game the class is to play today. What shall it be, Bertie?" Mrs. Owl asked.

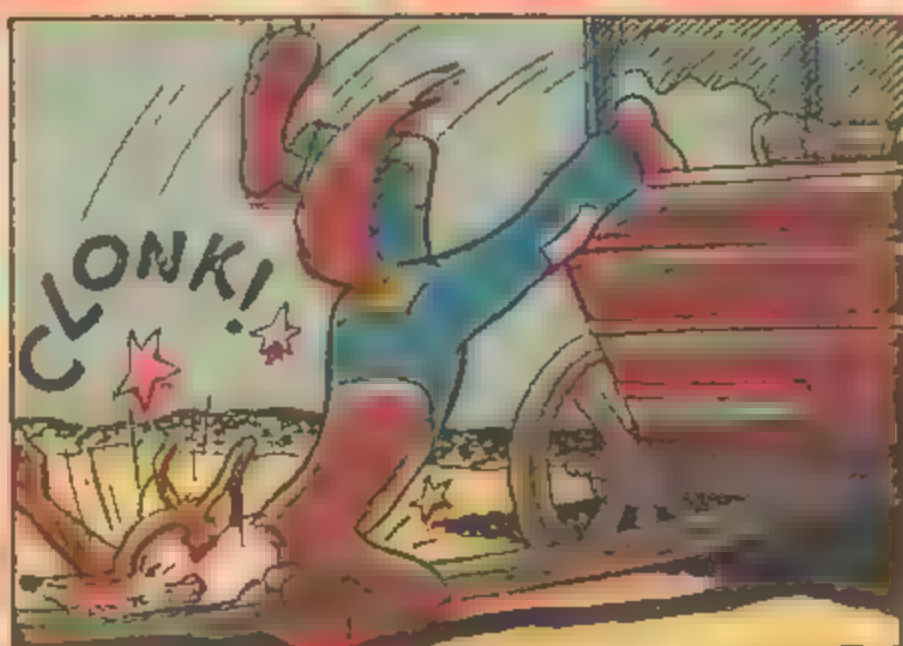
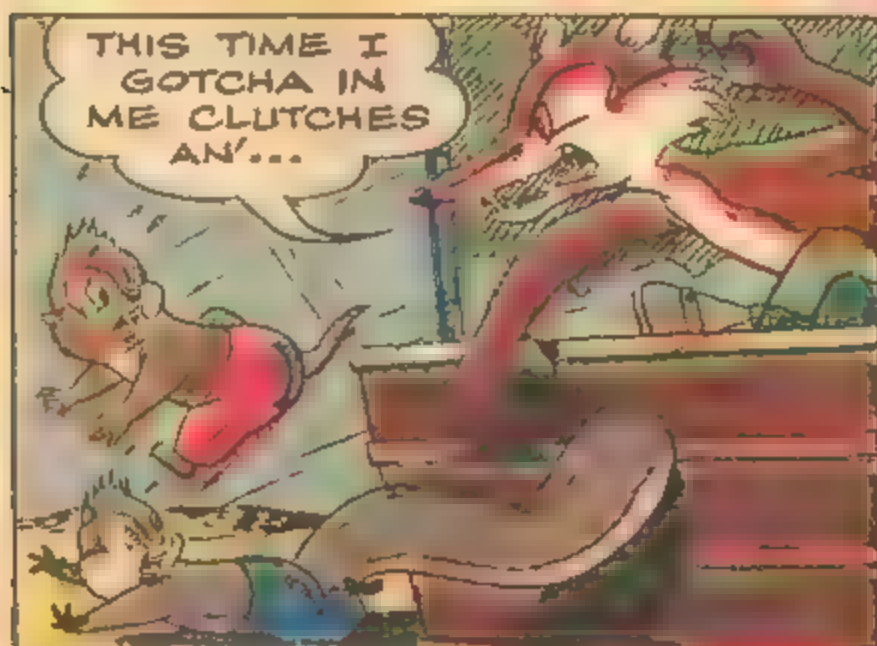
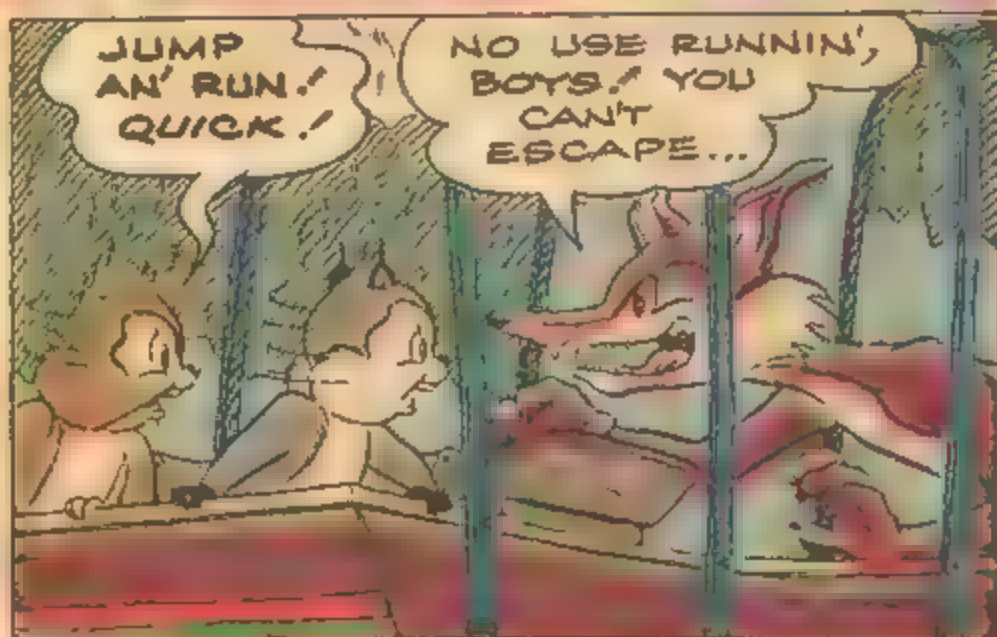
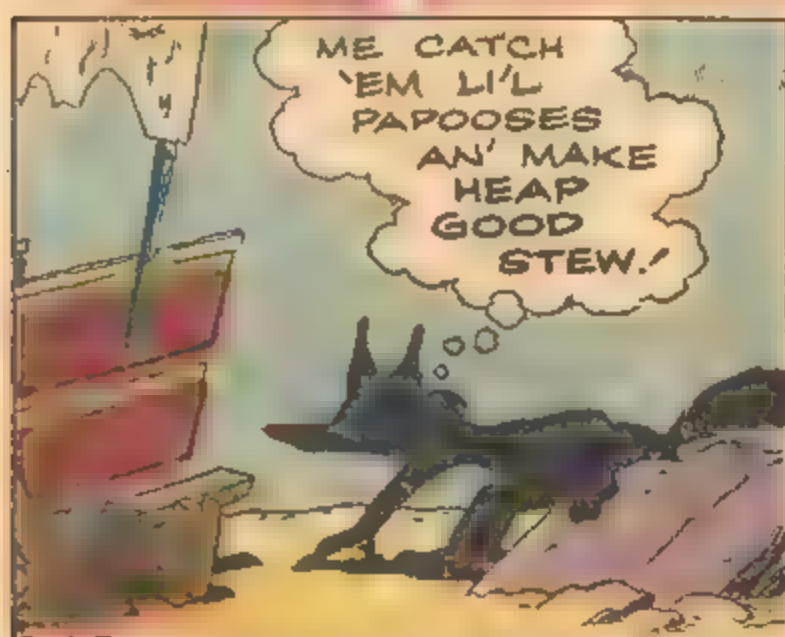
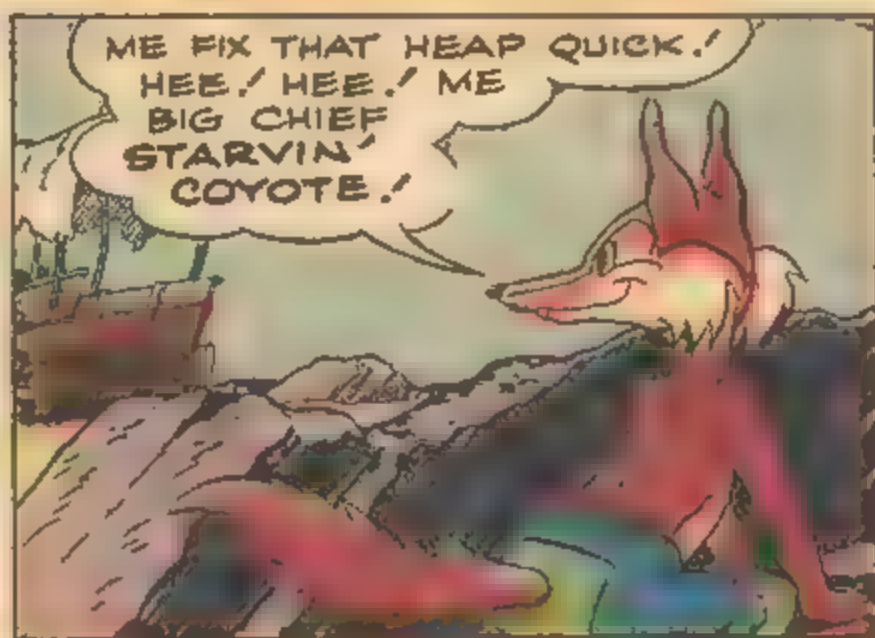
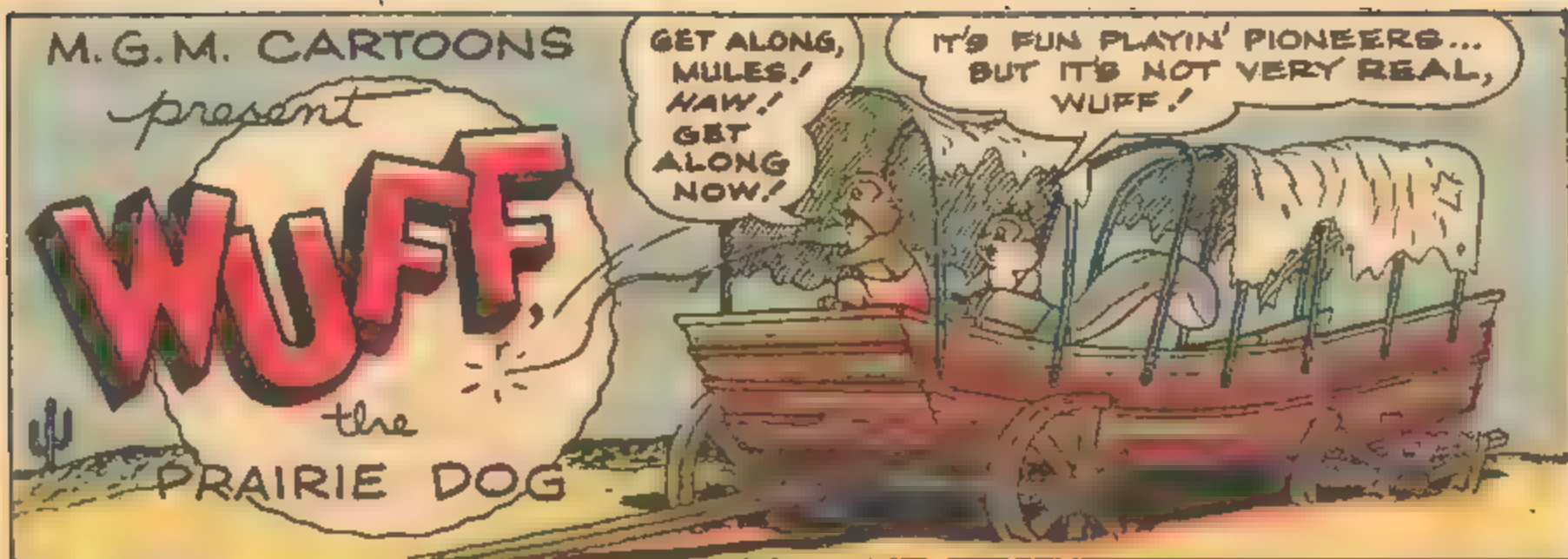
"Well, of course, I like tag best. But I think we could play that game you were teaching us. It's maybe more fun to PLAY than it was to WATCH."

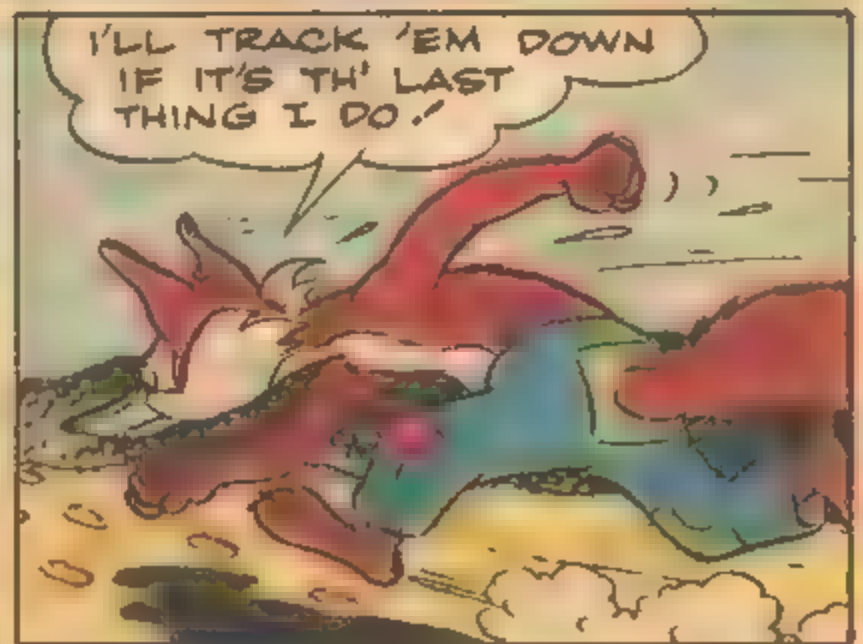
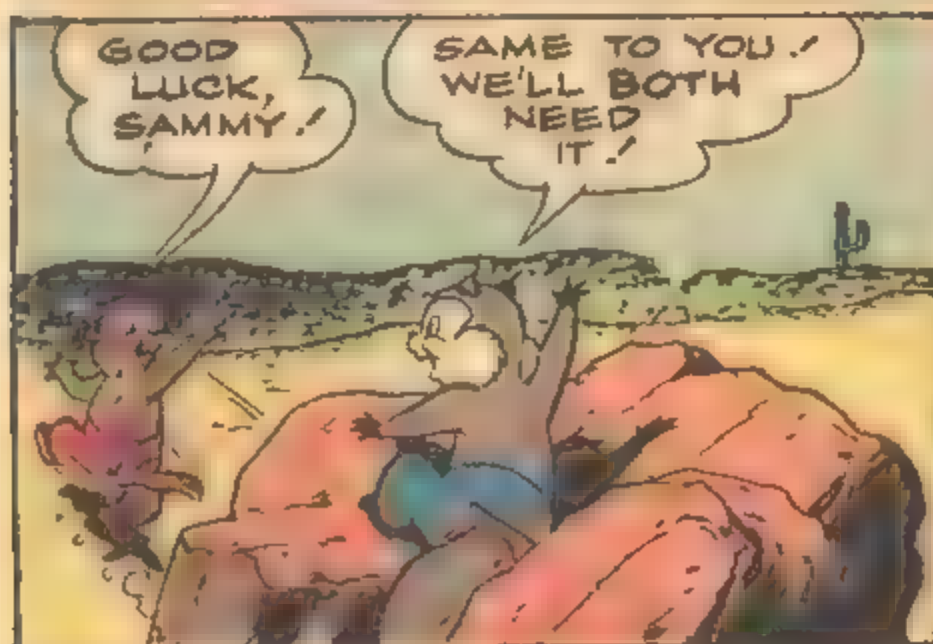
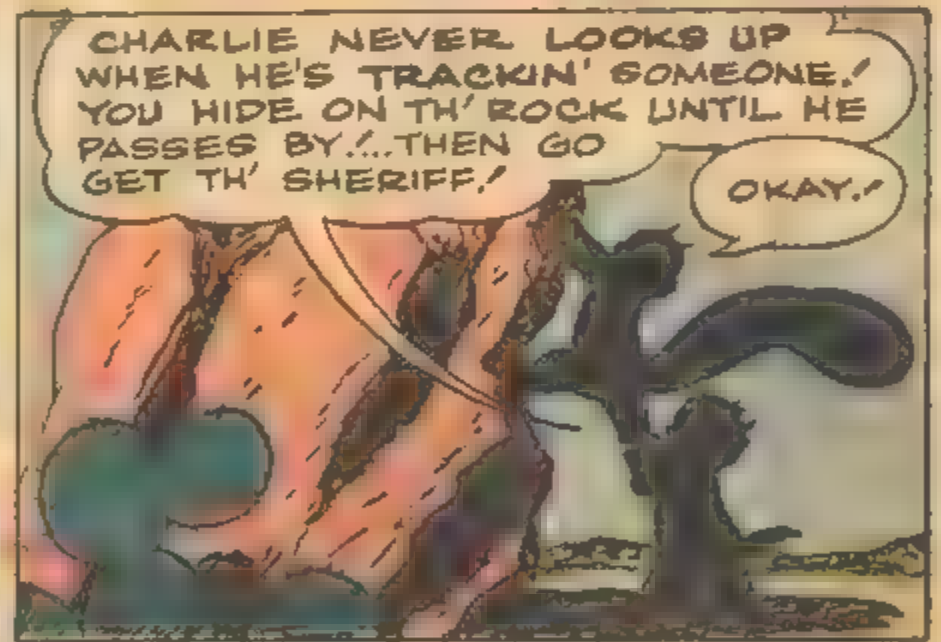
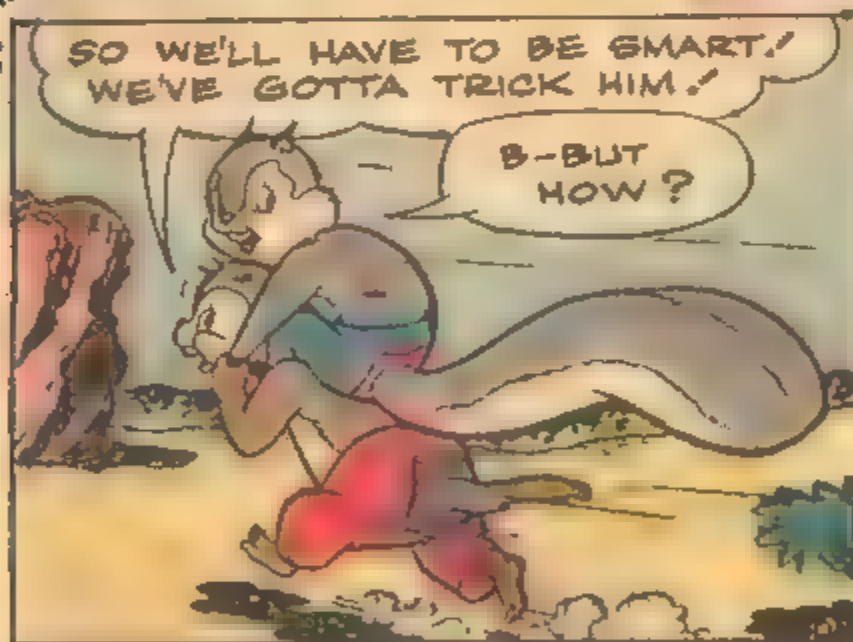
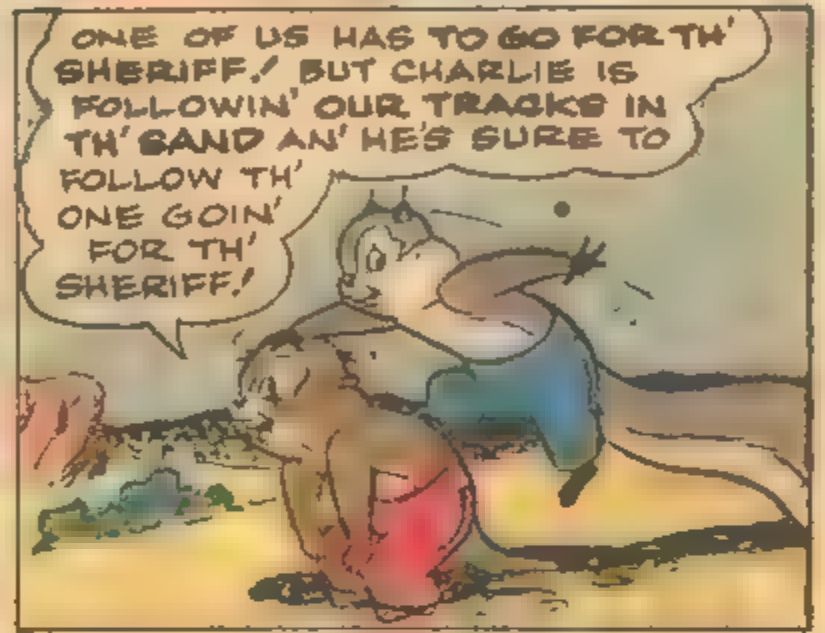
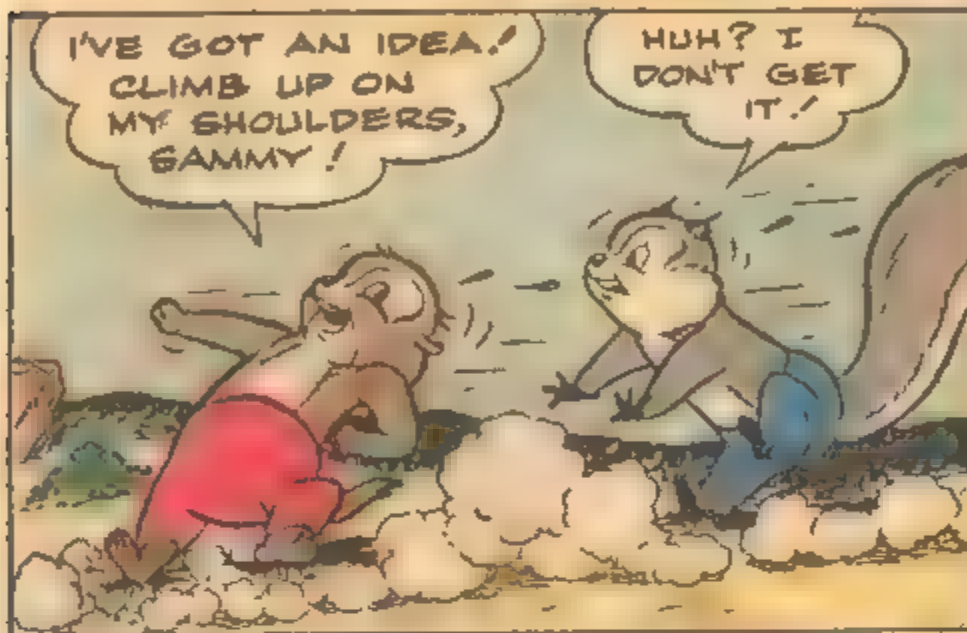
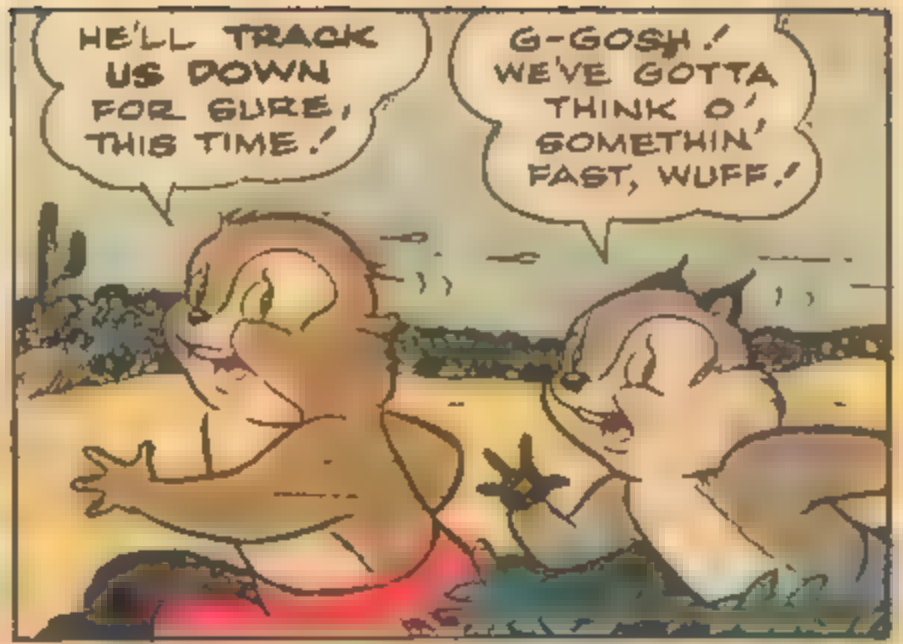
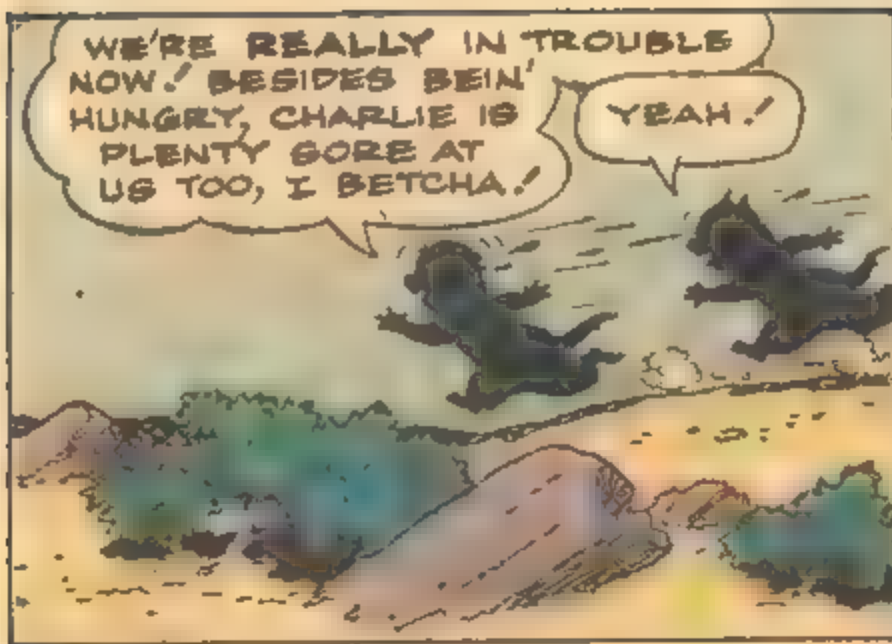
Susie beamed with relief. "Everyone wants you to be IT, Bertie!"

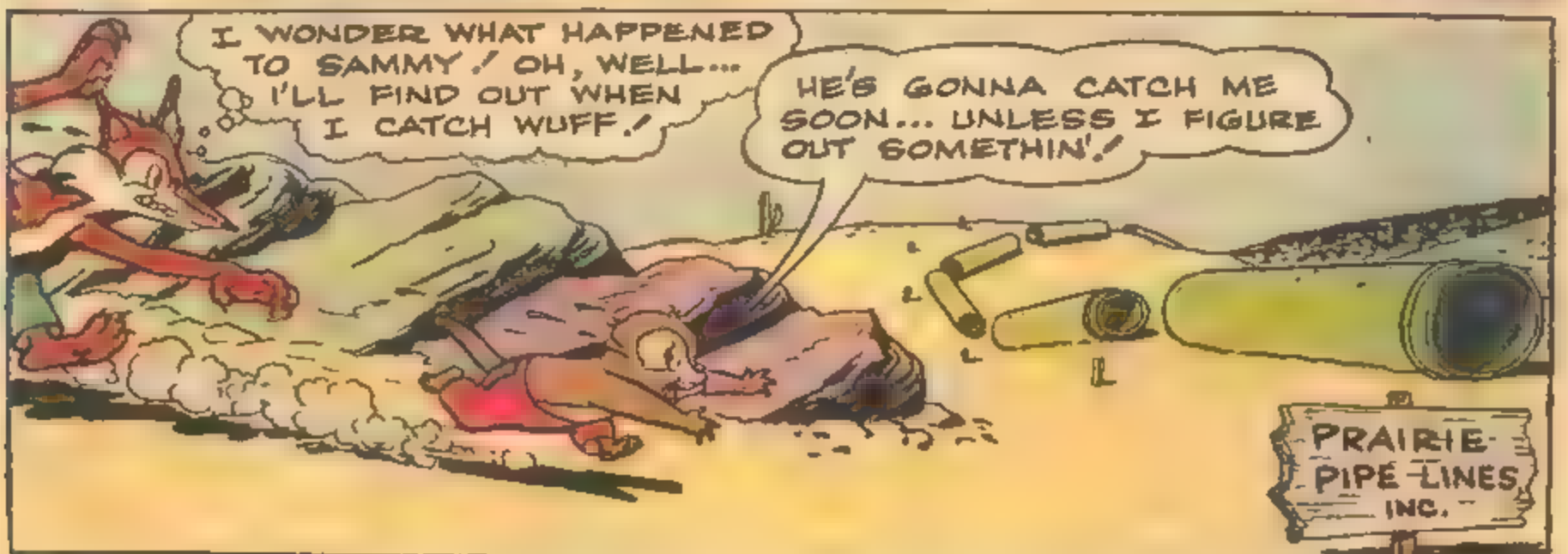
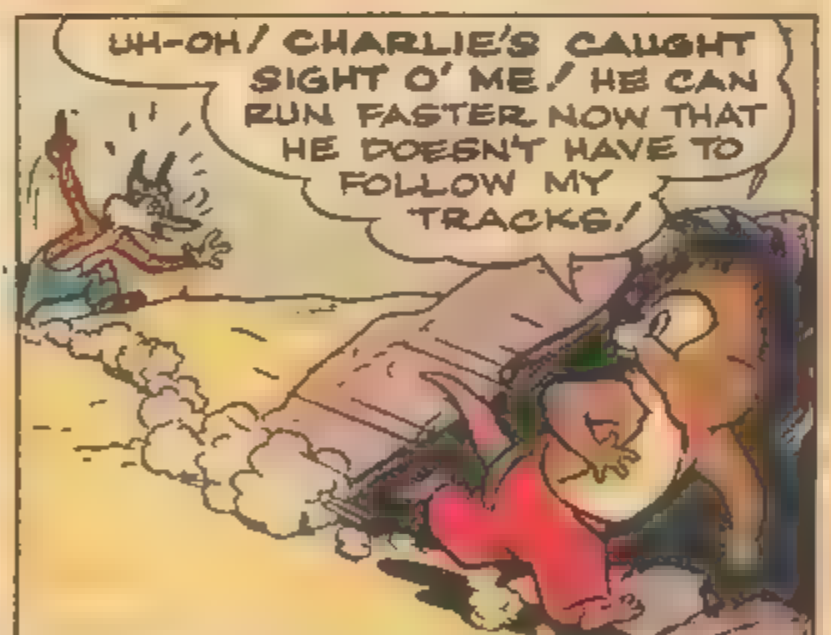
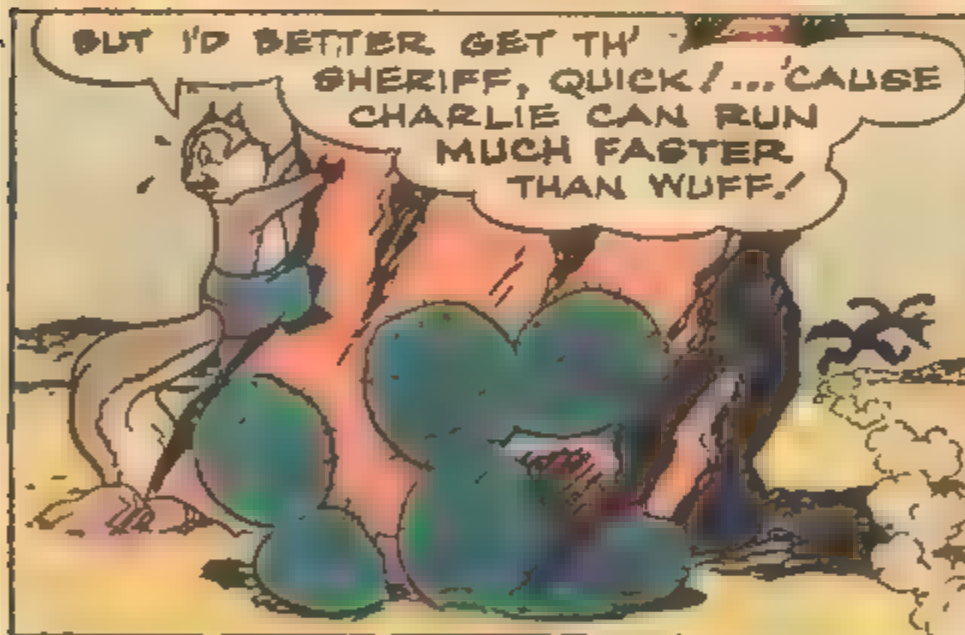
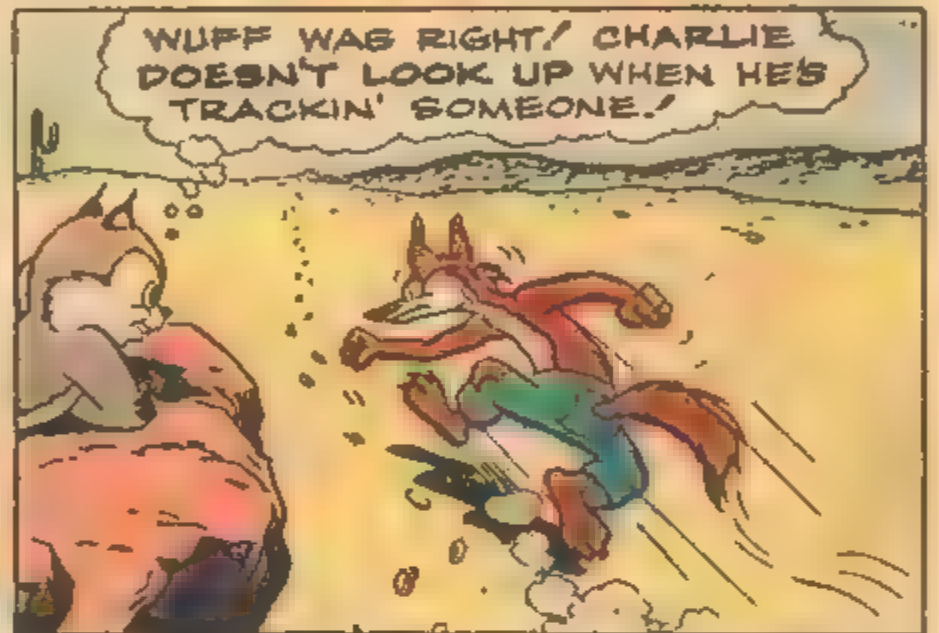
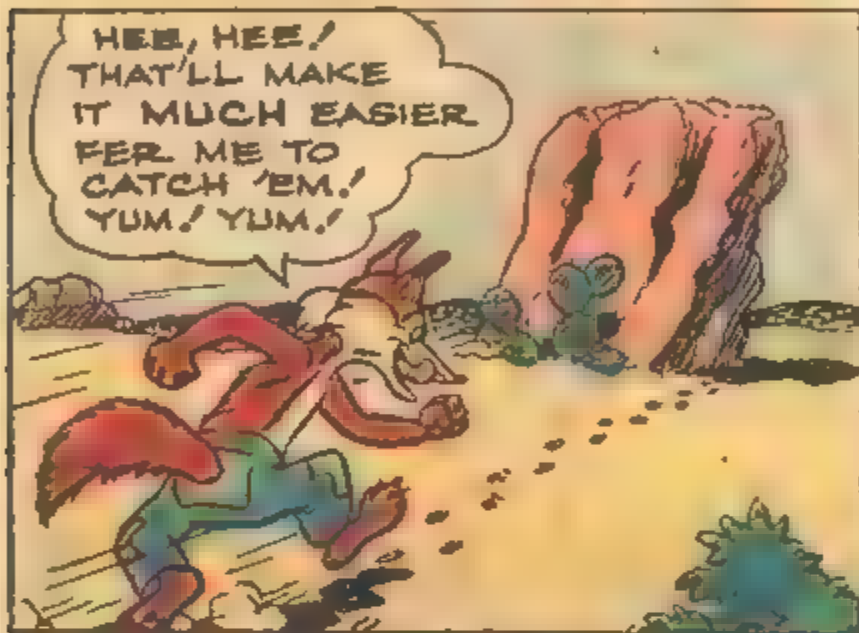
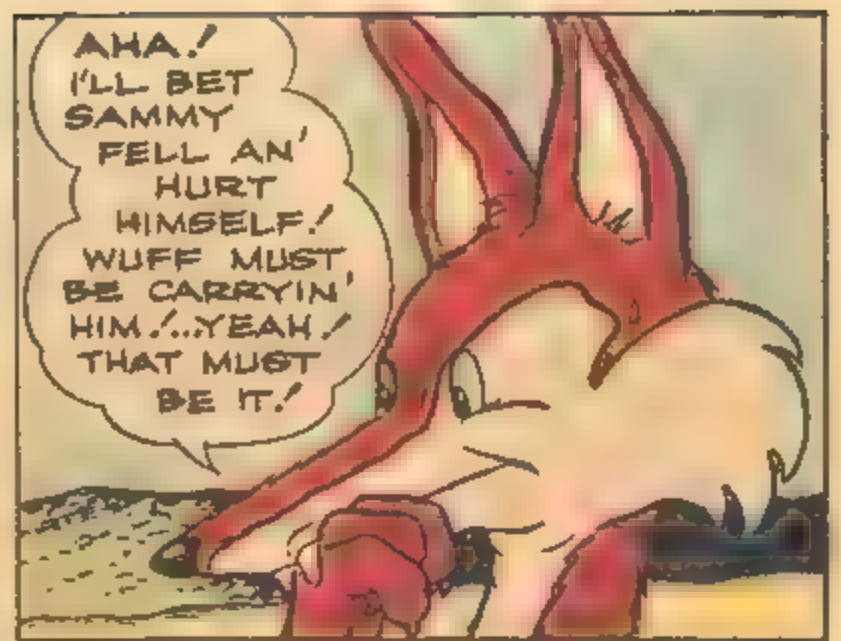
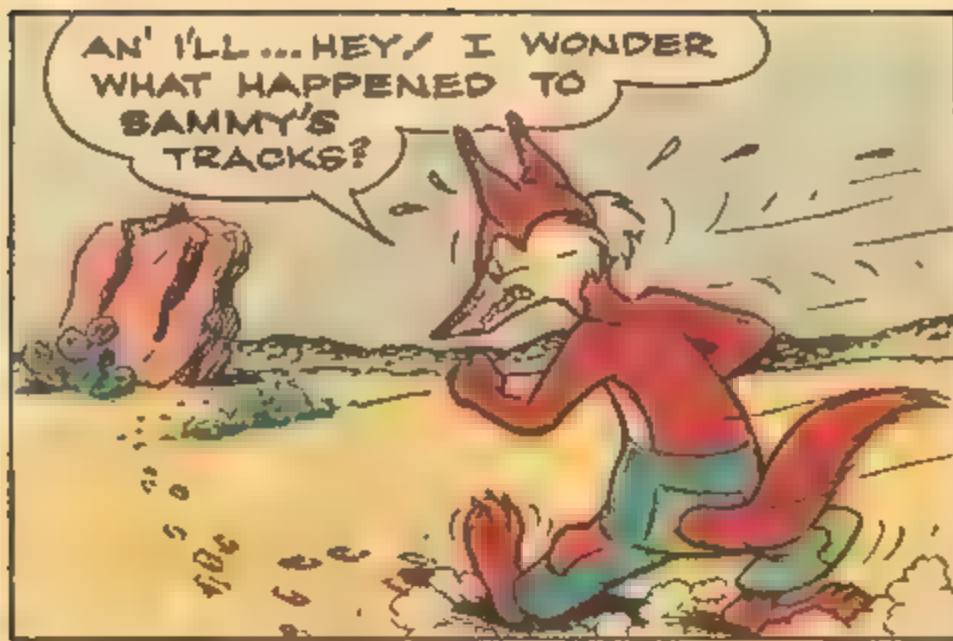
And from then on, you couldn't keep Bertie home from Play School! He had so much fun, being leader, he was a gold-star pupil all summer long!

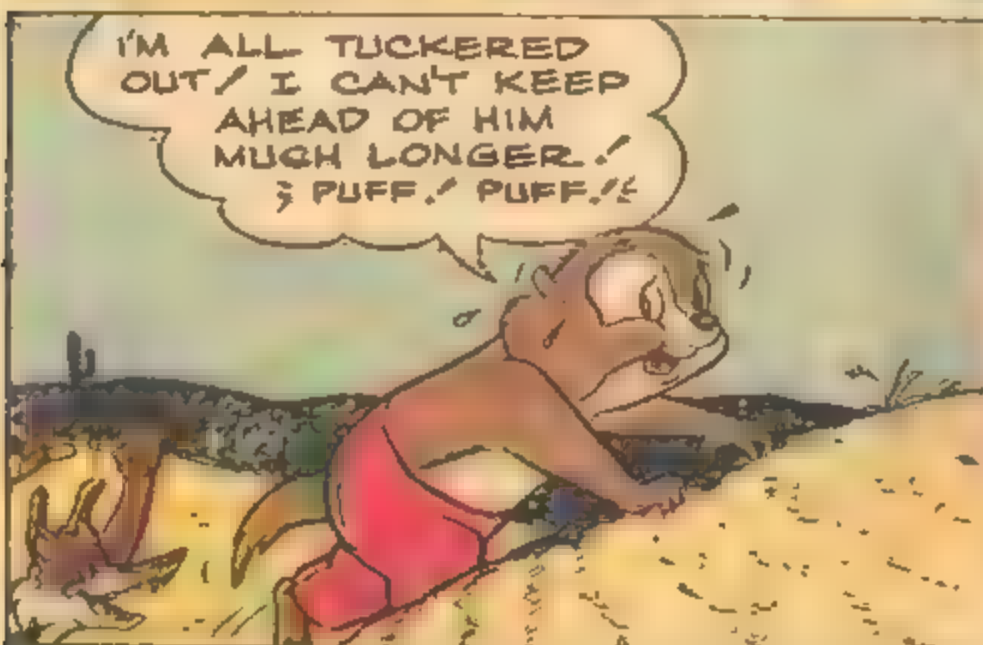
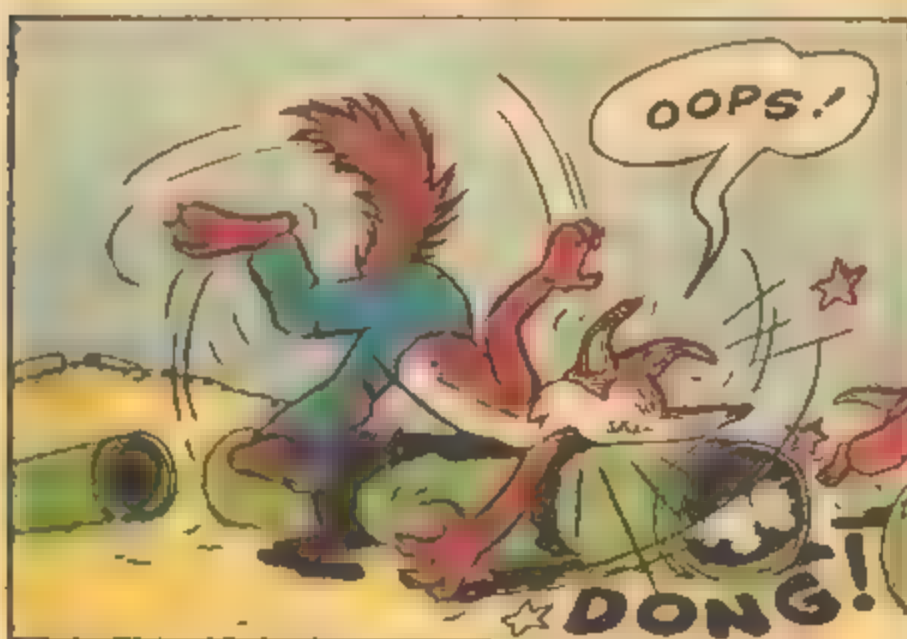
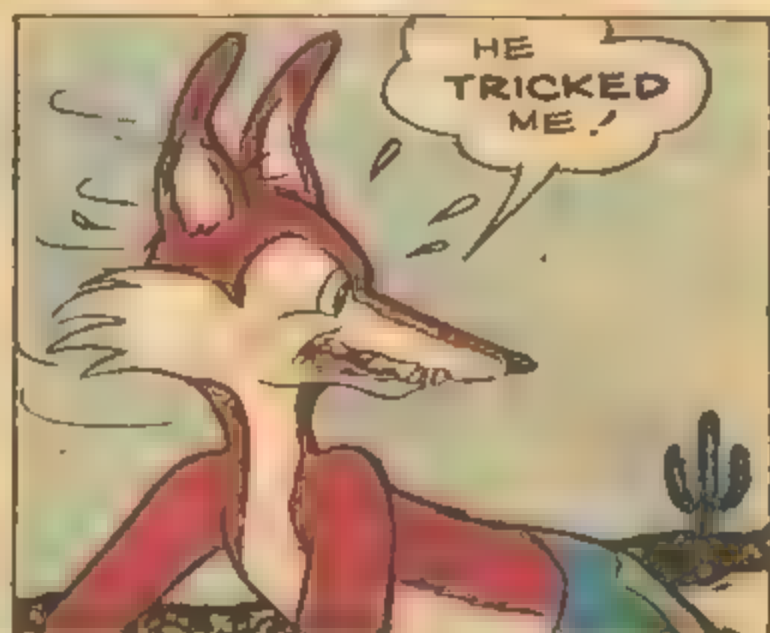
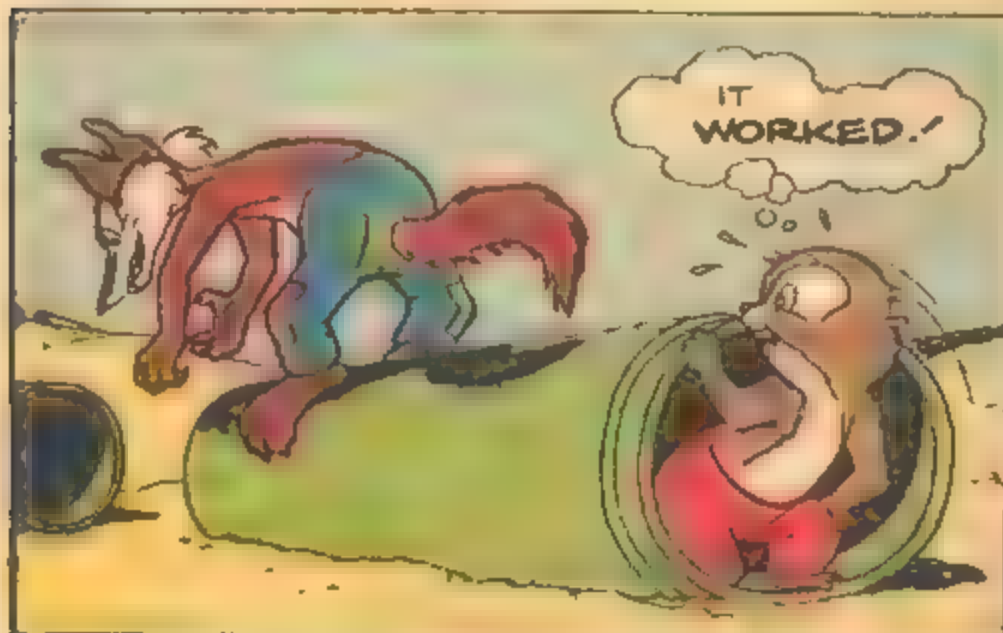
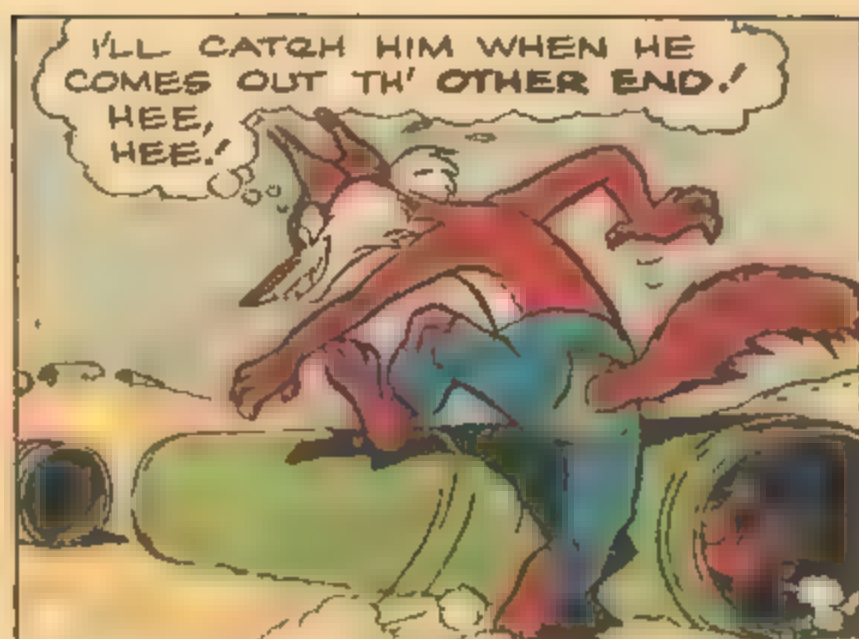
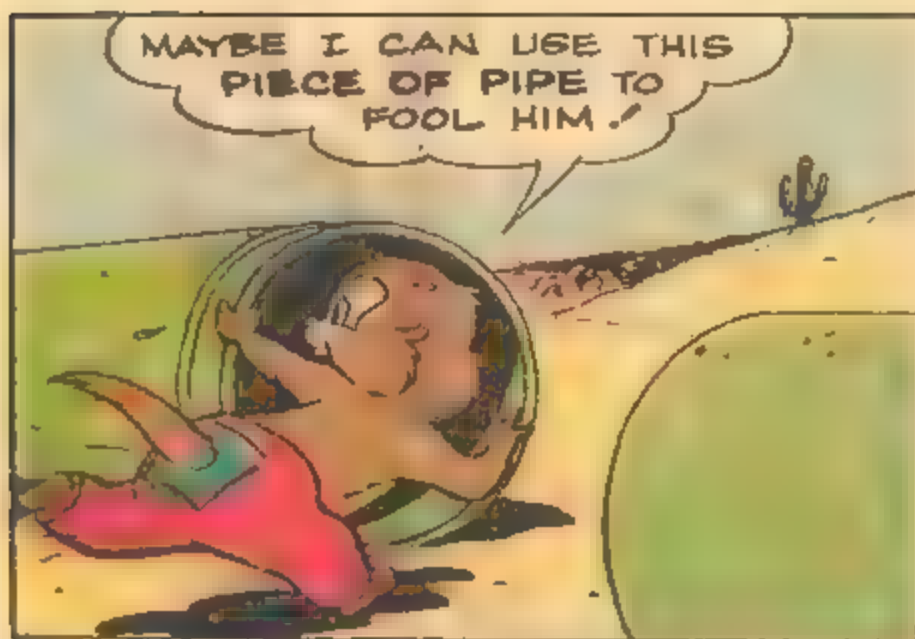
In fact, Bertie learned so much, his father said he'd be one of the leaders when it came time for the flocks of birds to fly south next winter.

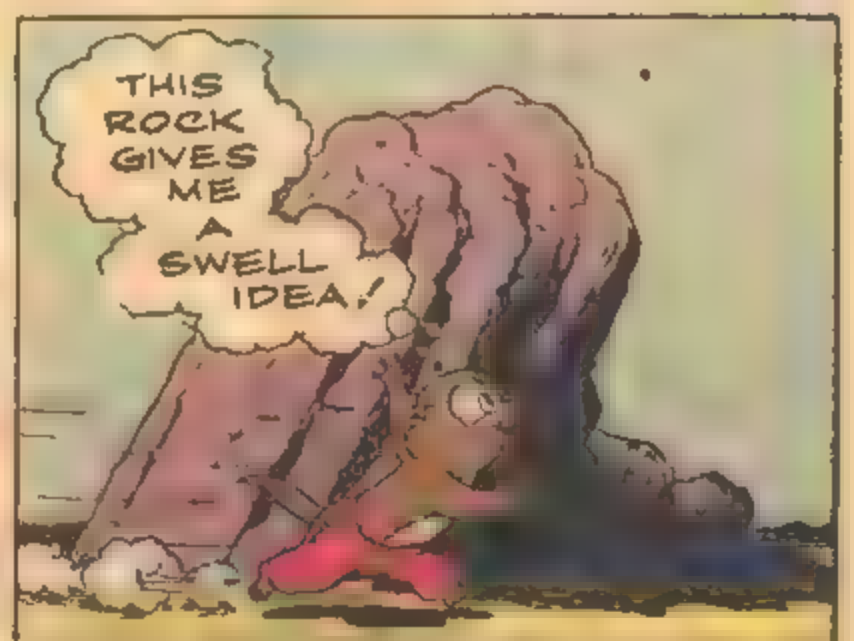
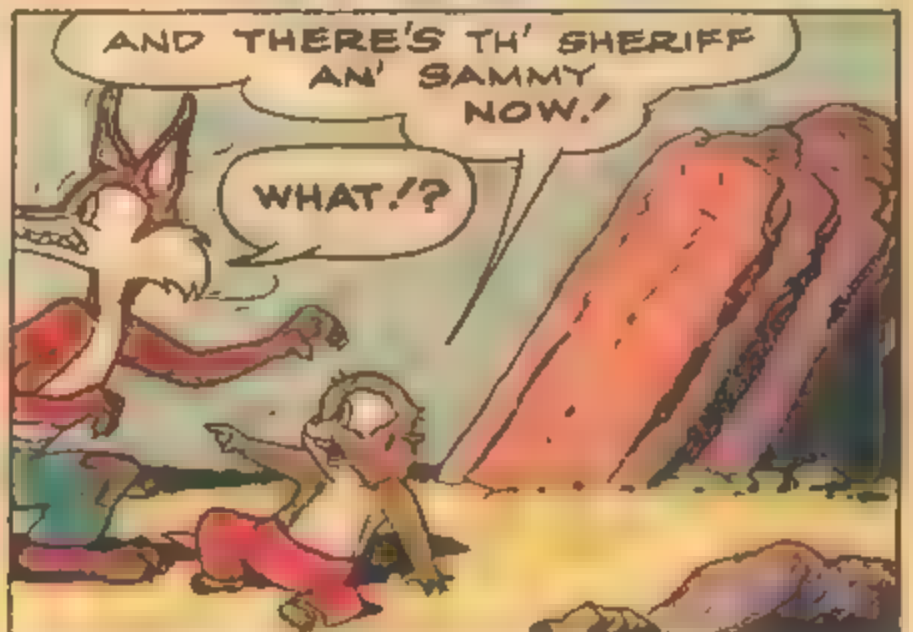
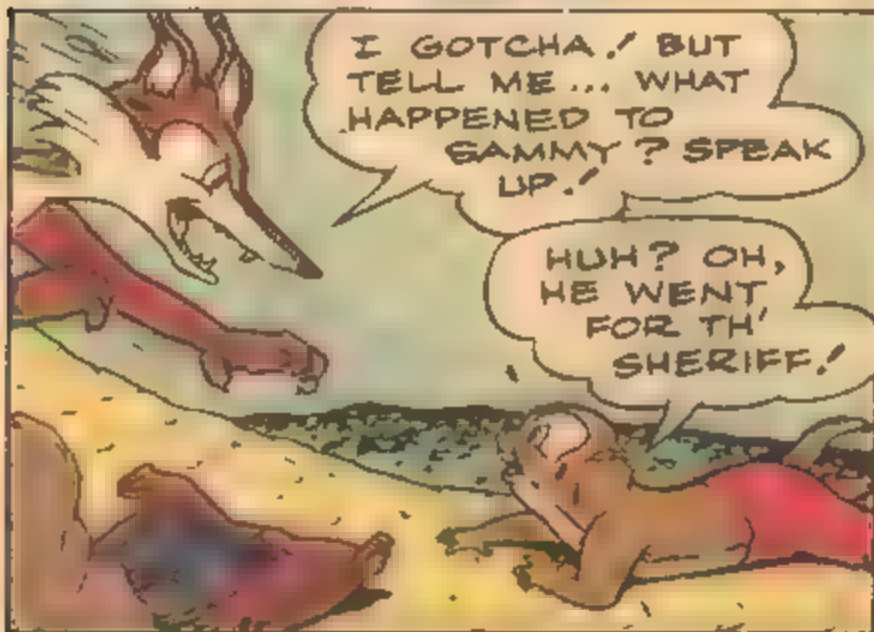
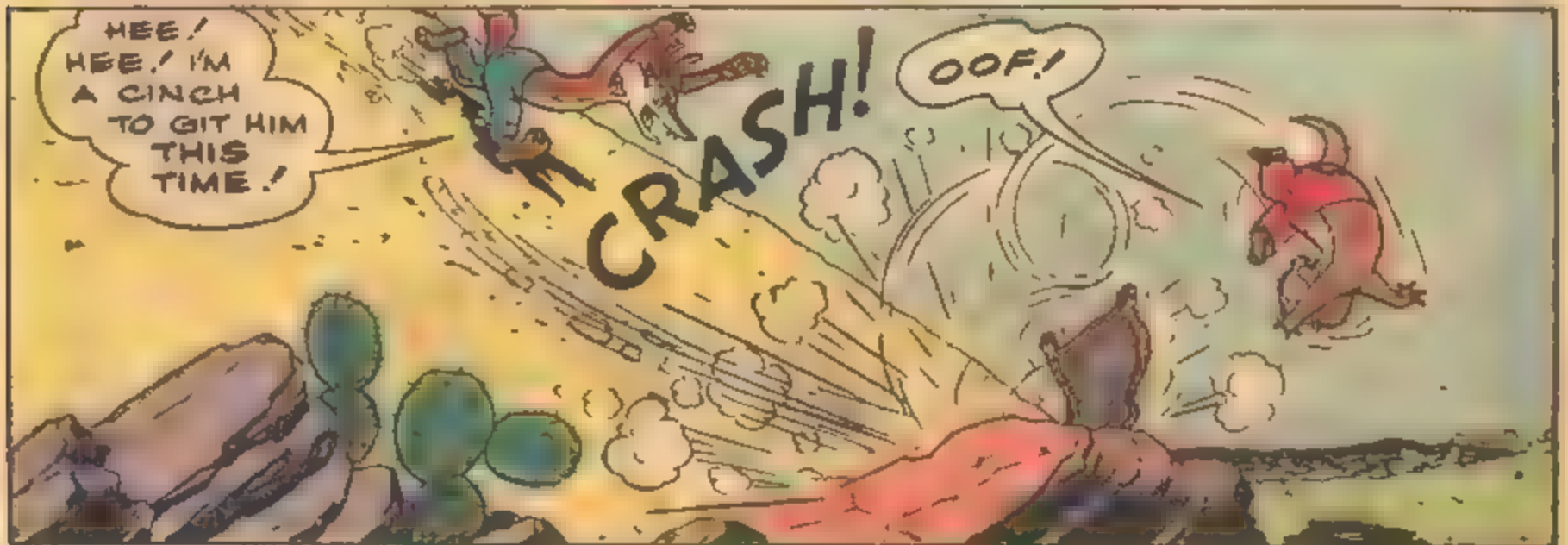
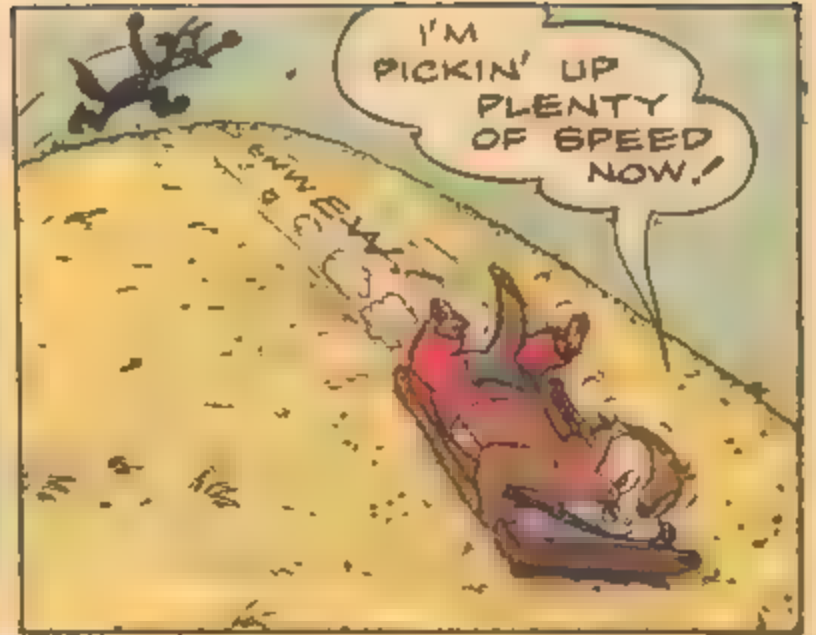
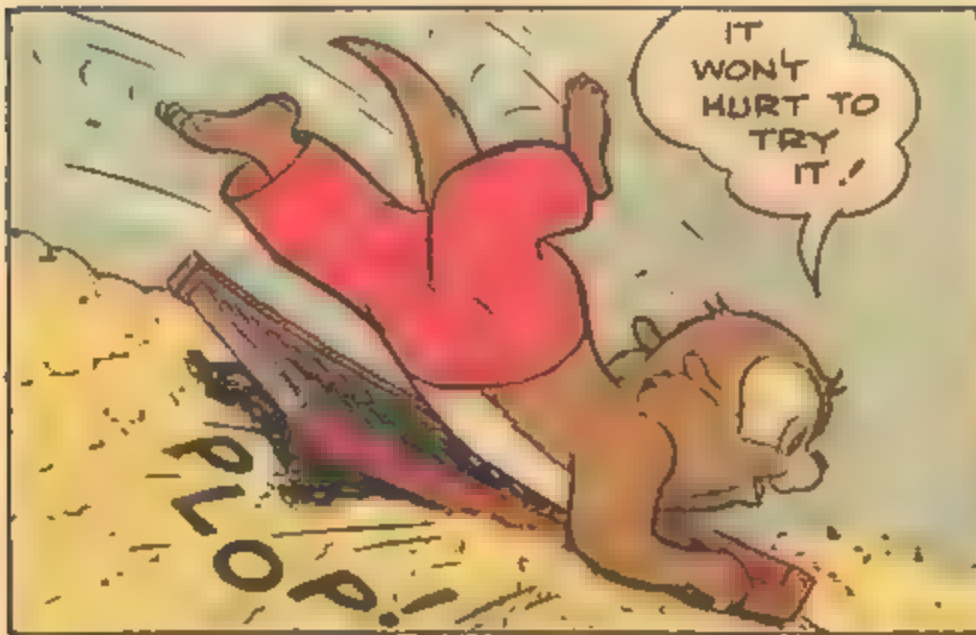


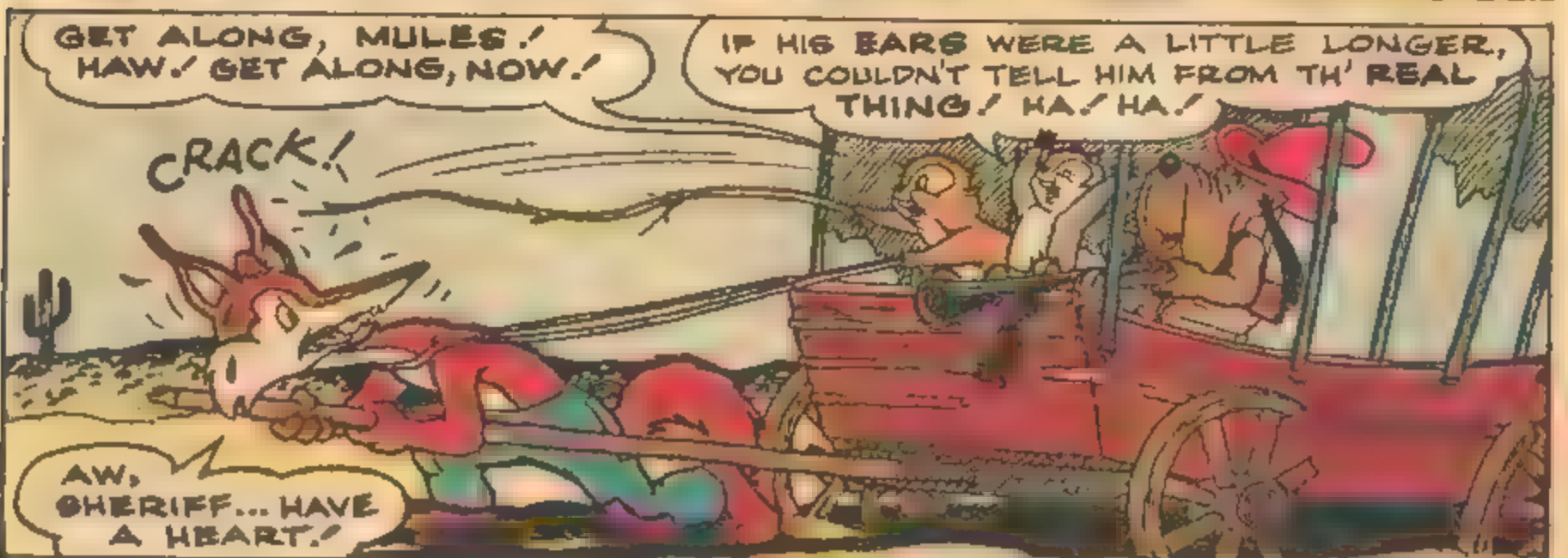
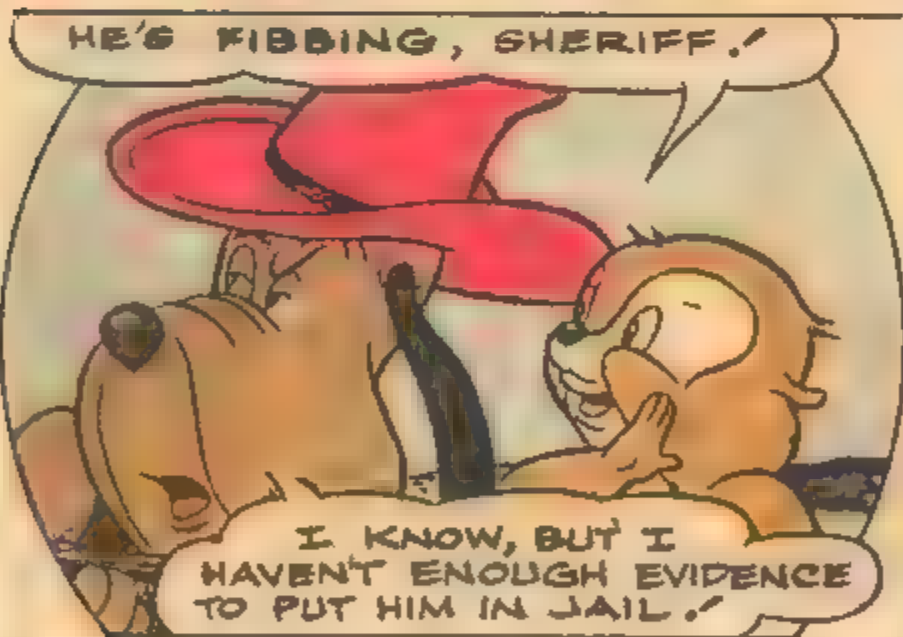
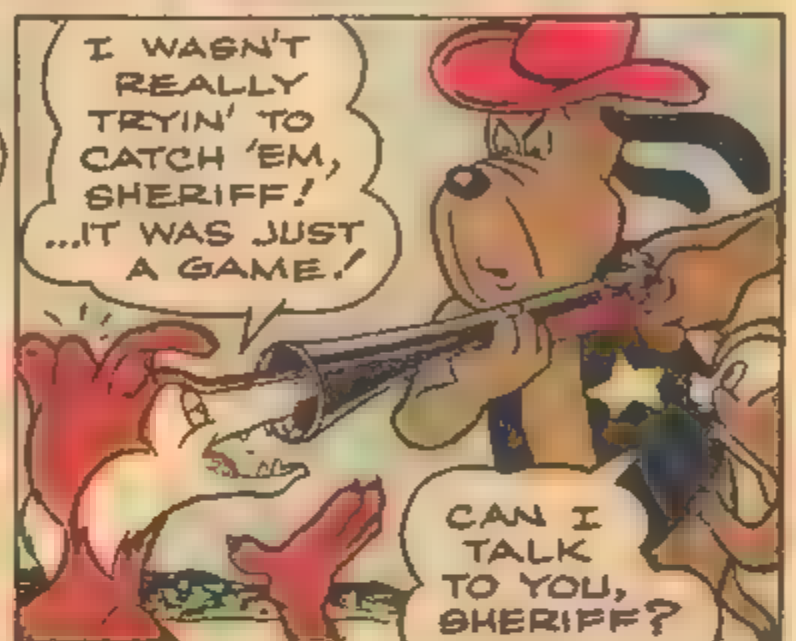
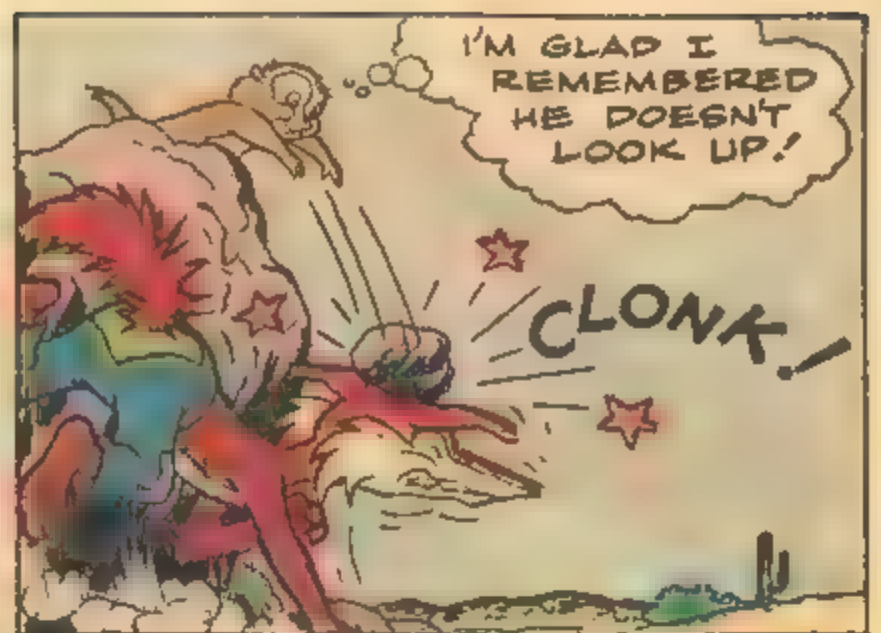












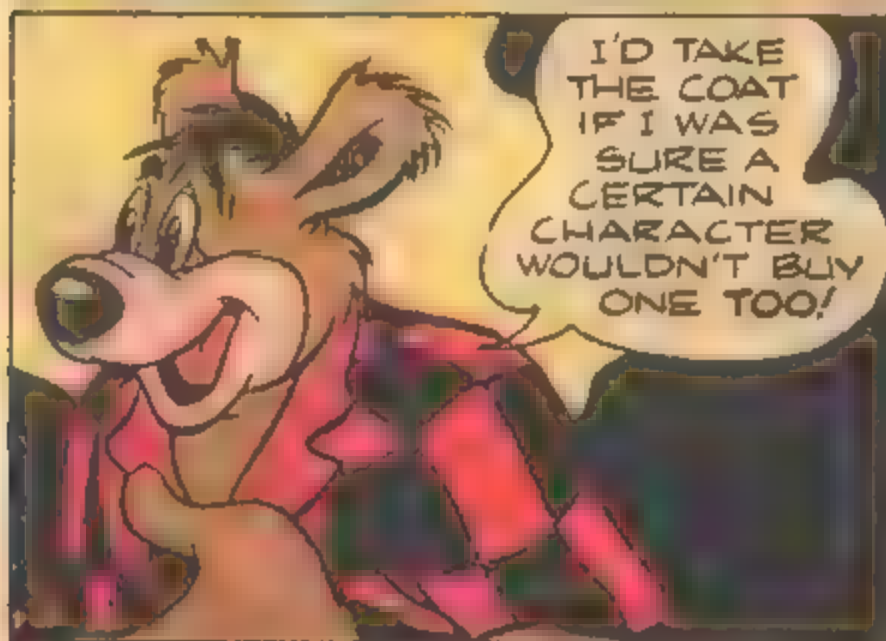
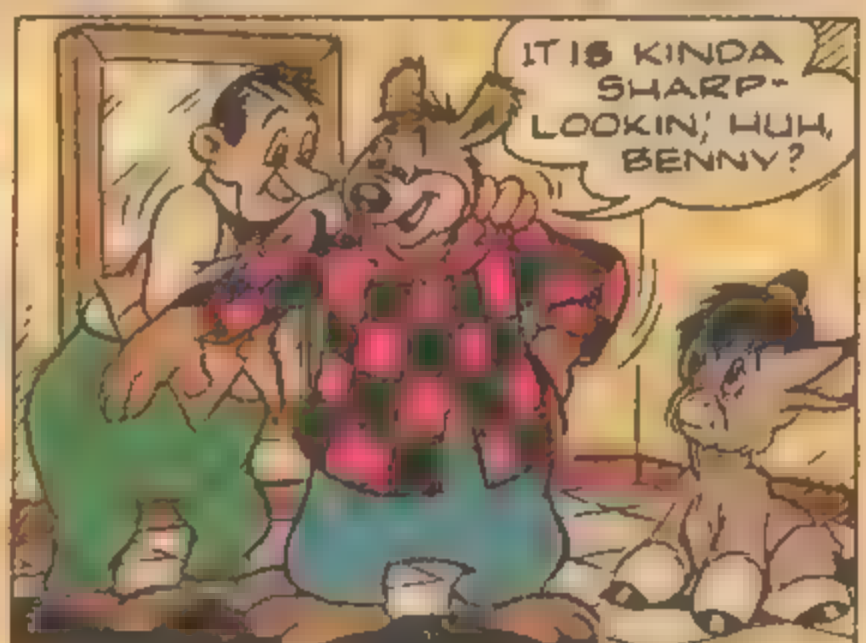
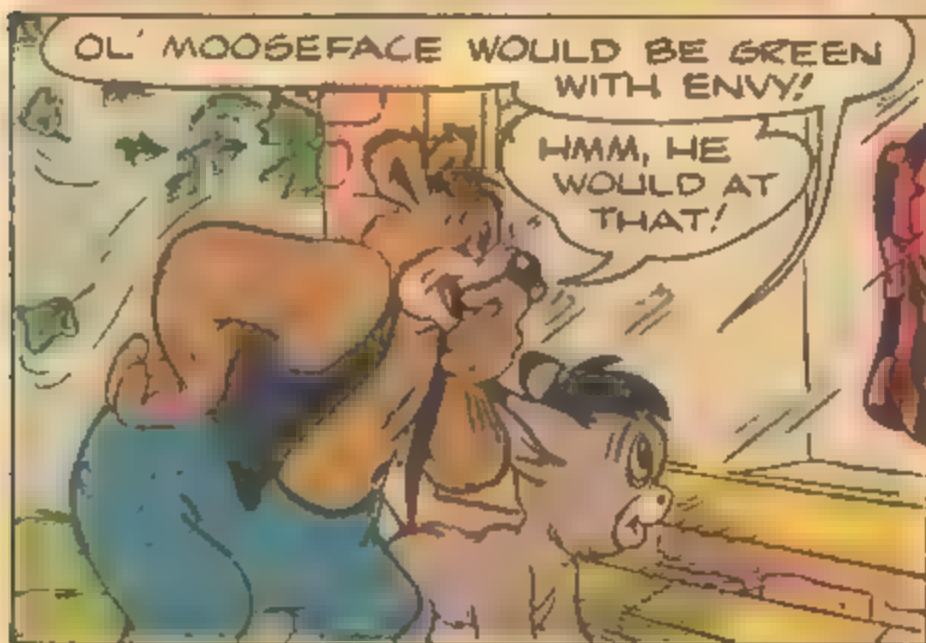
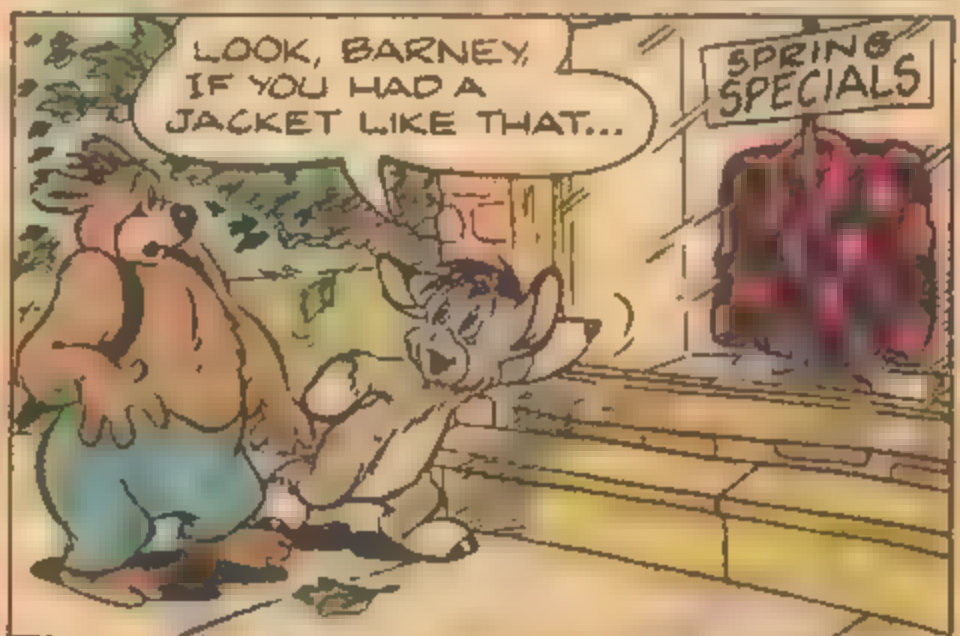
M.G.M. CARTOONS

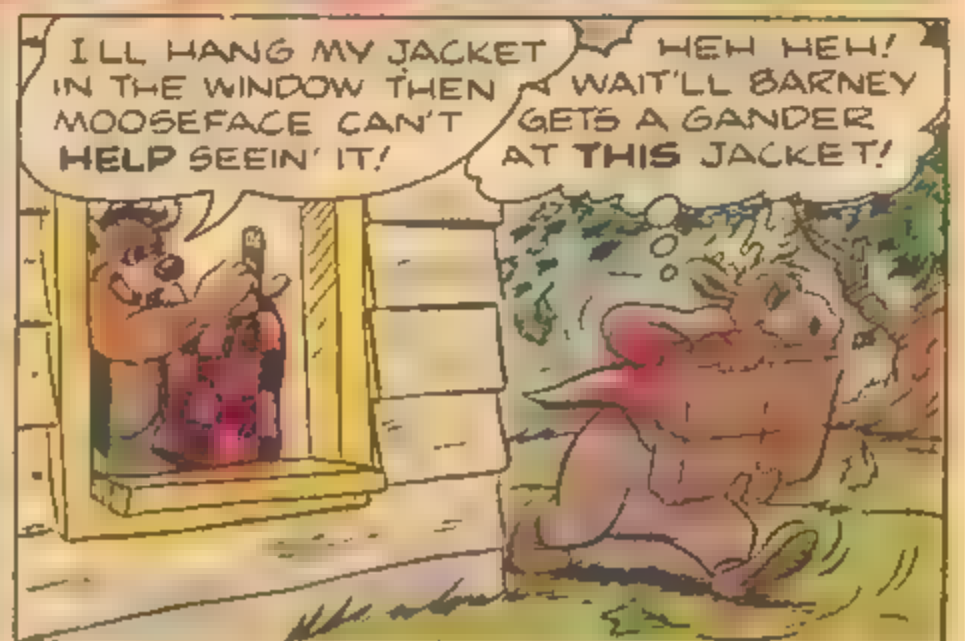
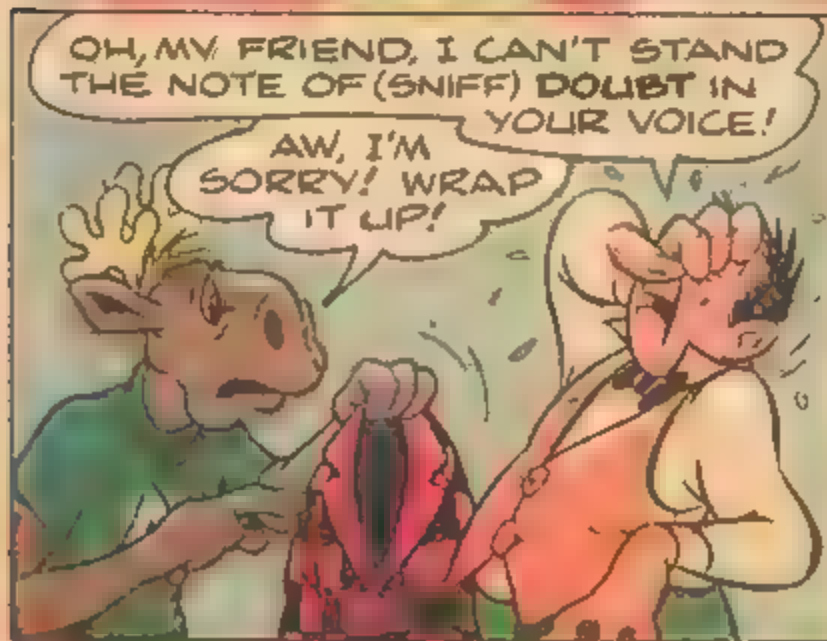
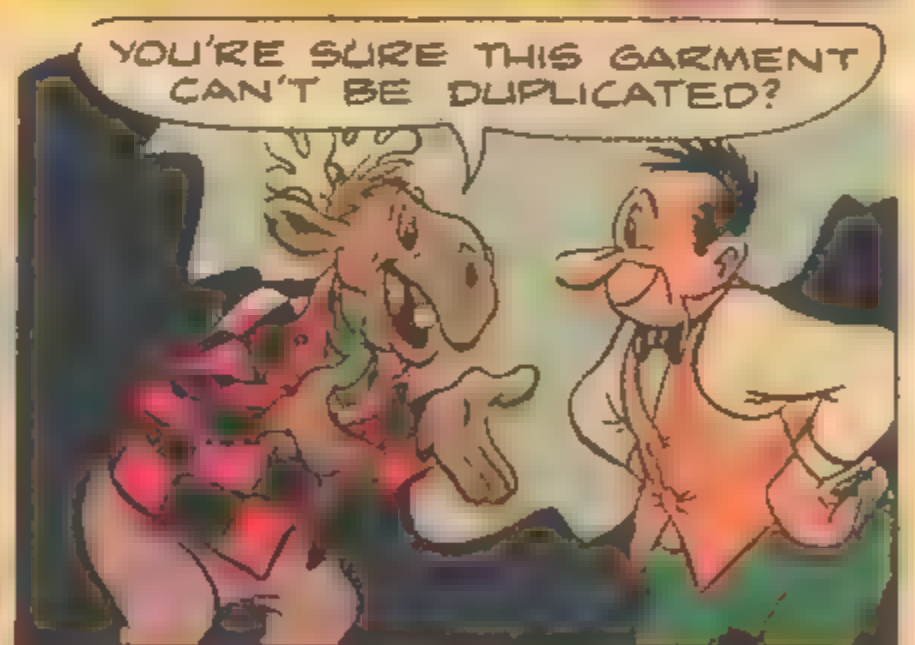
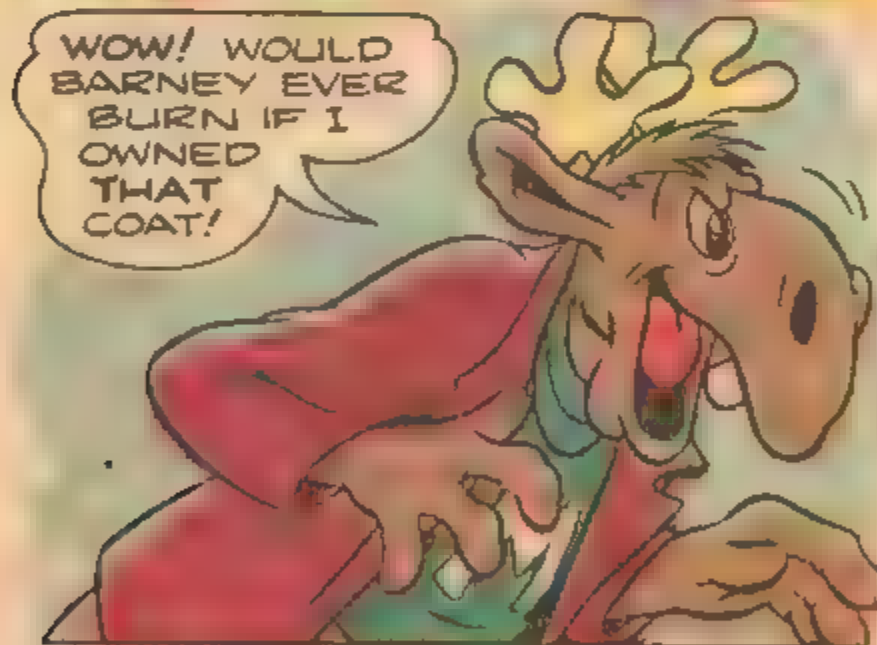
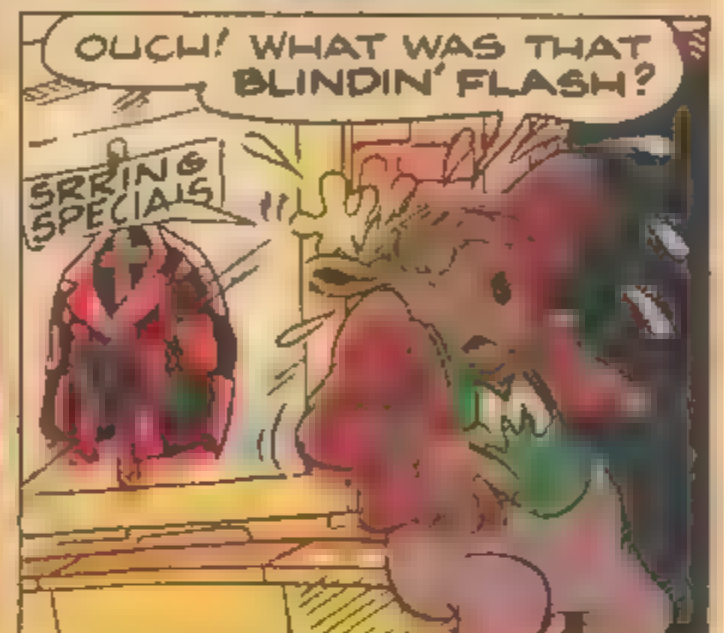
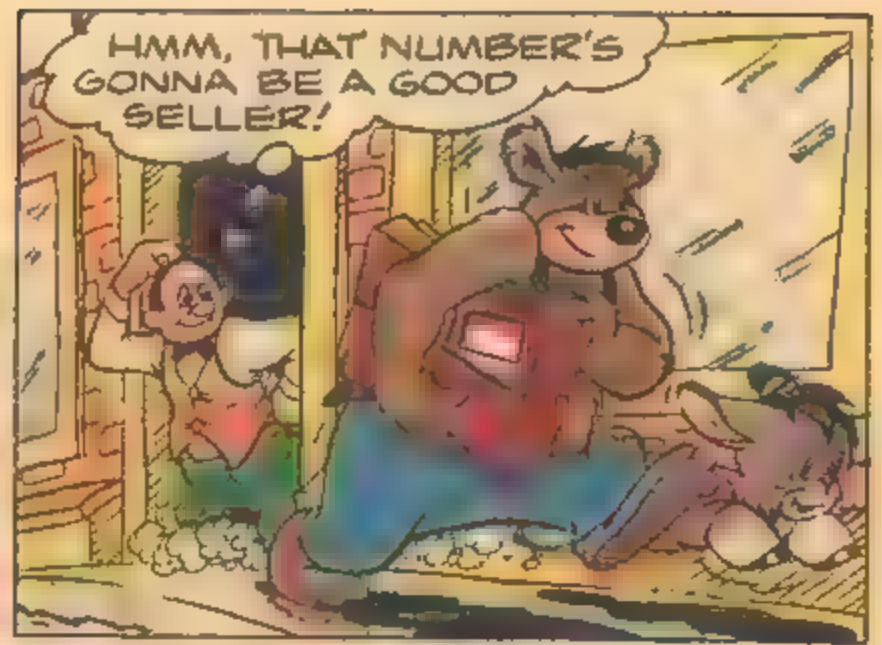
Present

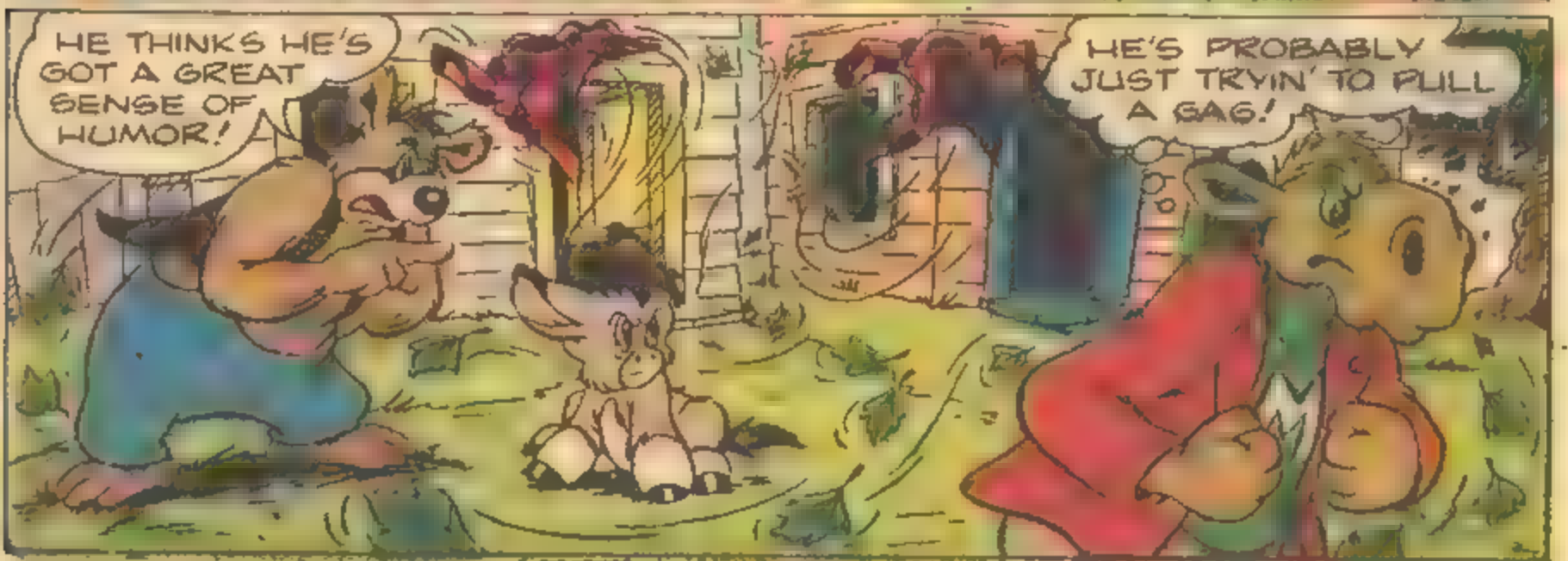
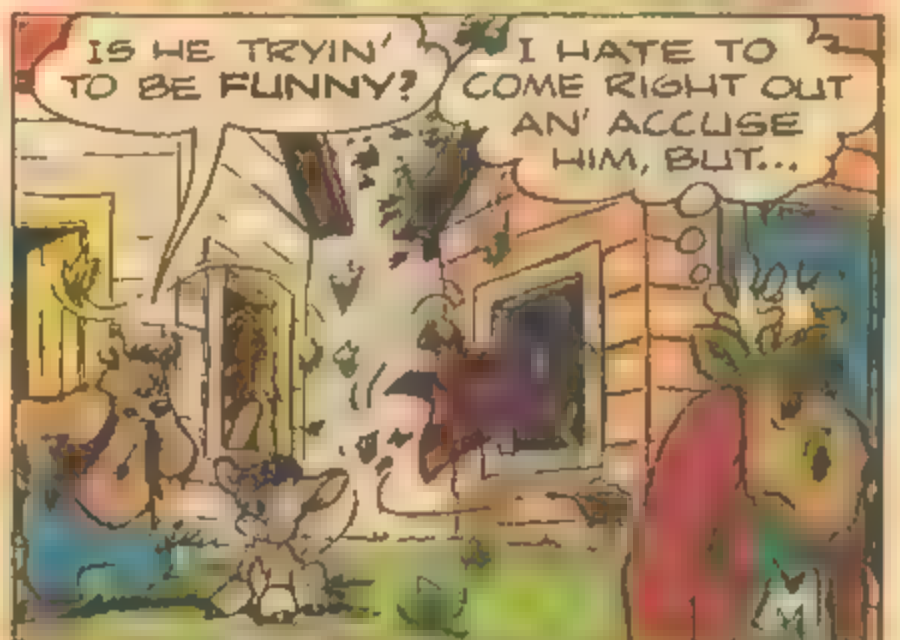
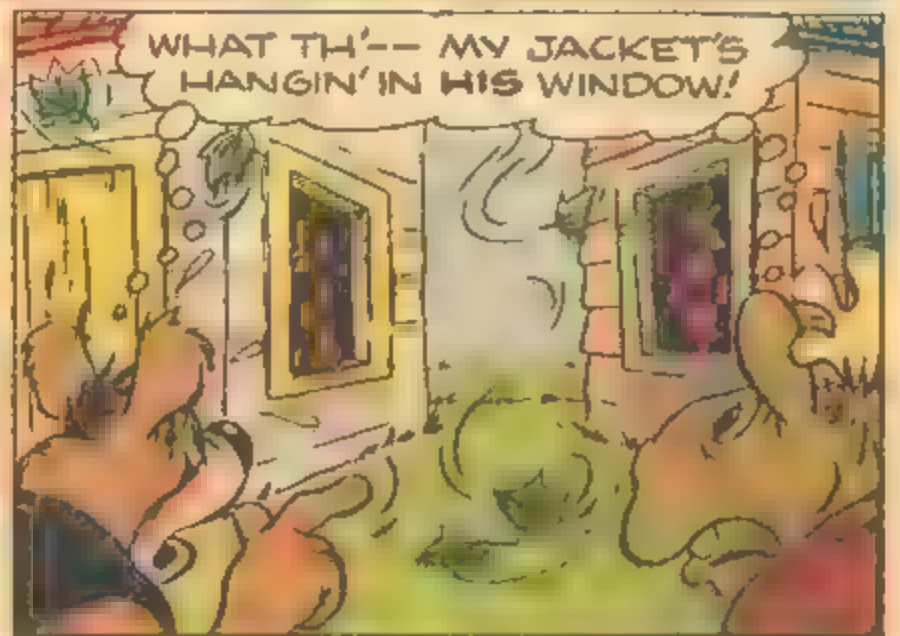
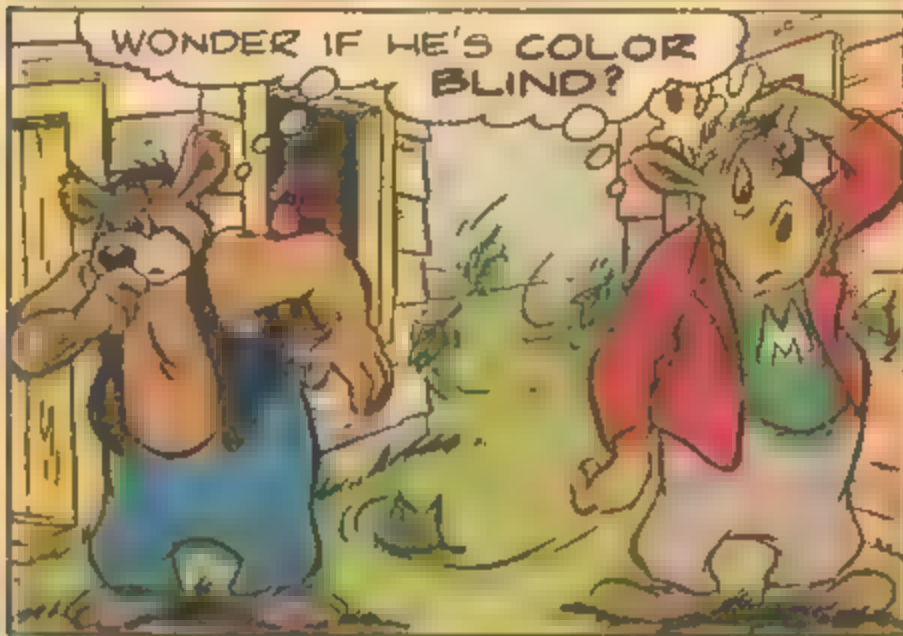
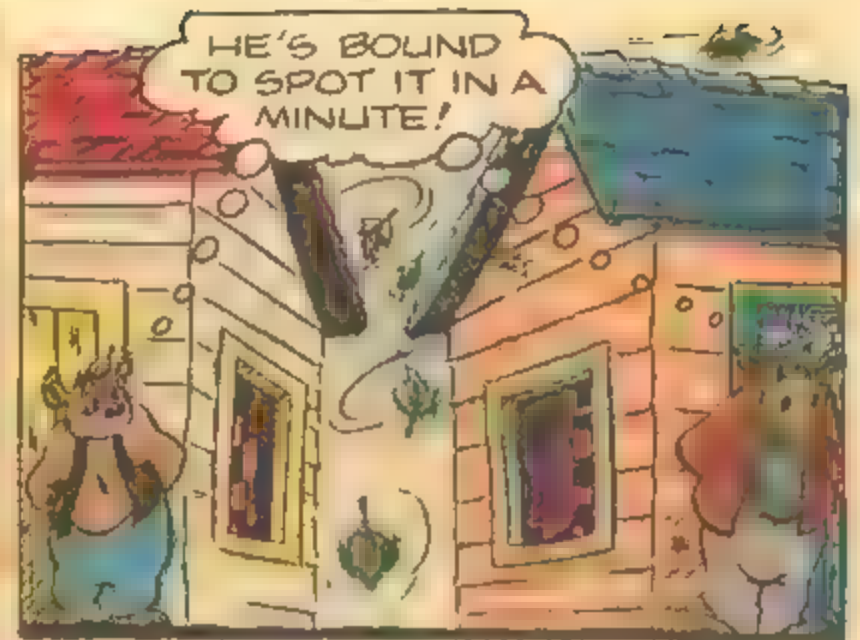
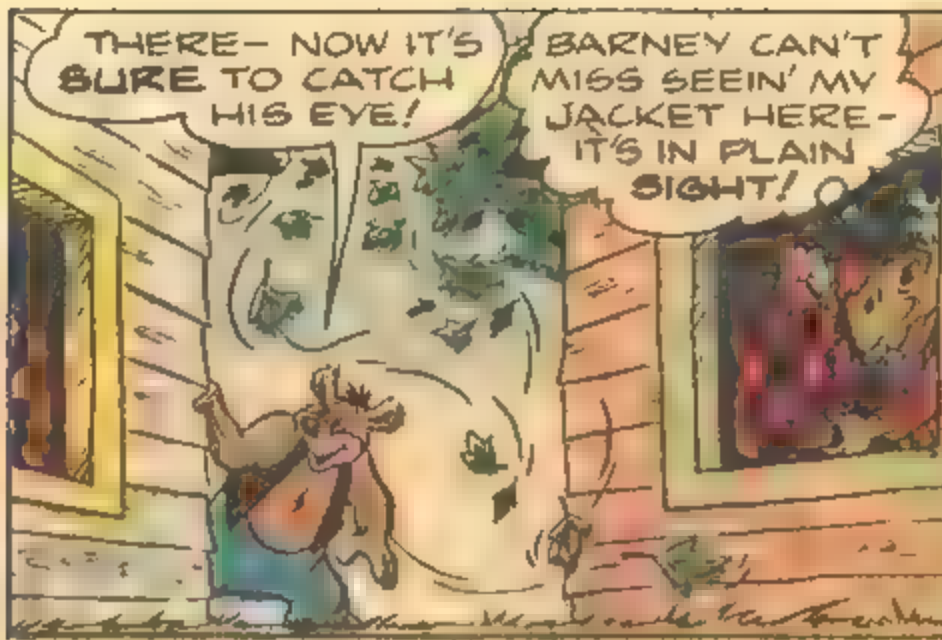
Barney Bear and Benny Burro

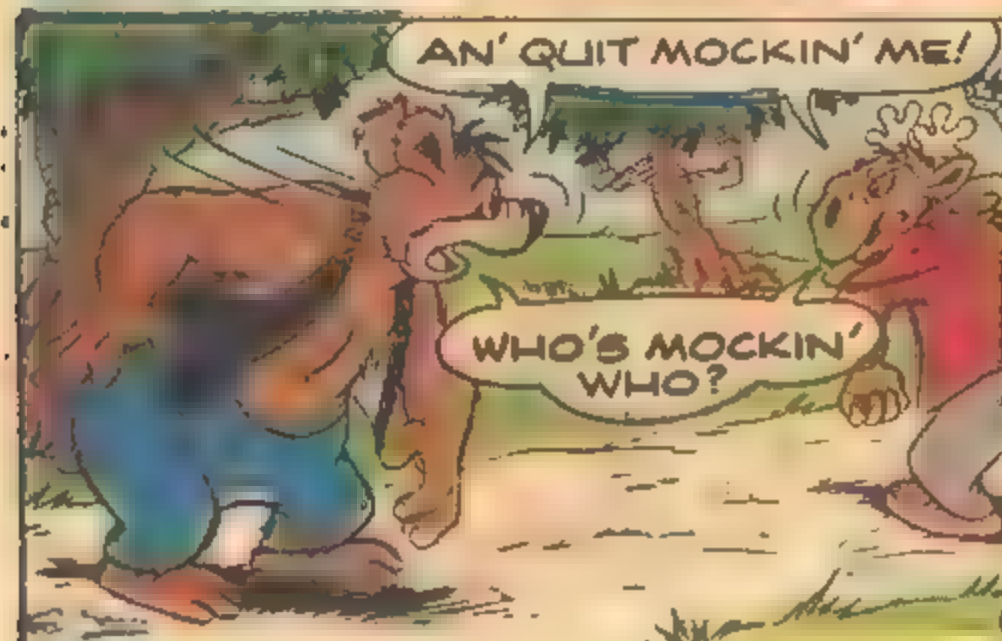
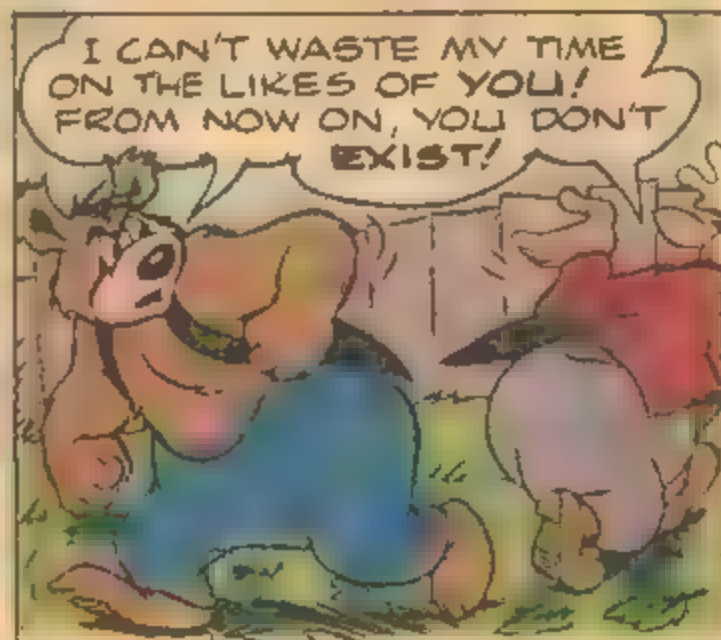
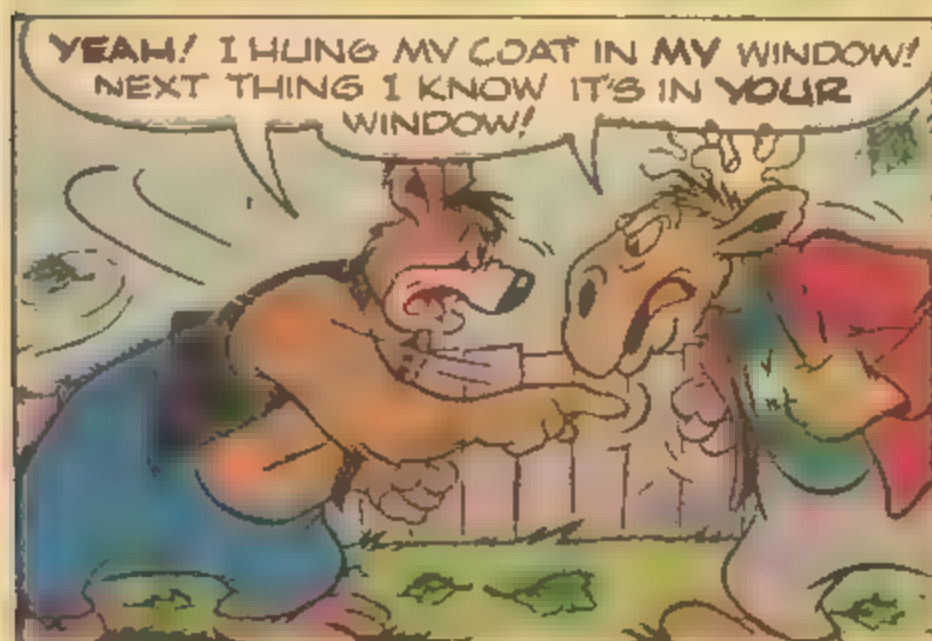
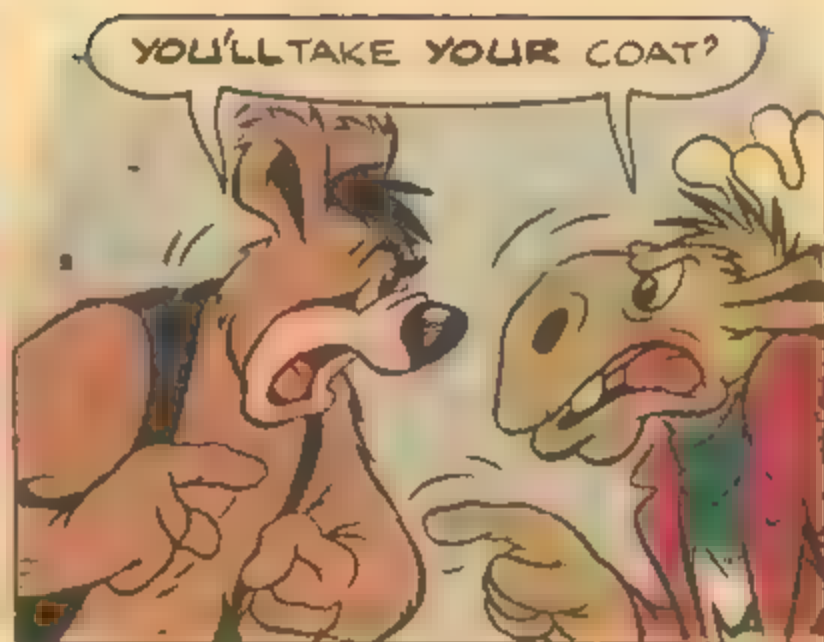
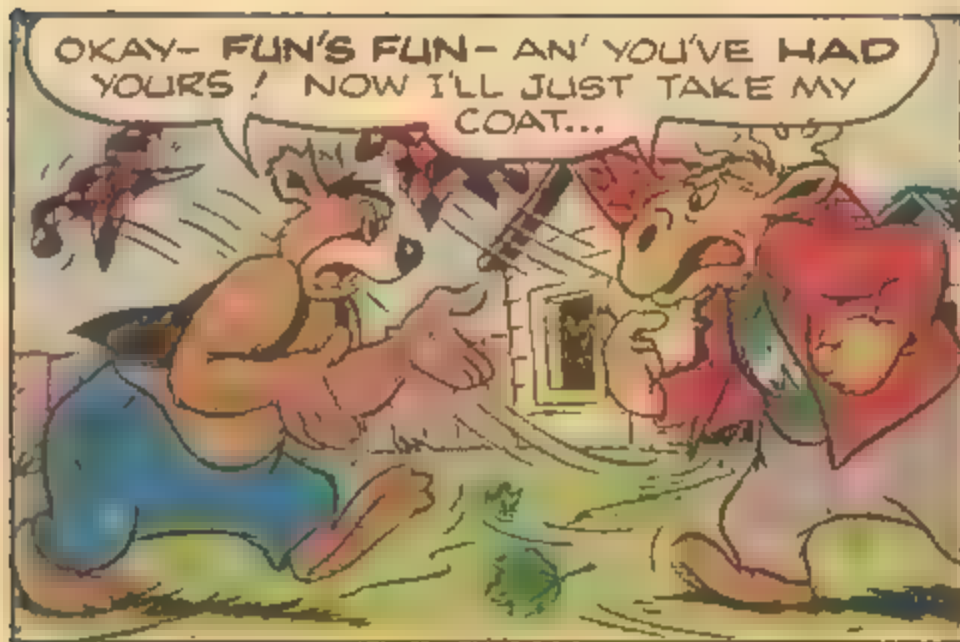
SUCH INVIGORATIN' WEATHER!

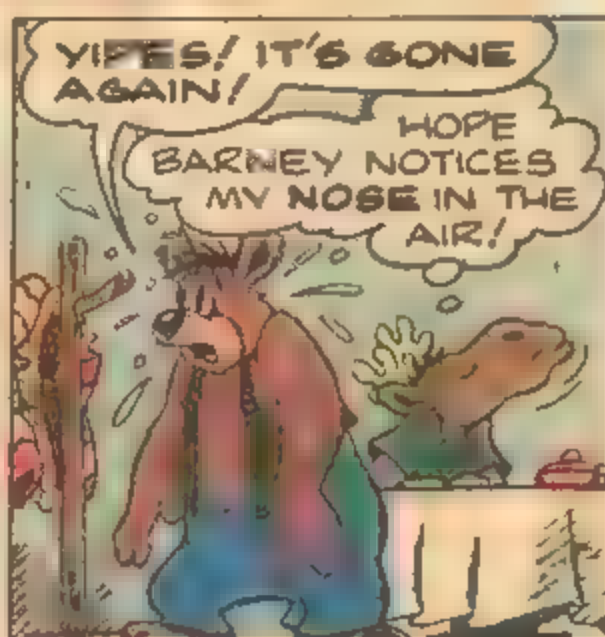
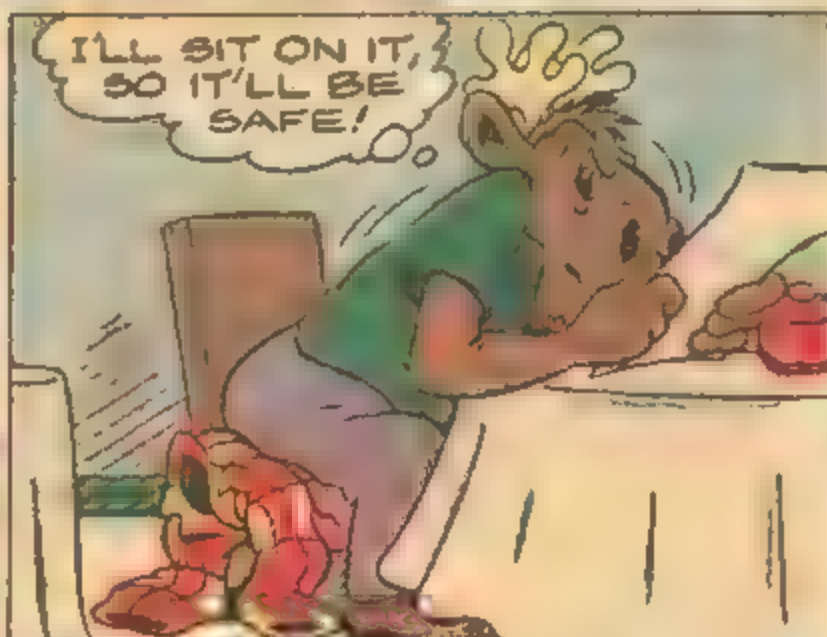
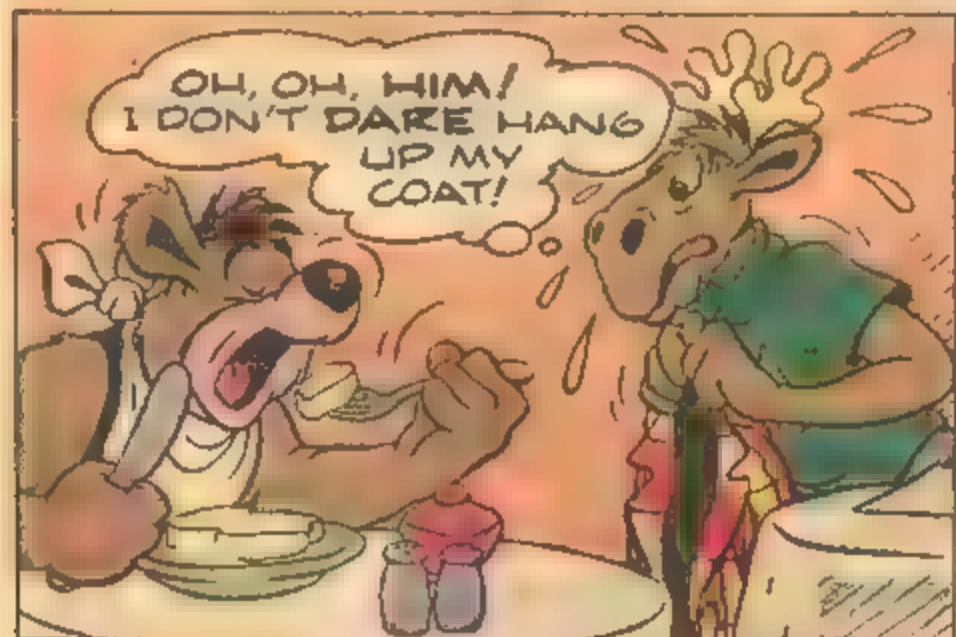
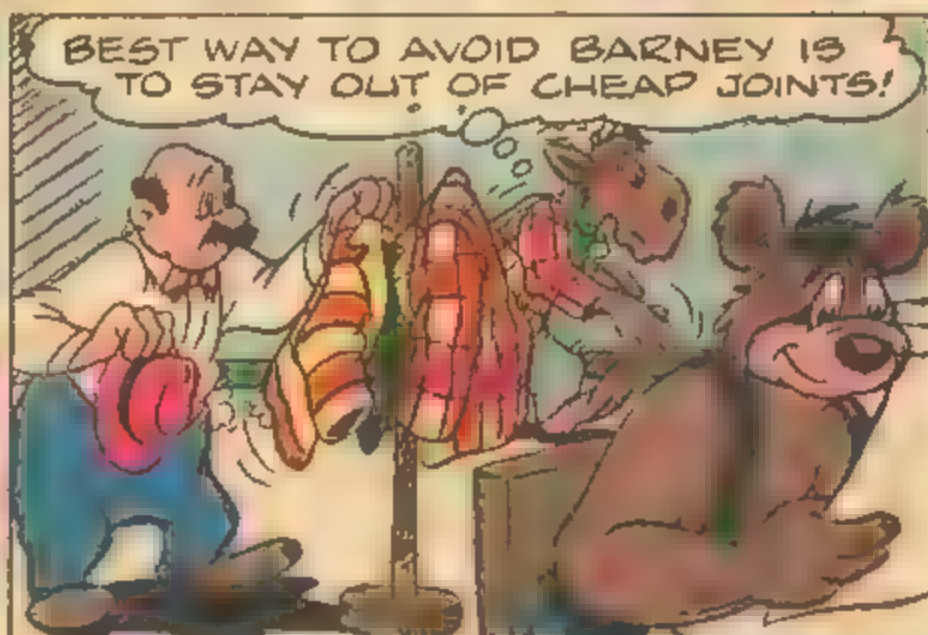
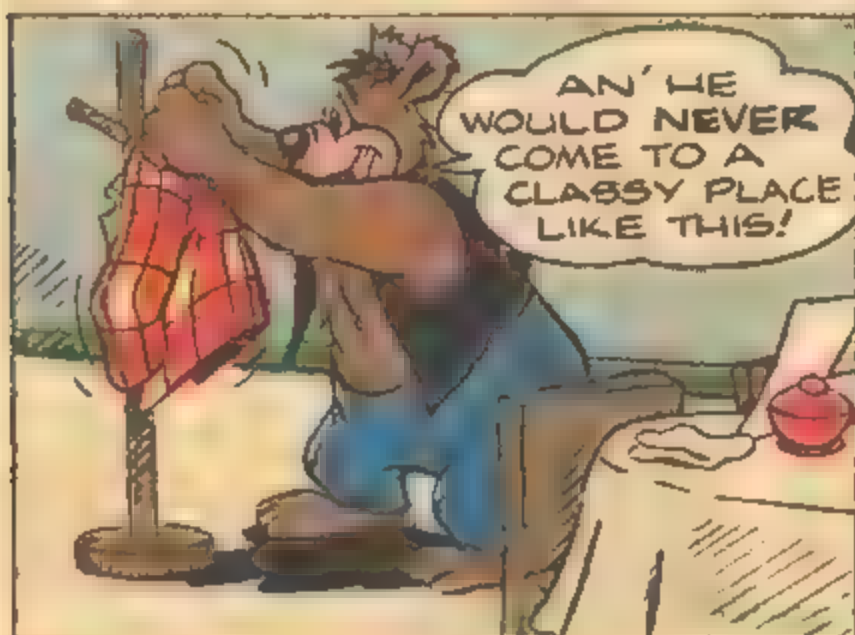
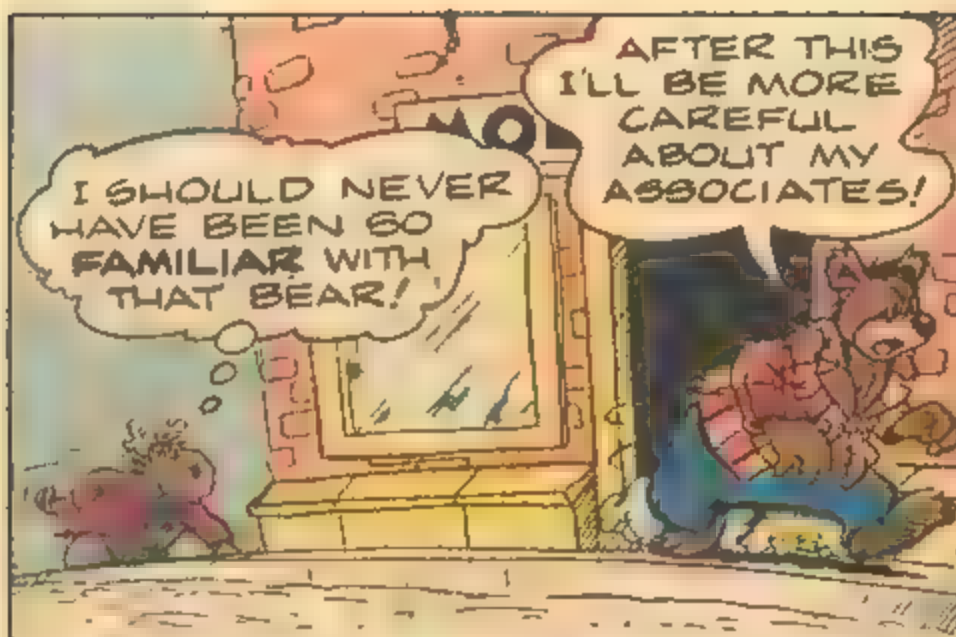
I WISH I COULD GET BARNEY TO BUY A COAT... HE'S LIABLE TO CATCH COLD IN THIS WIND!

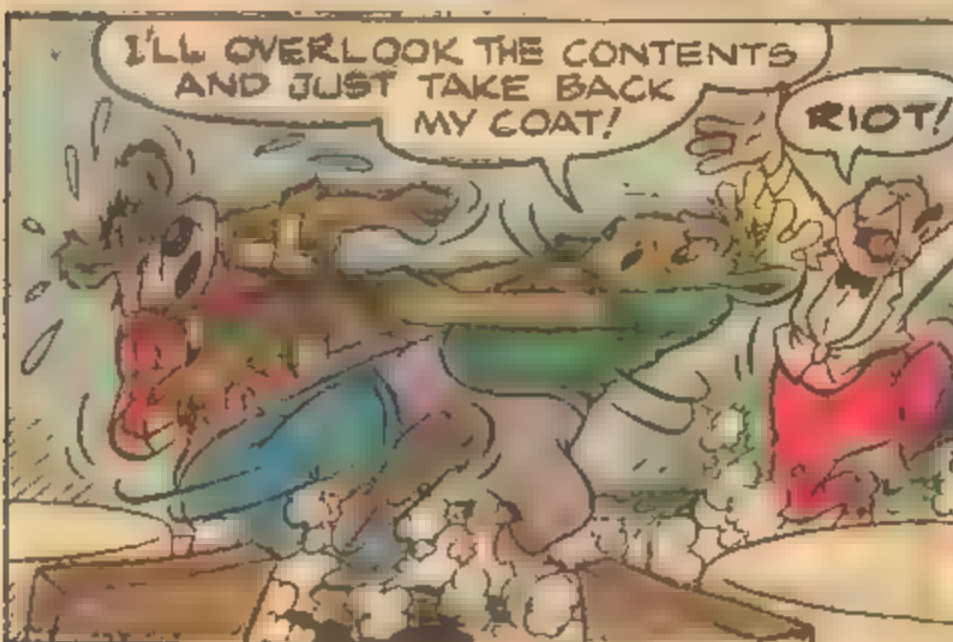
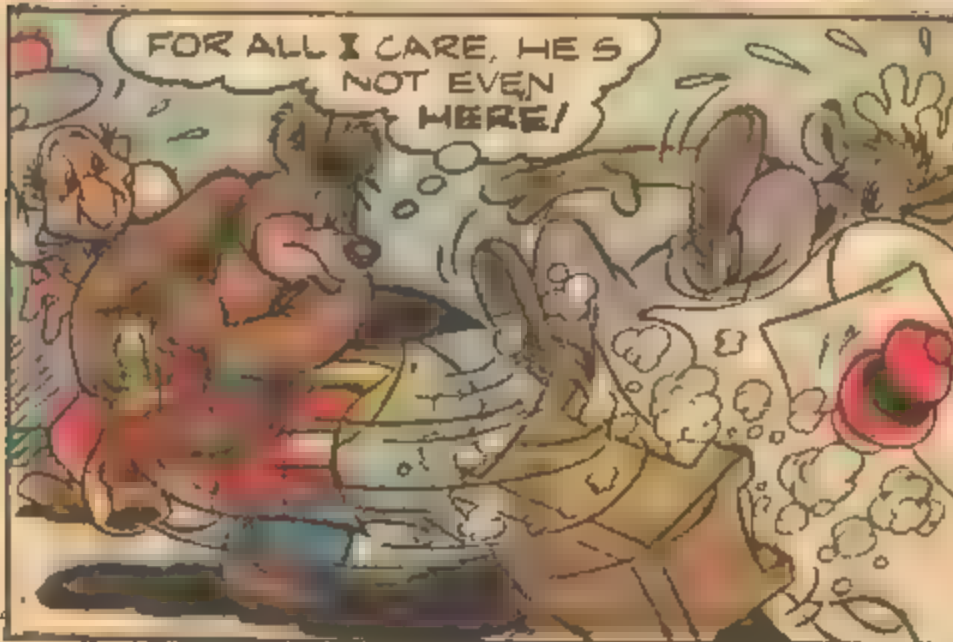
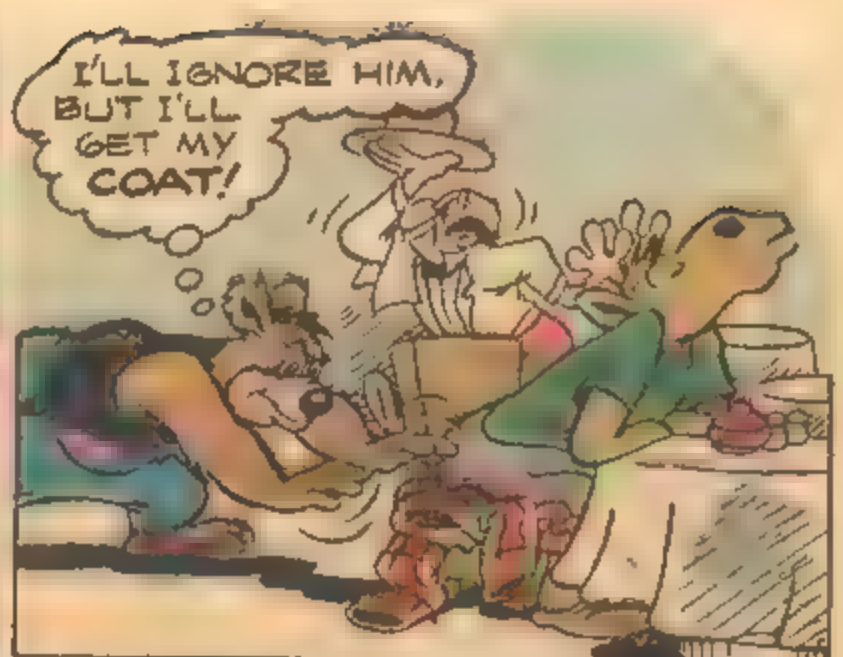
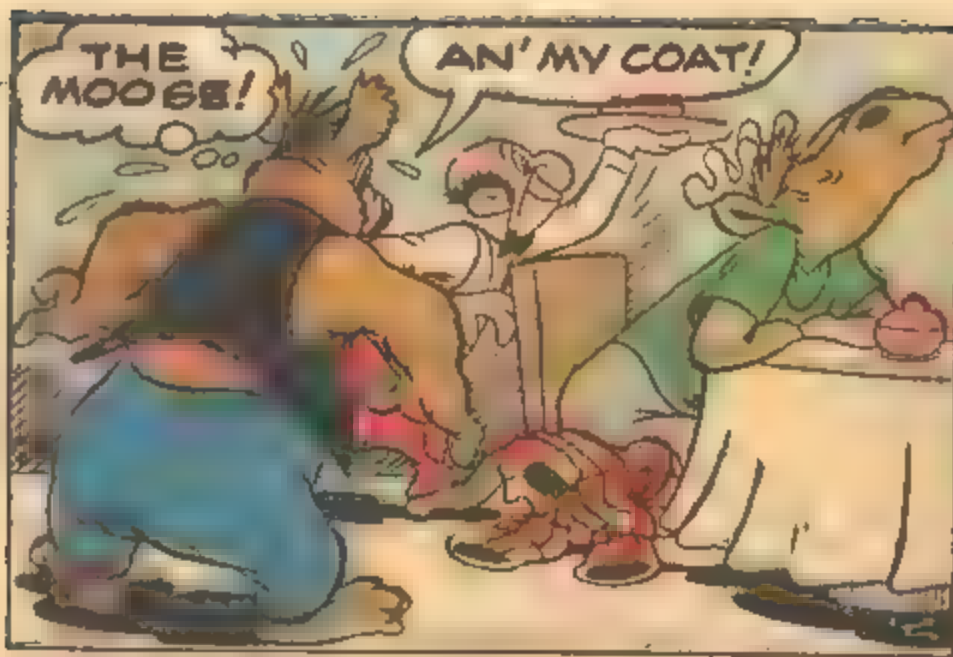


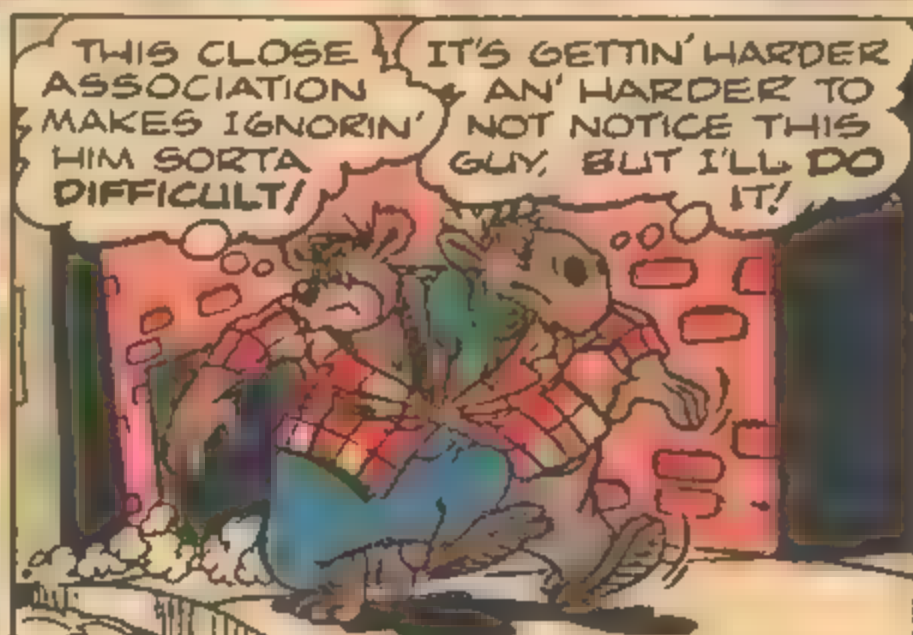
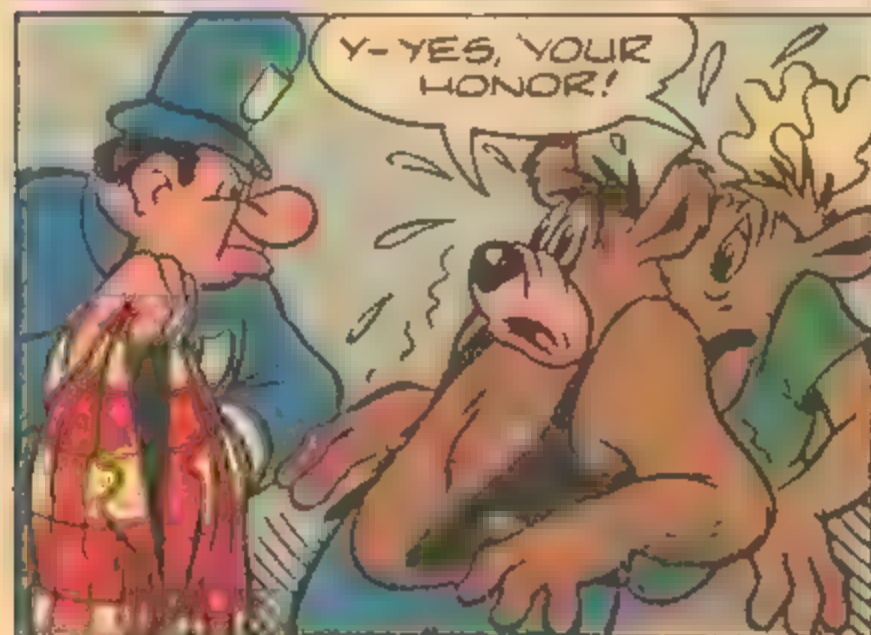
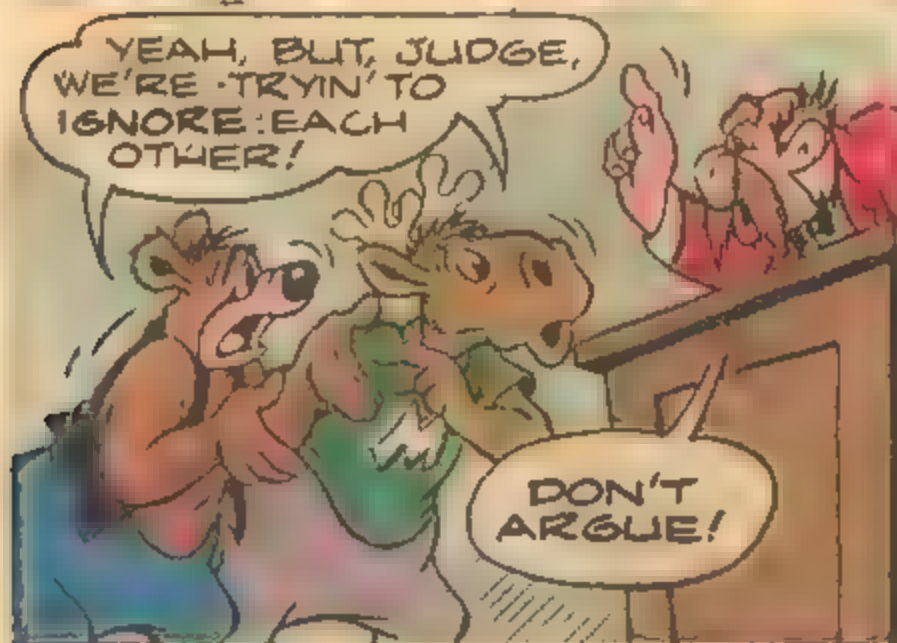
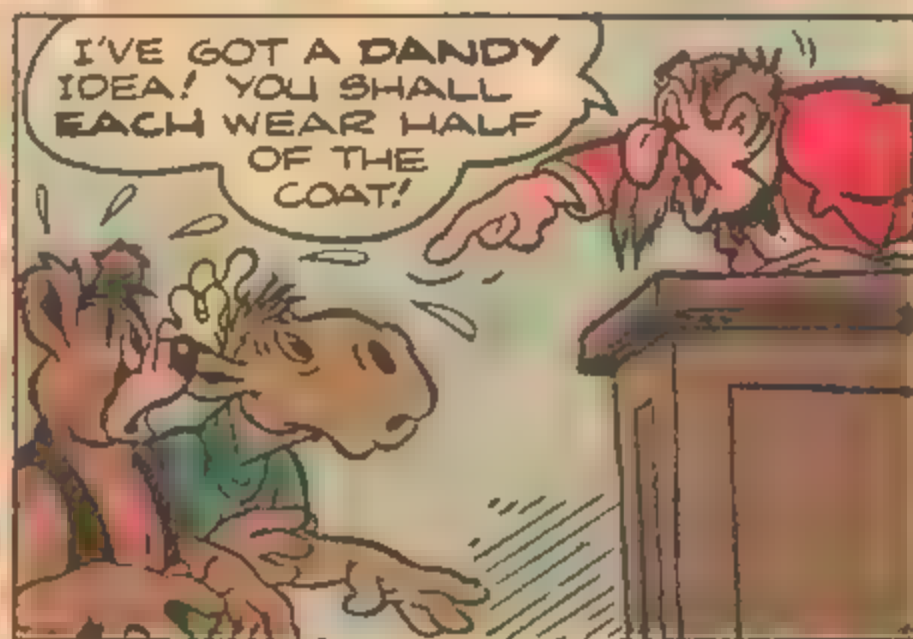
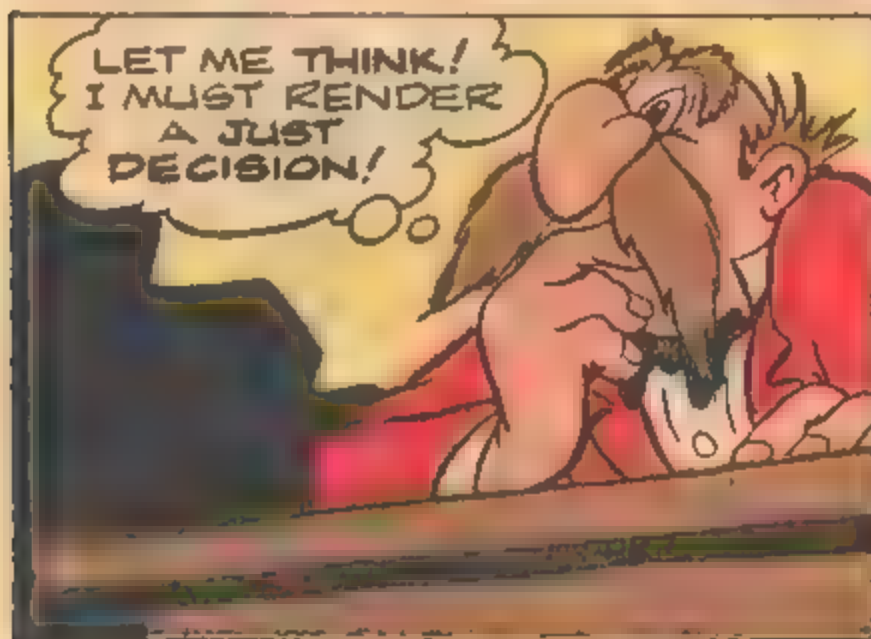
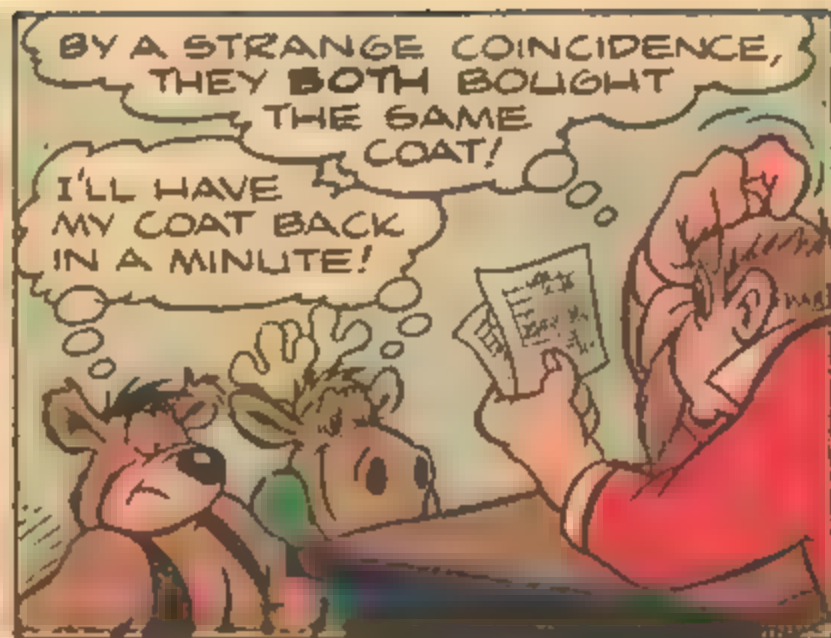


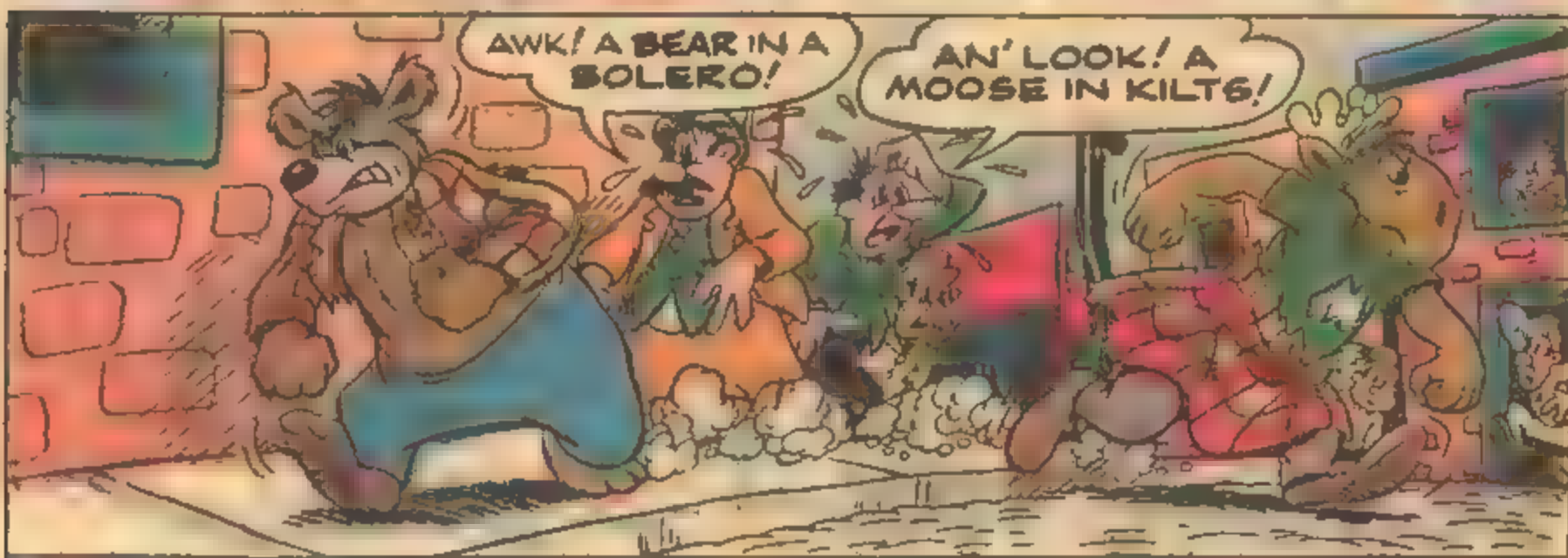
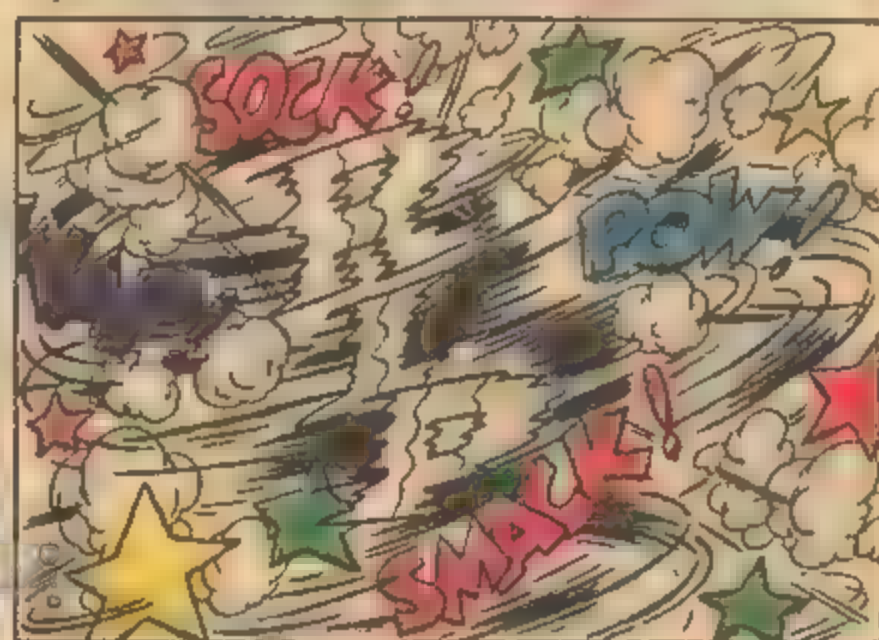
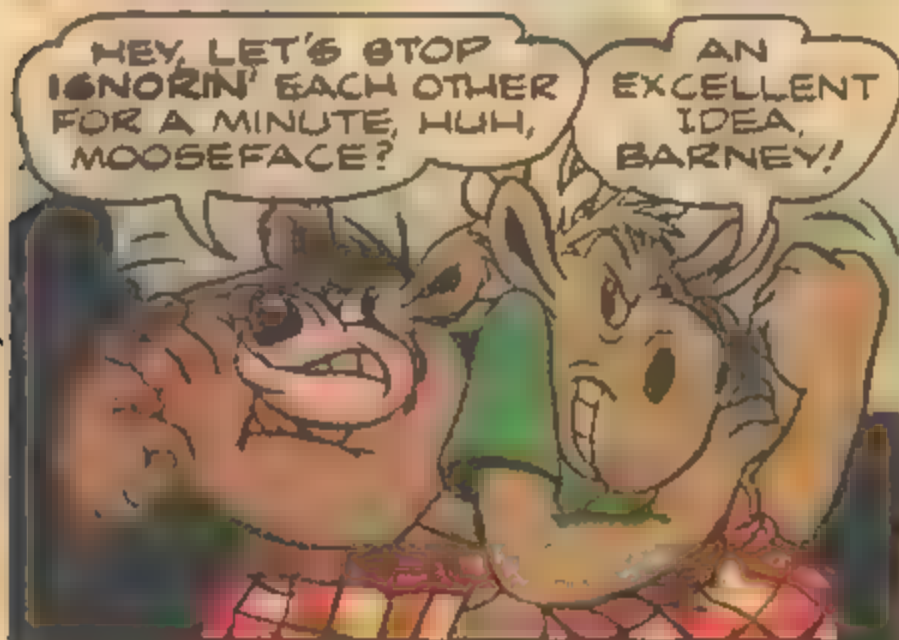
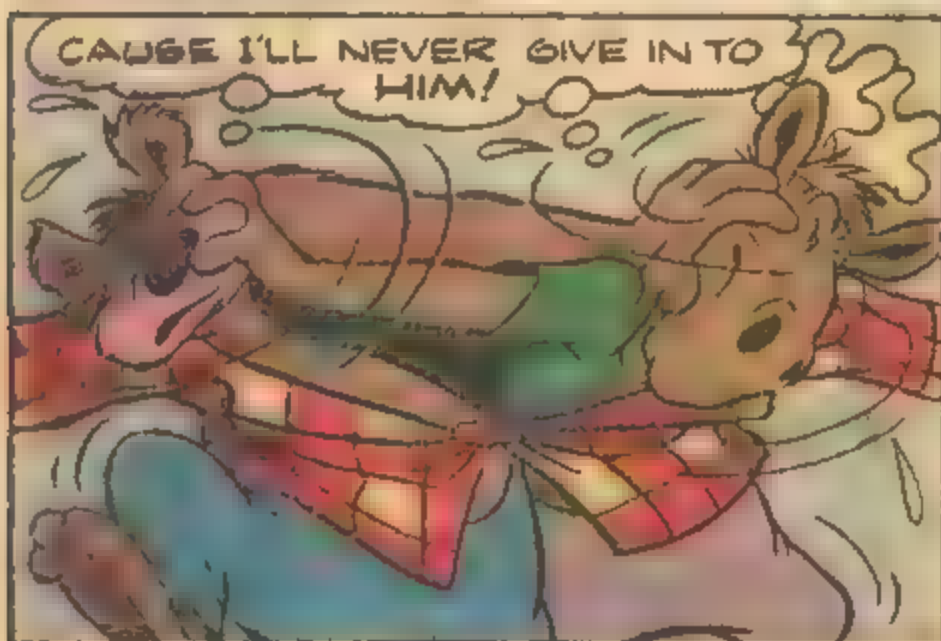
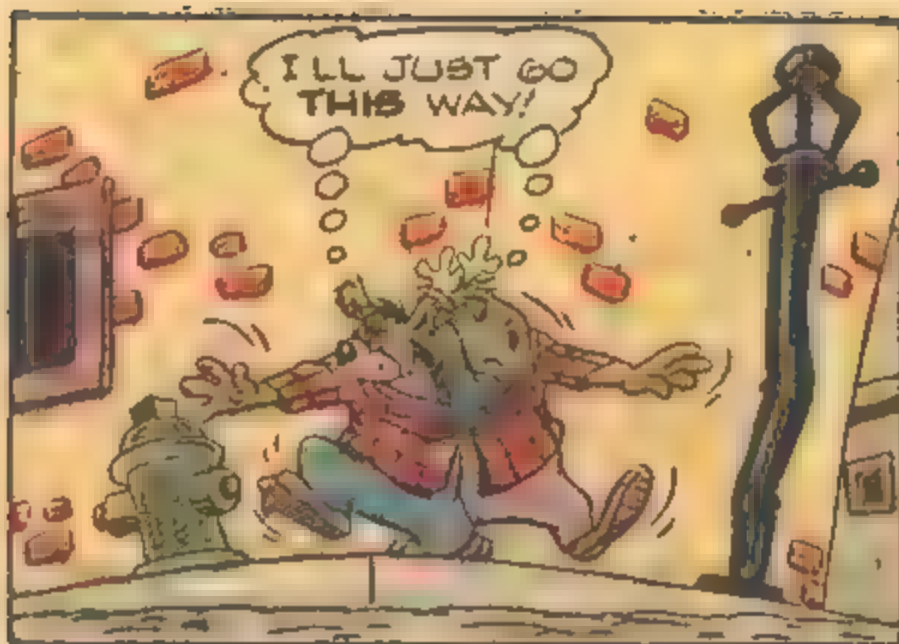


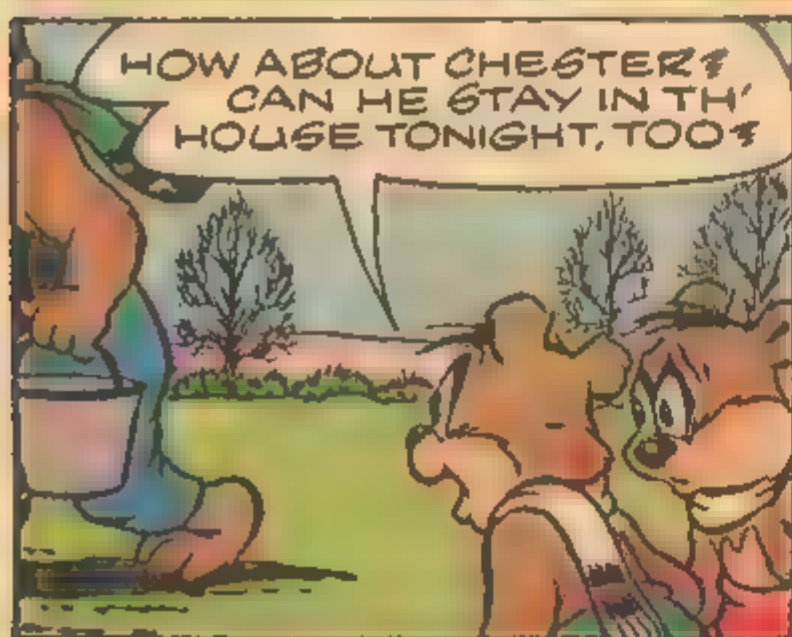
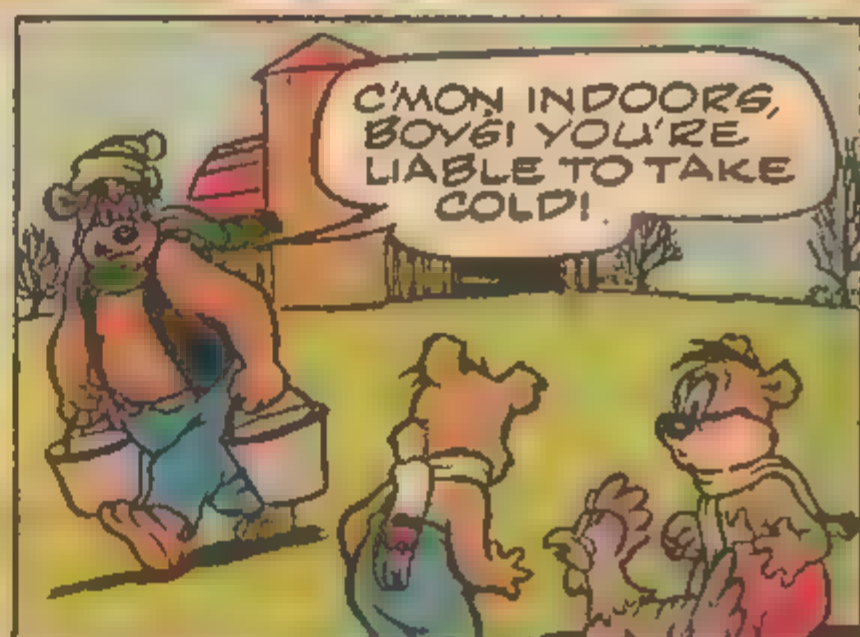
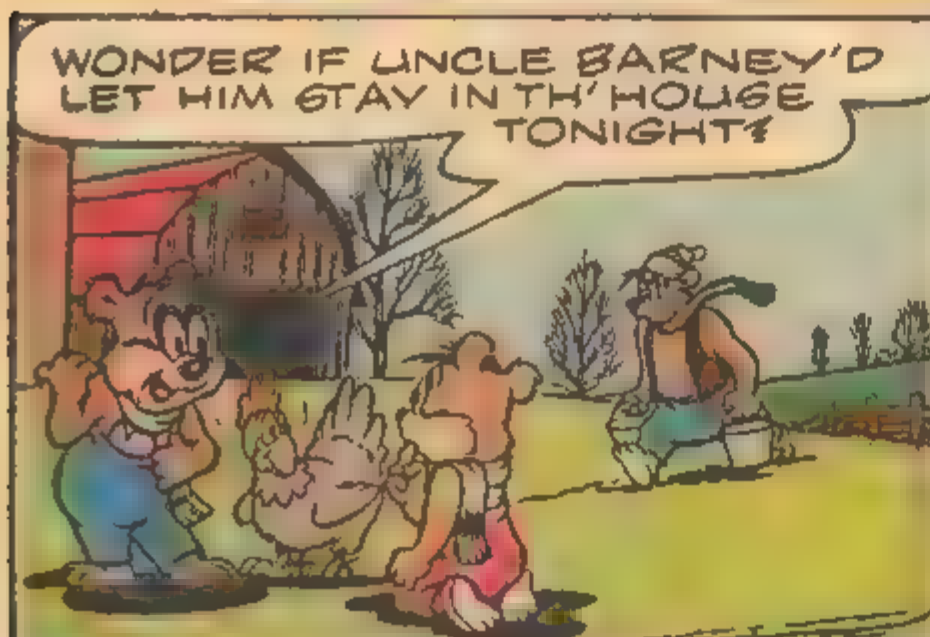
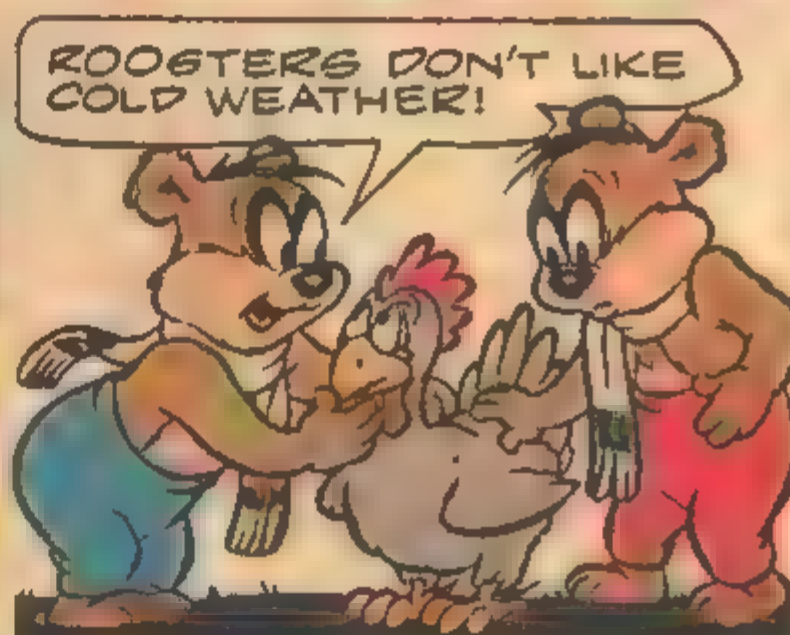
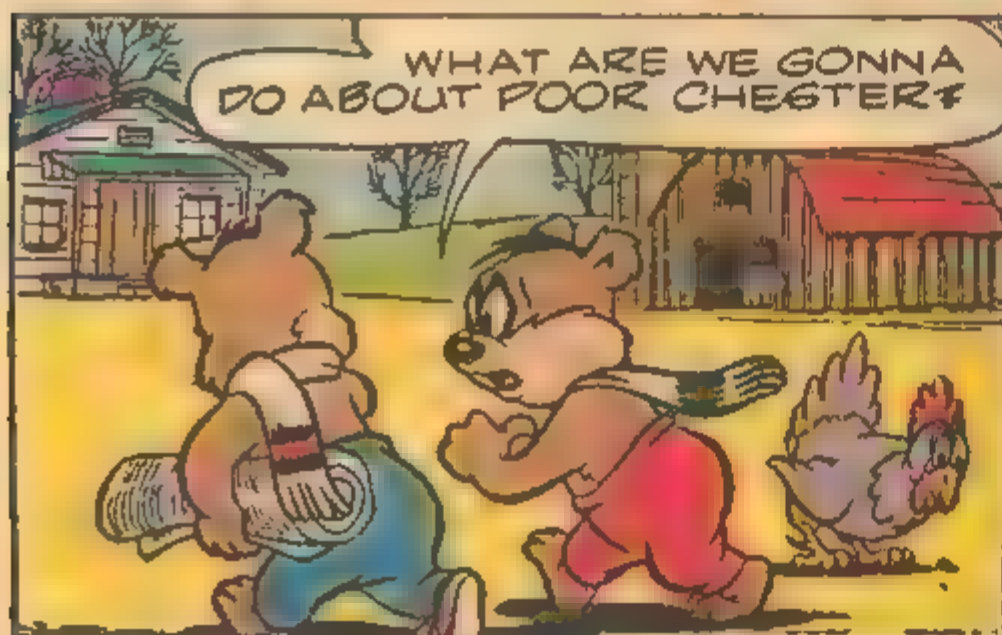
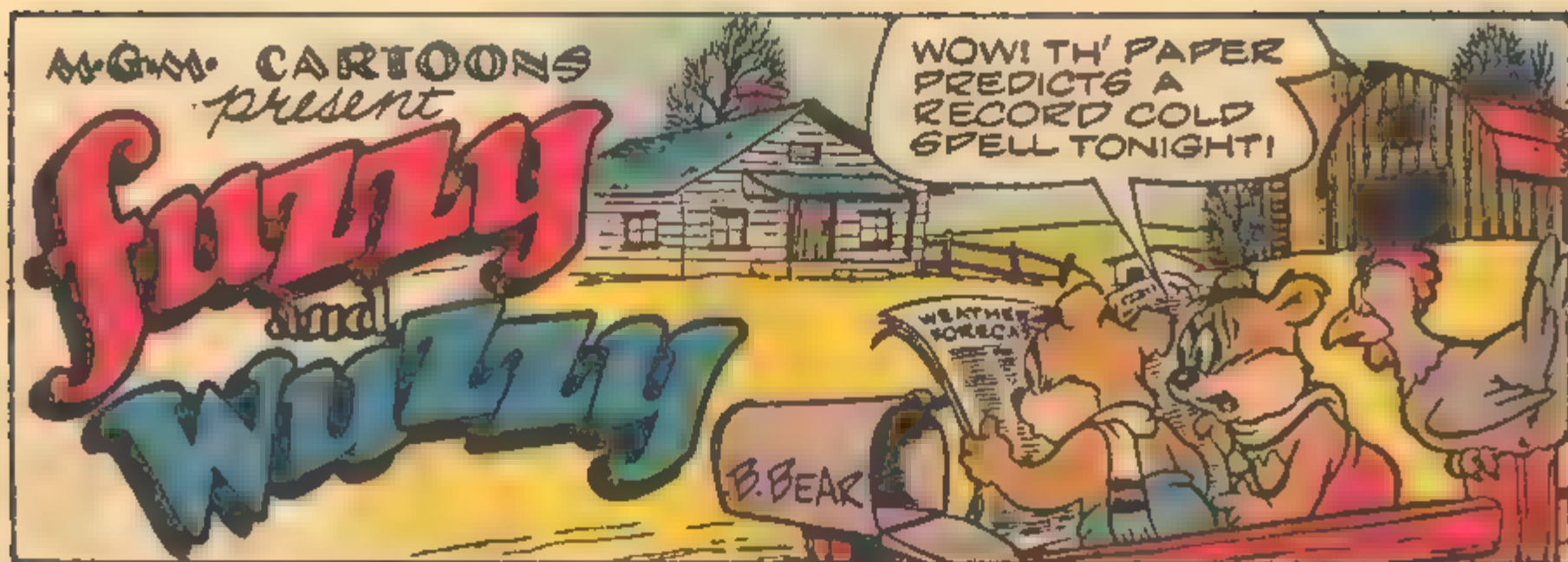


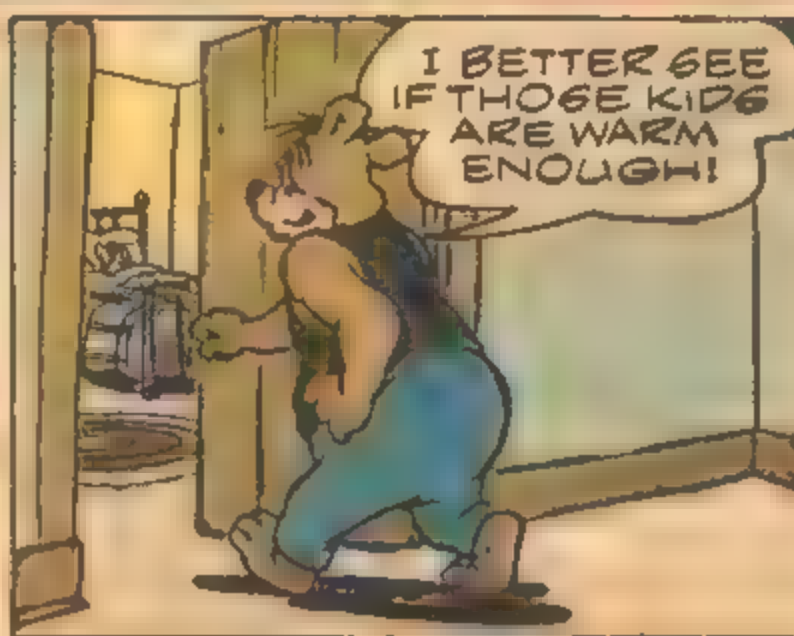
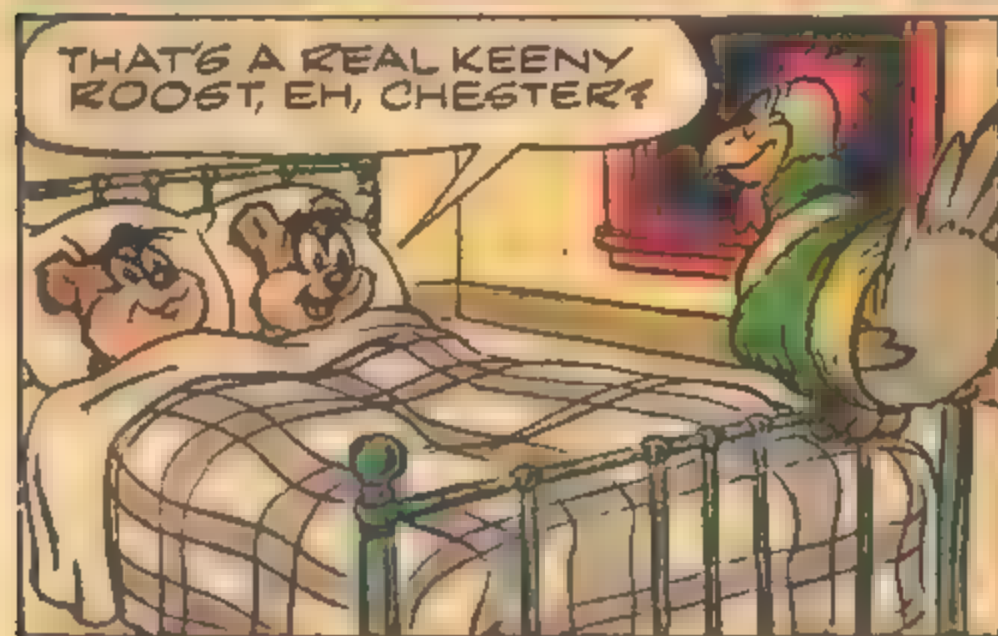
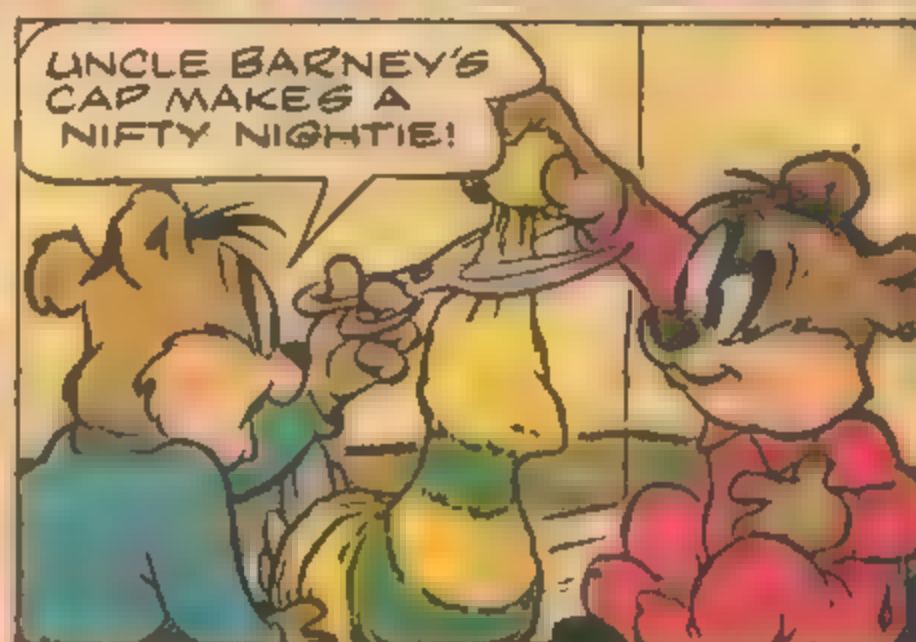
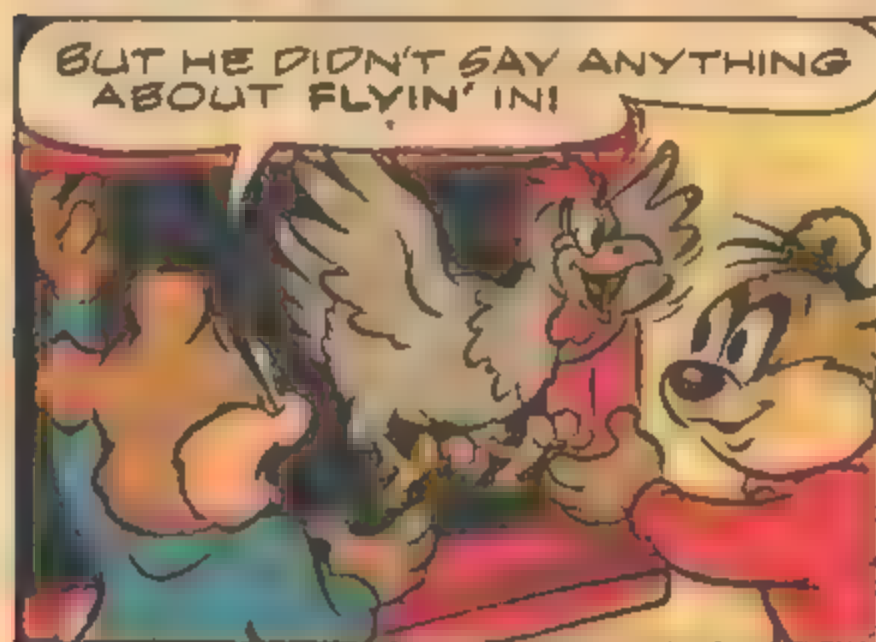
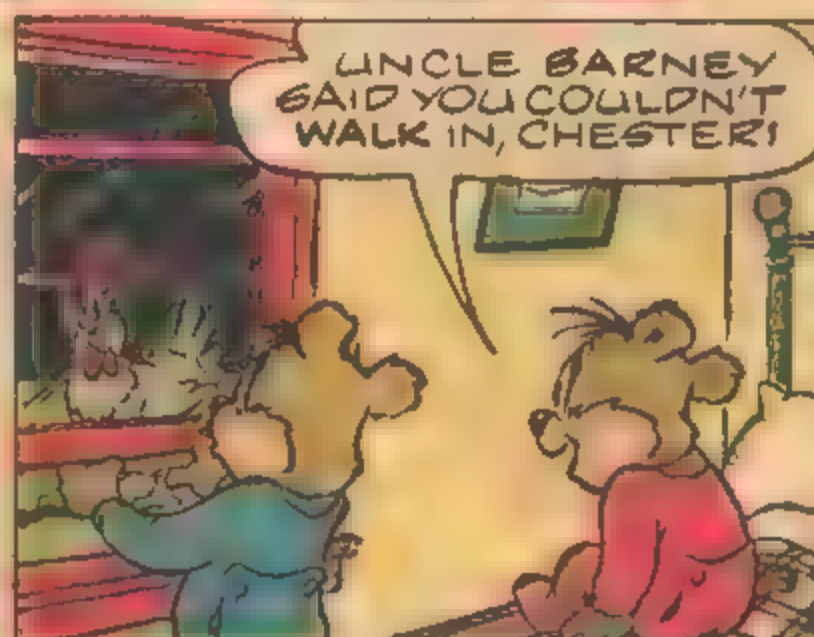
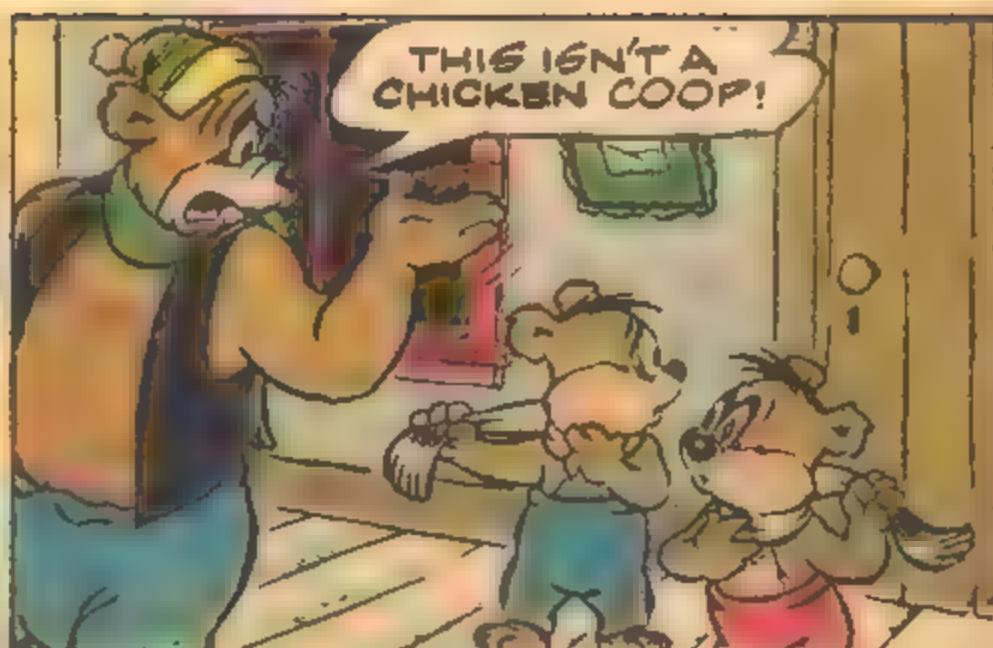


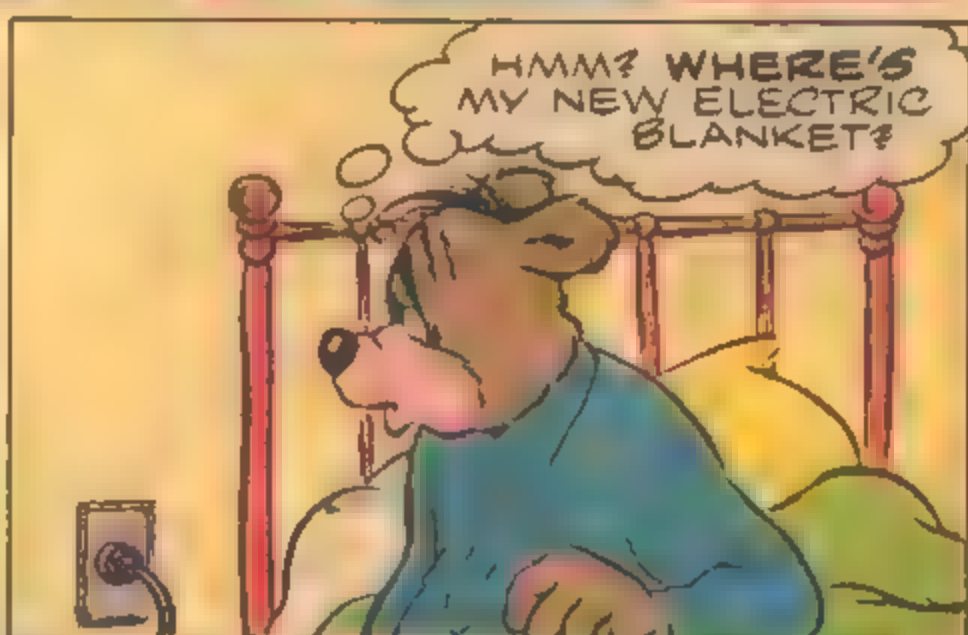
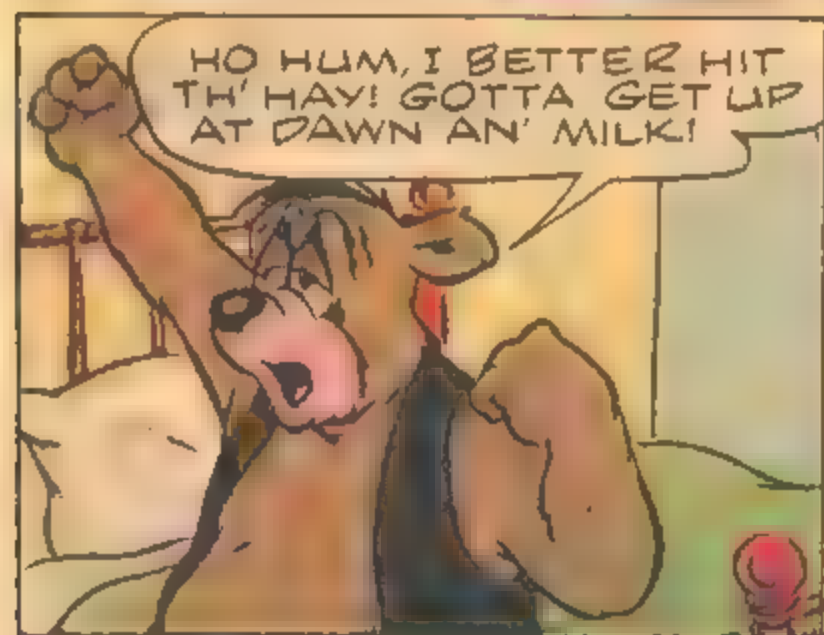
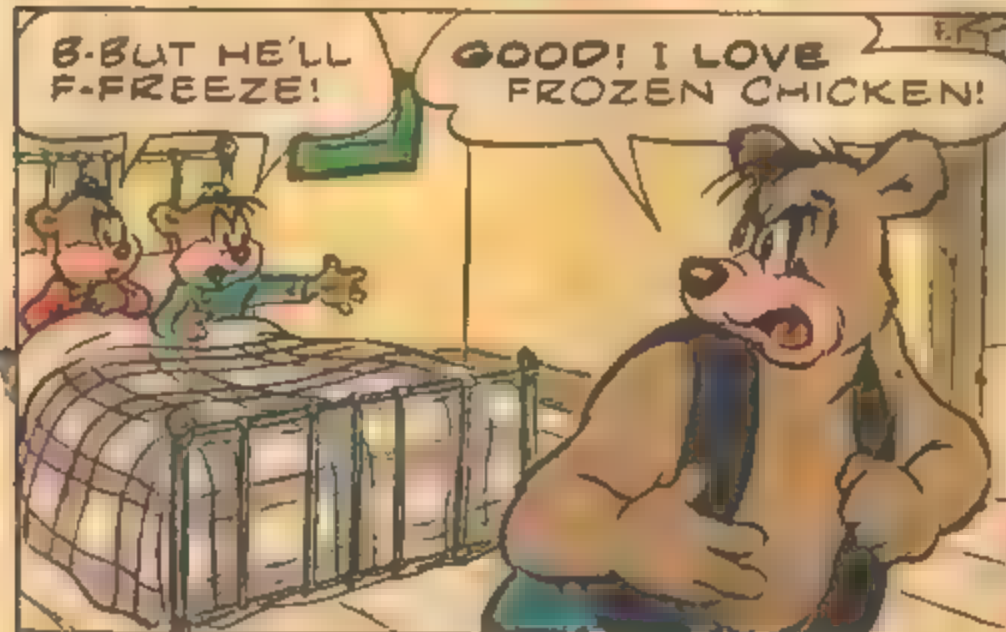
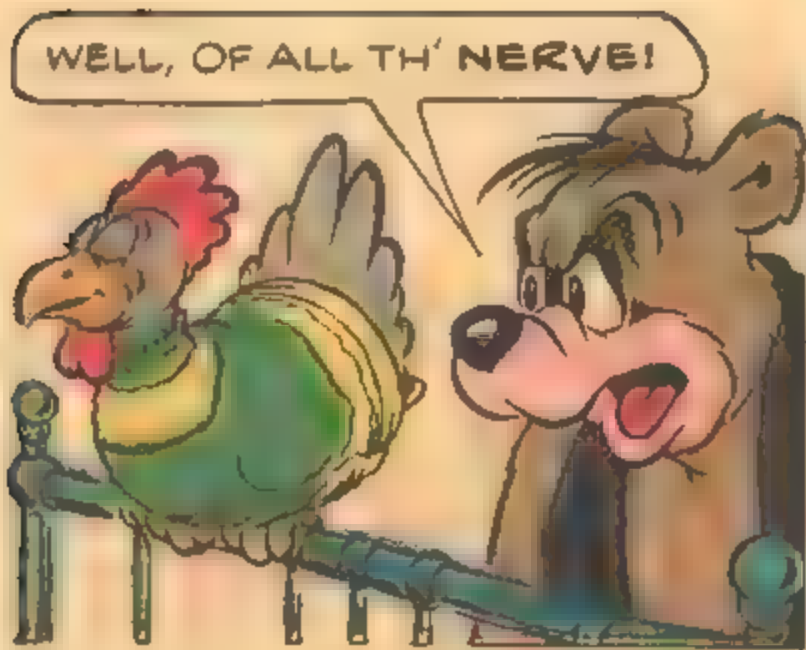


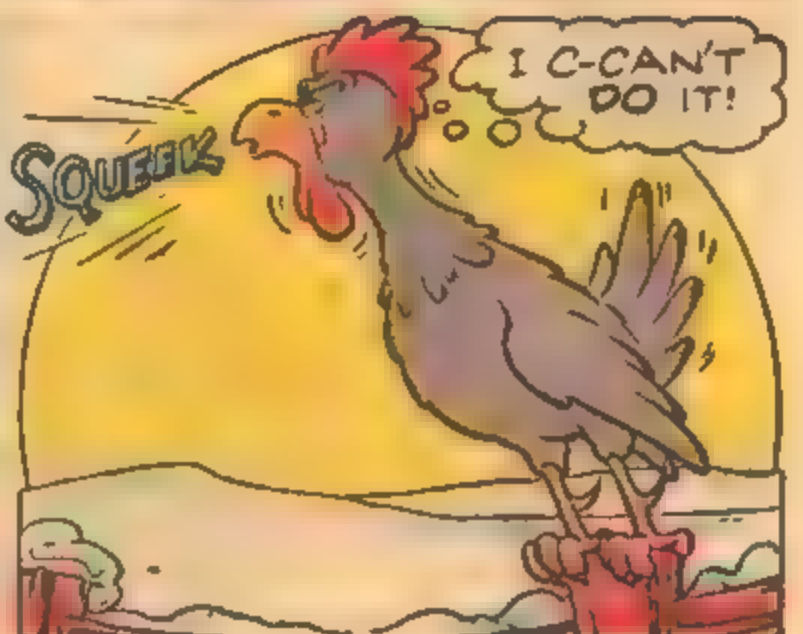
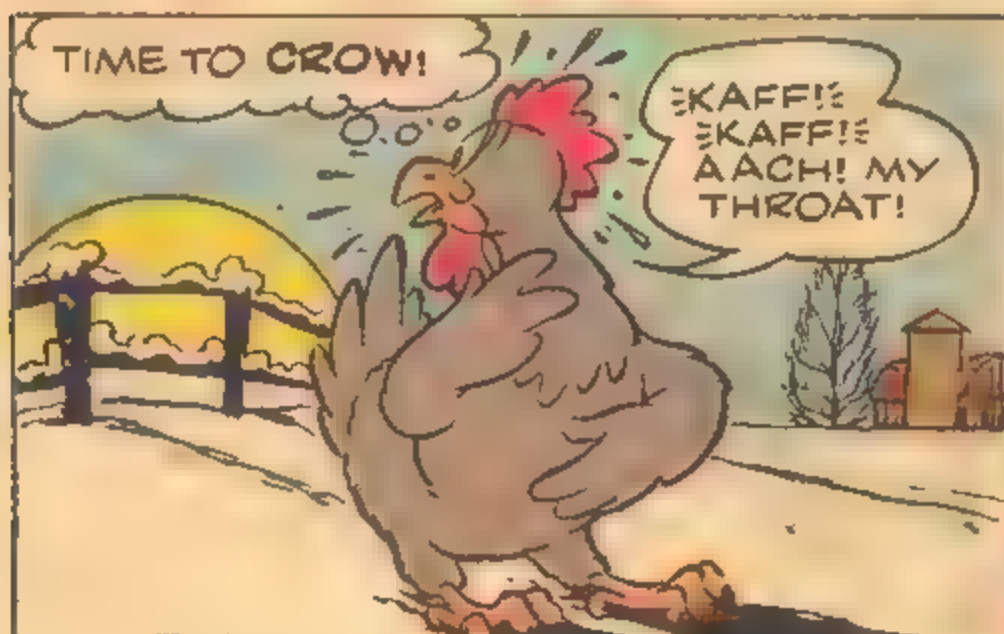
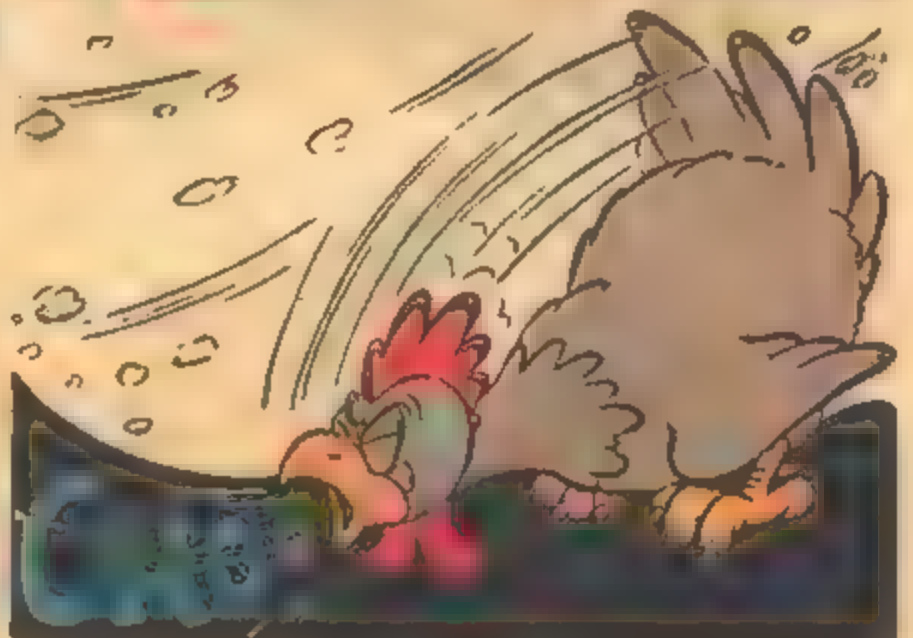
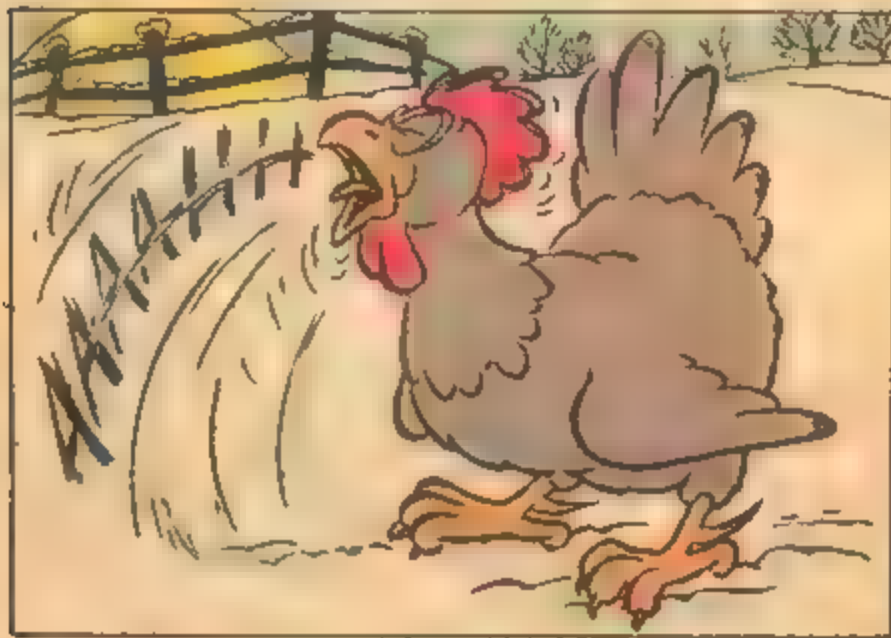
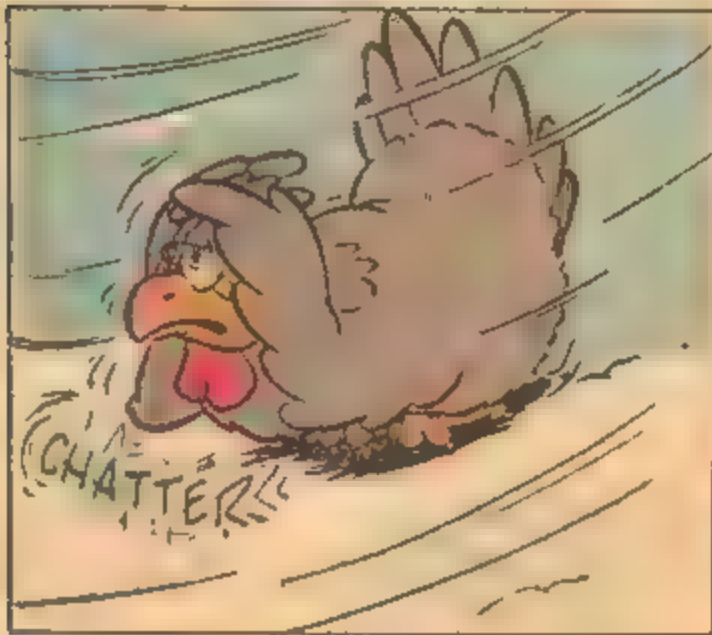
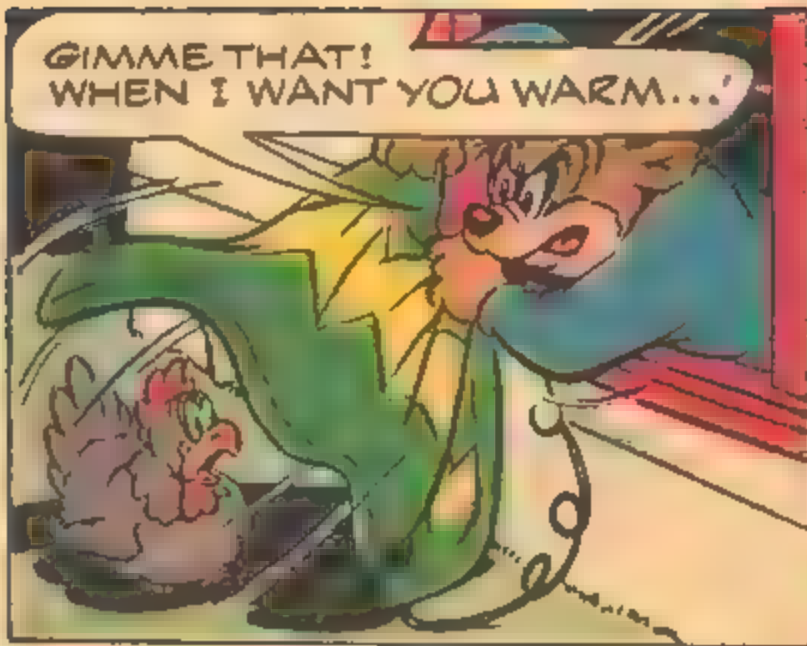


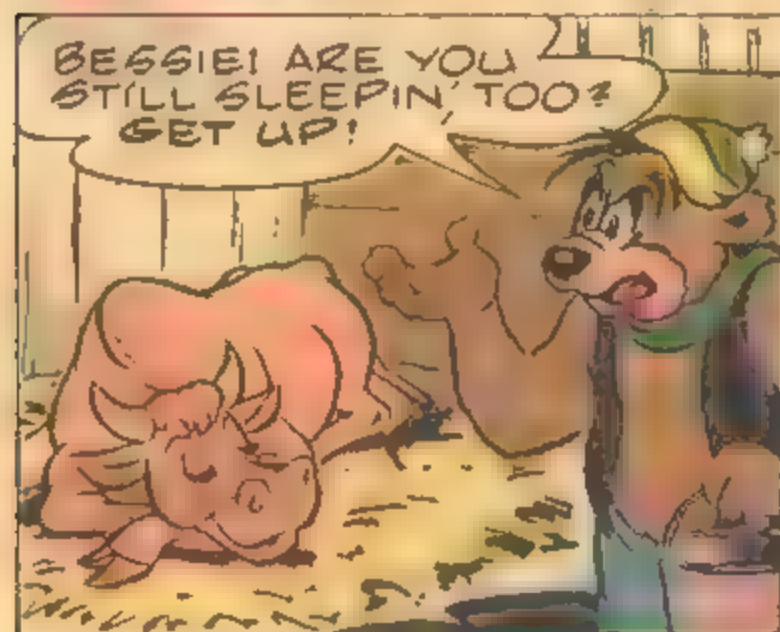
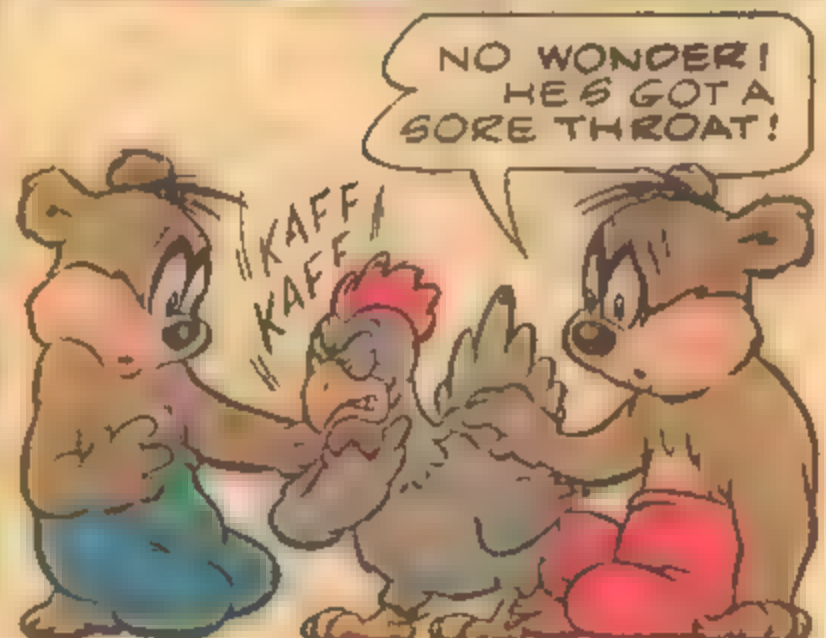
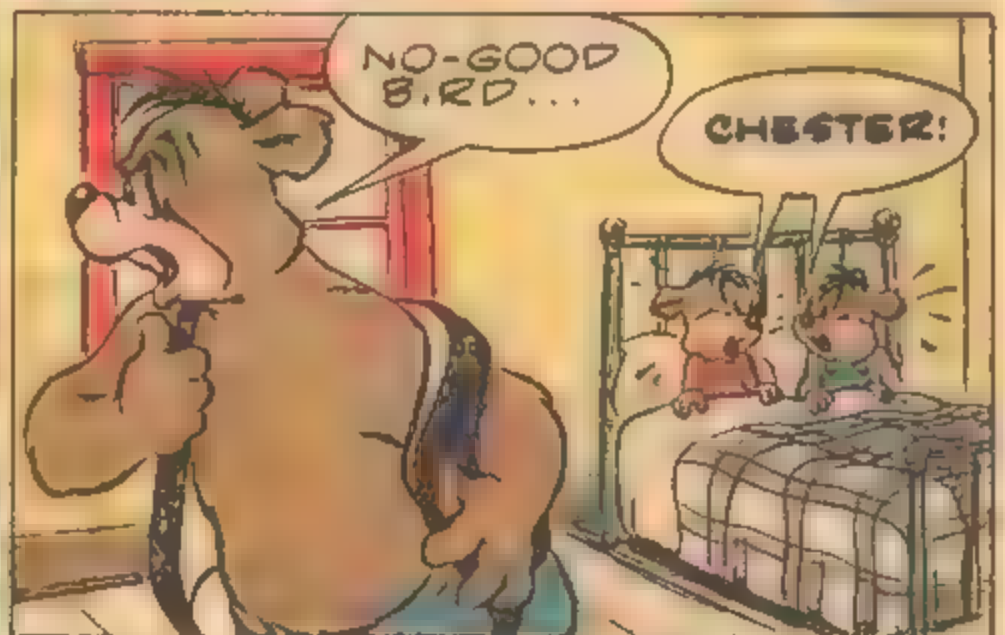
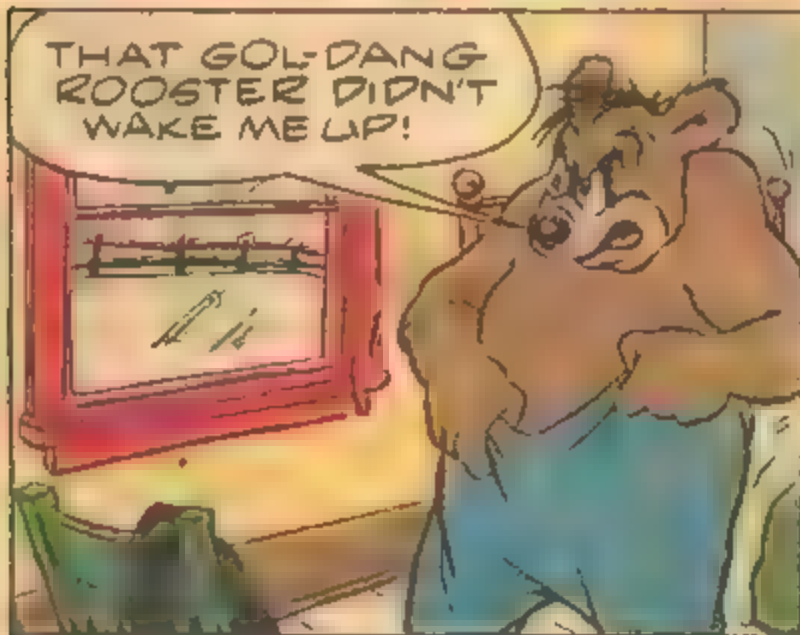
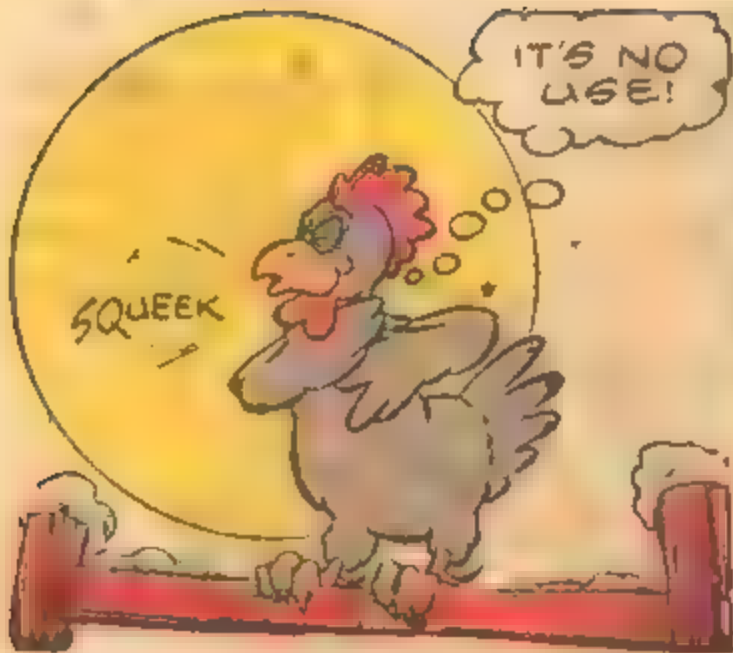


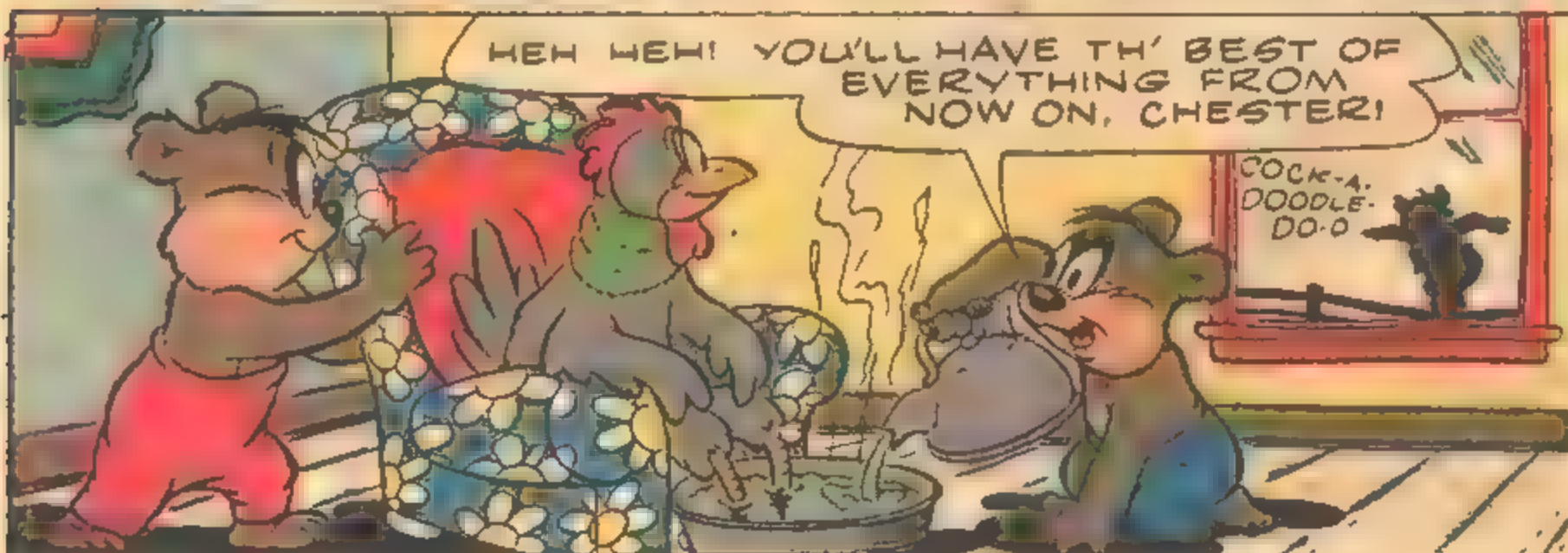
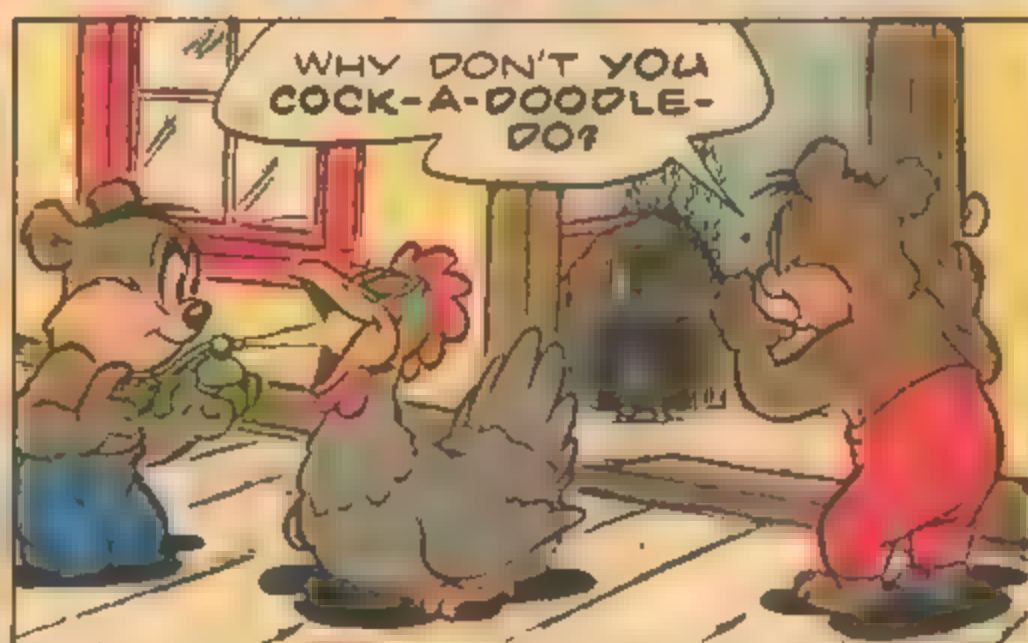
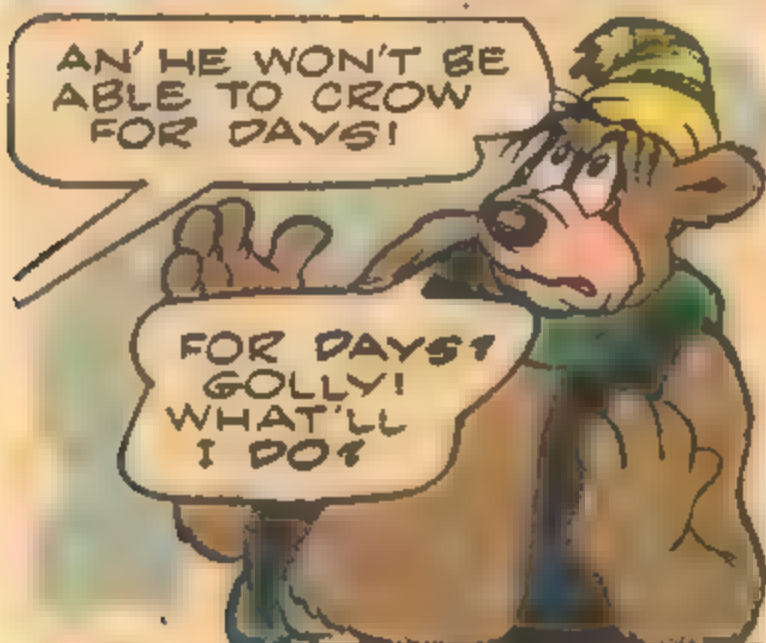
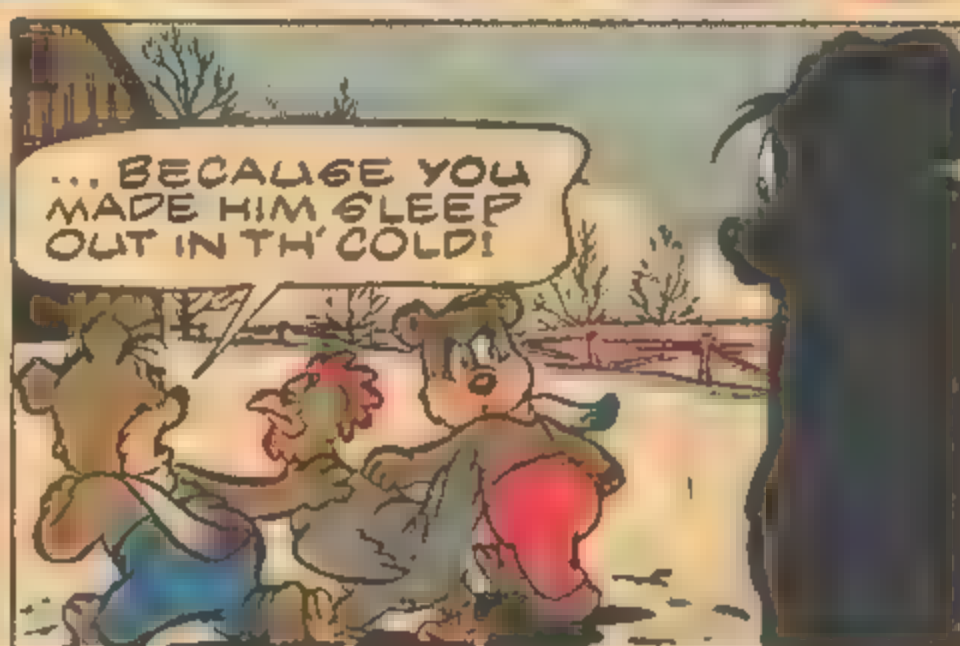
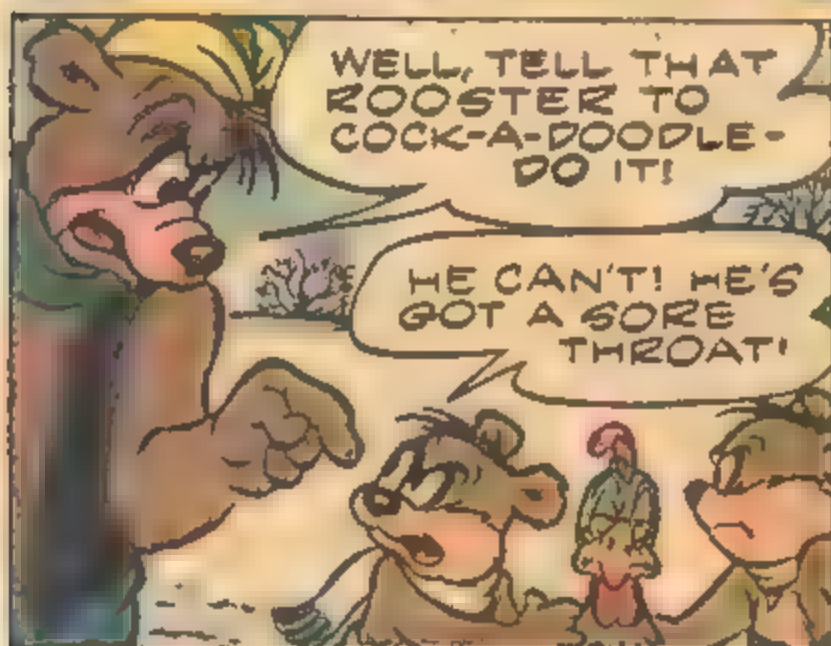
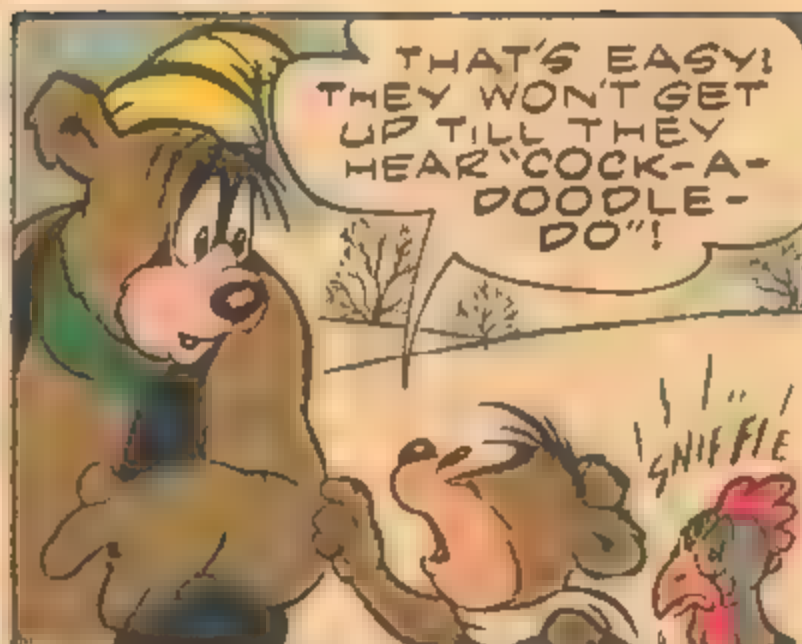
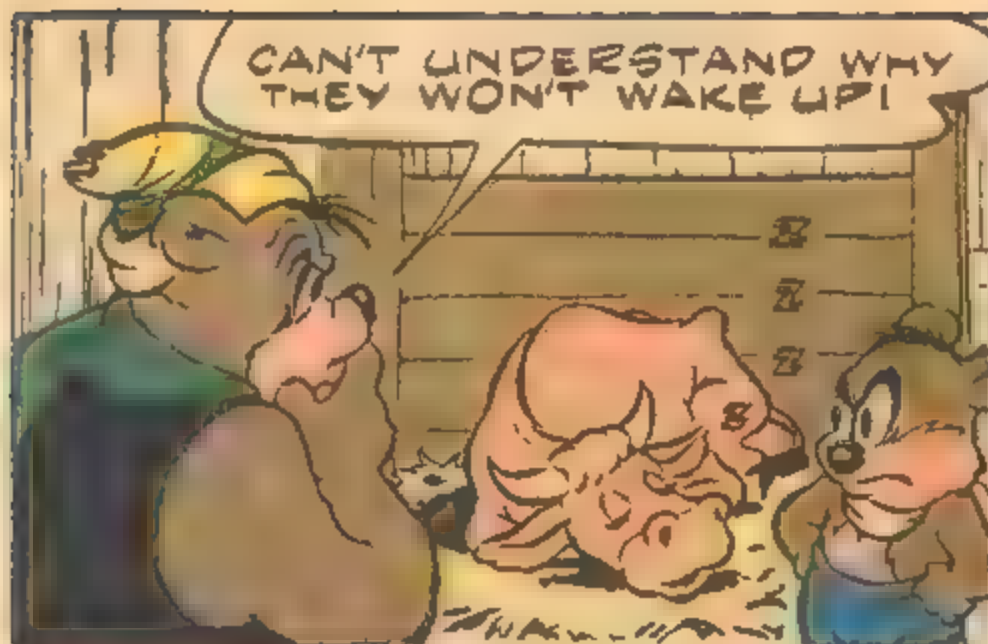


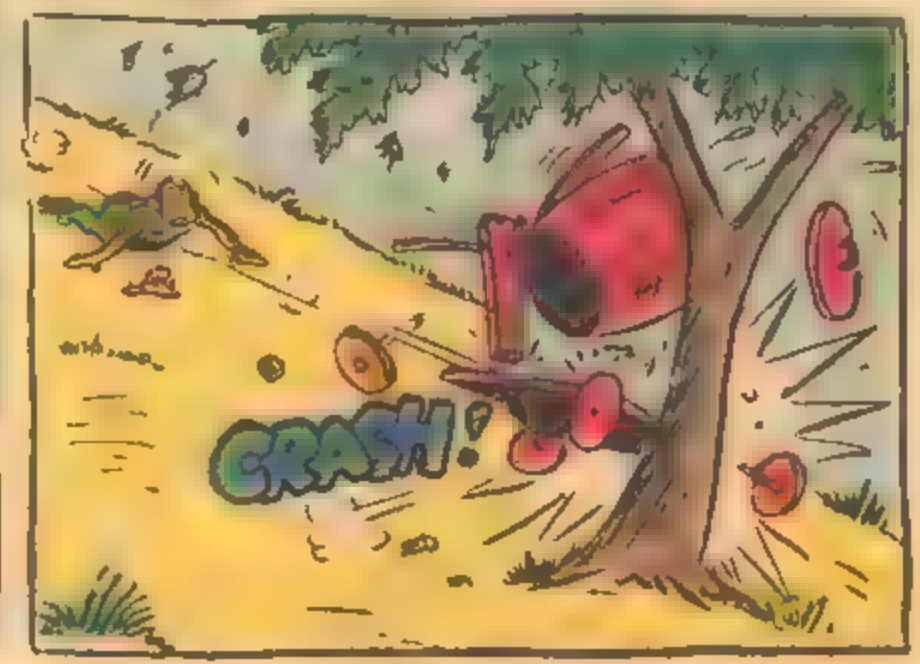
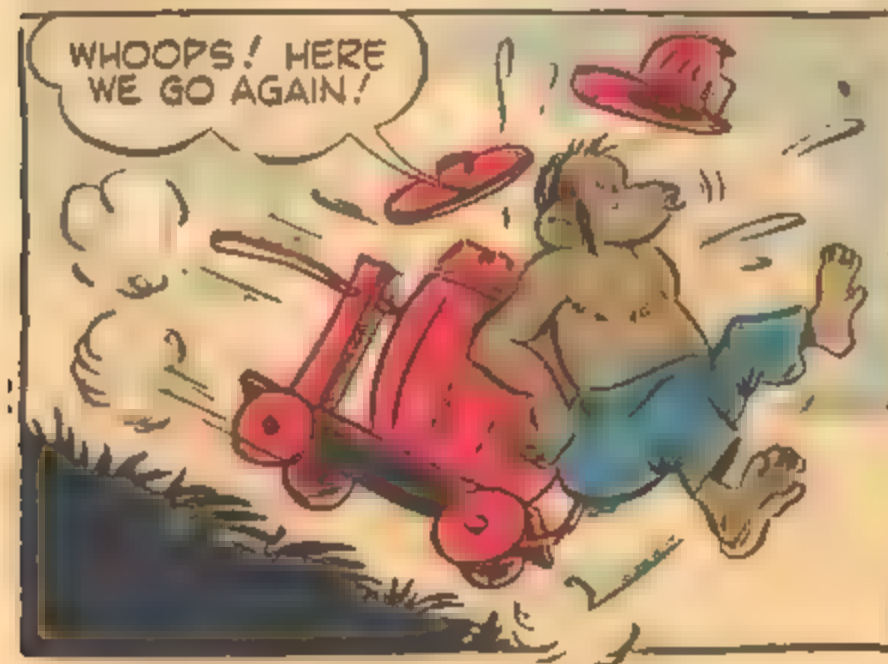
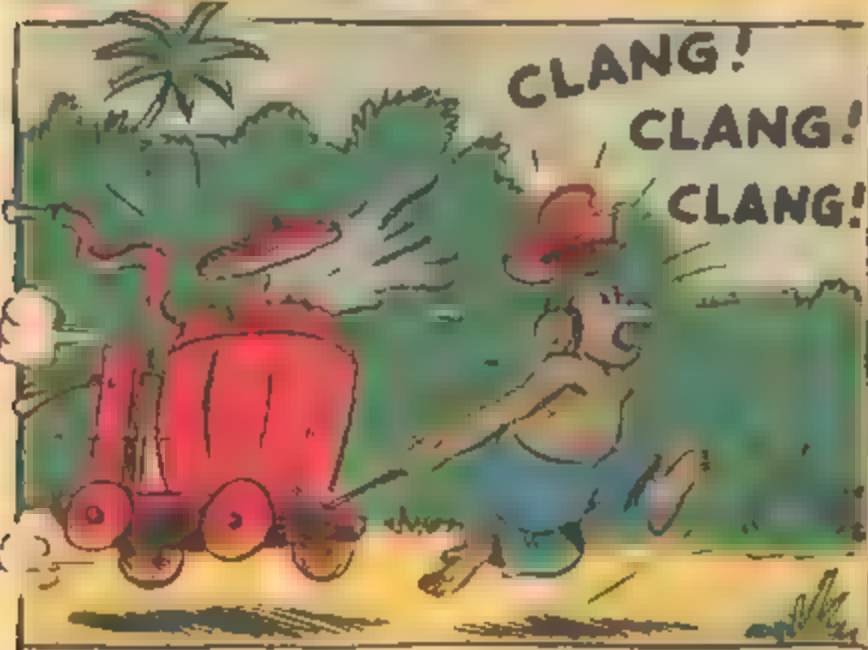
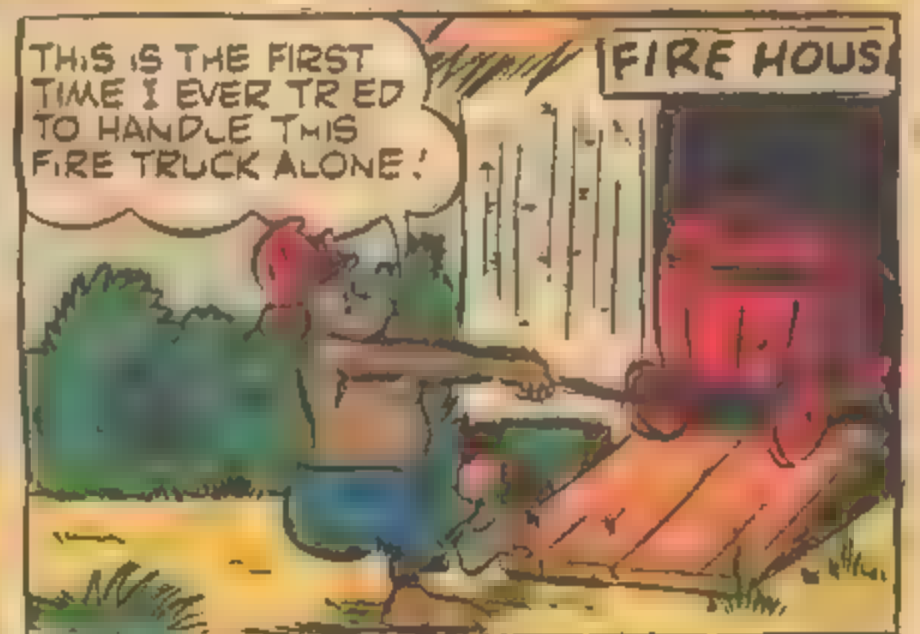
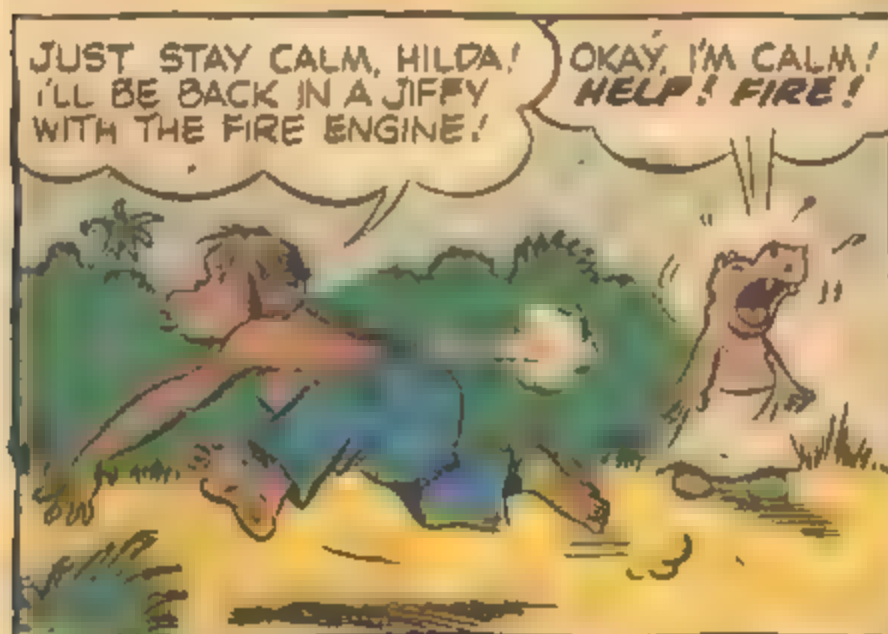
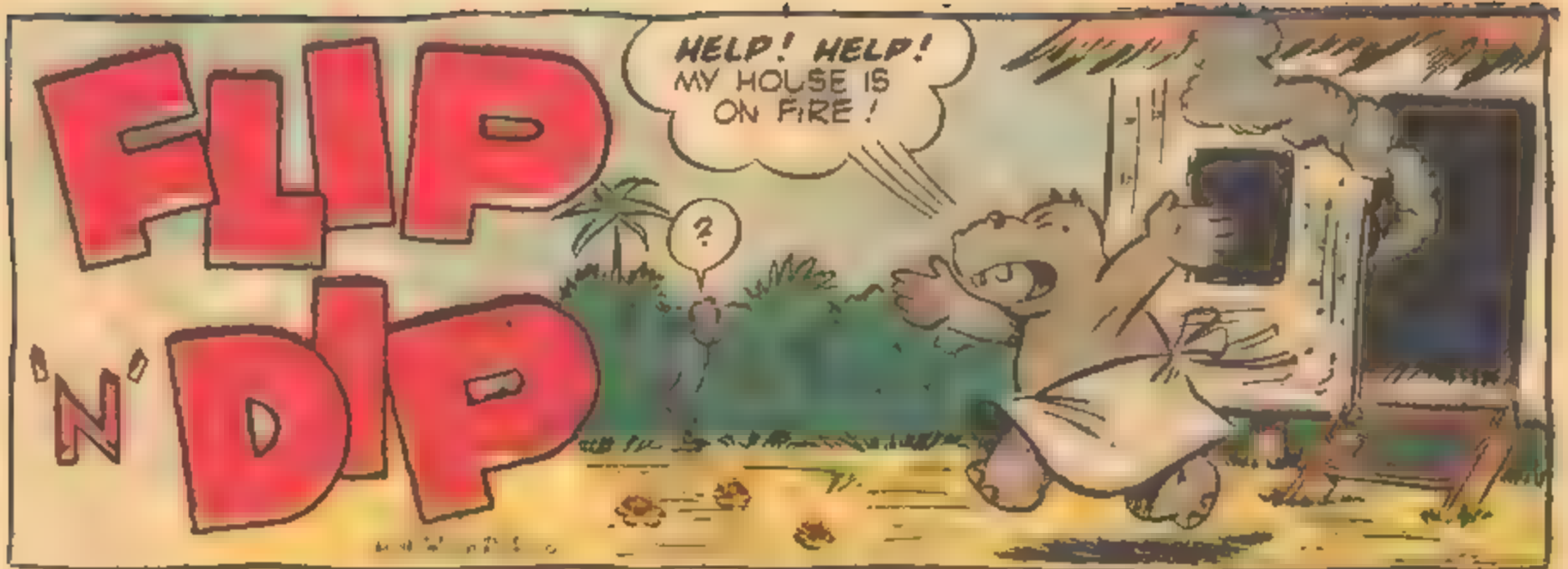


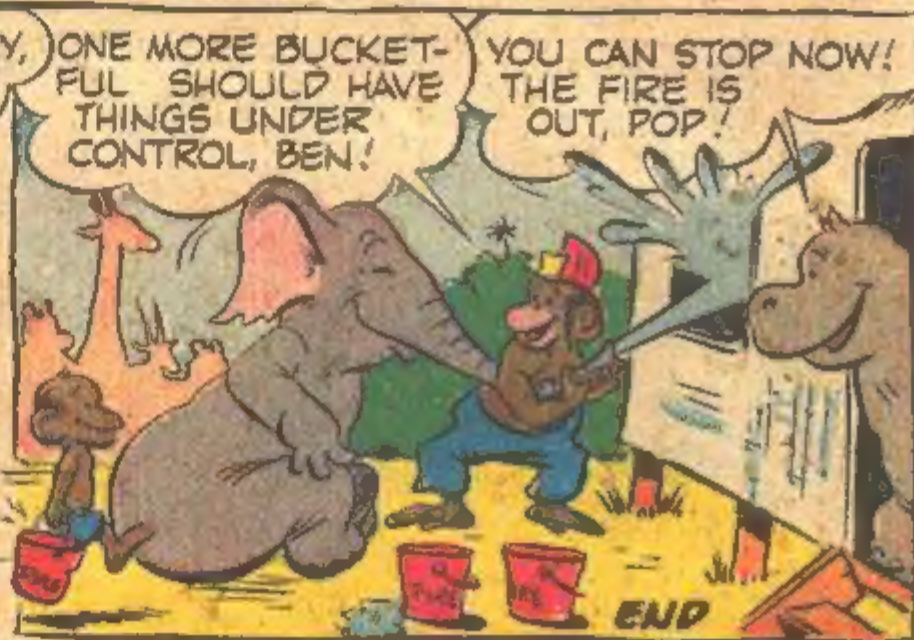
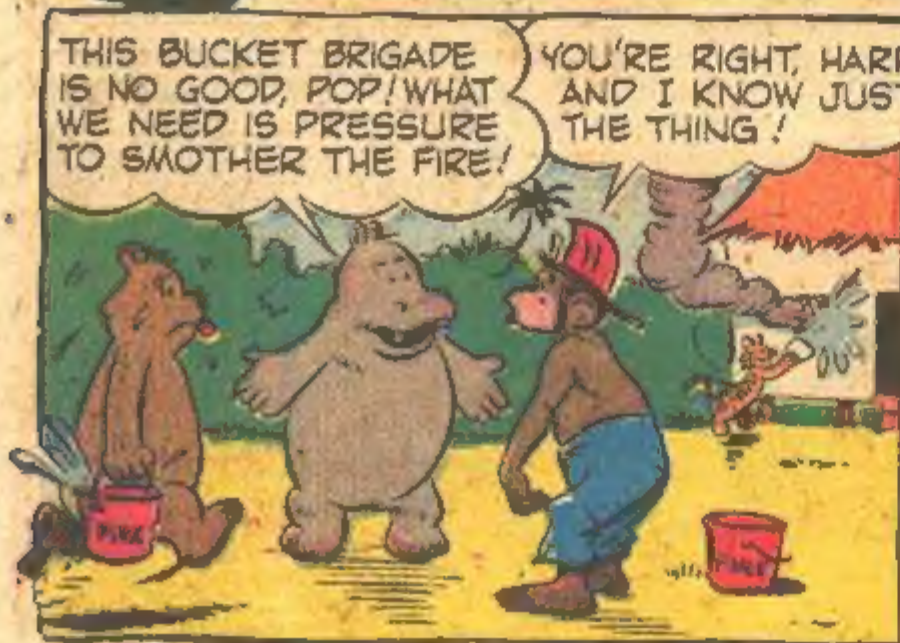
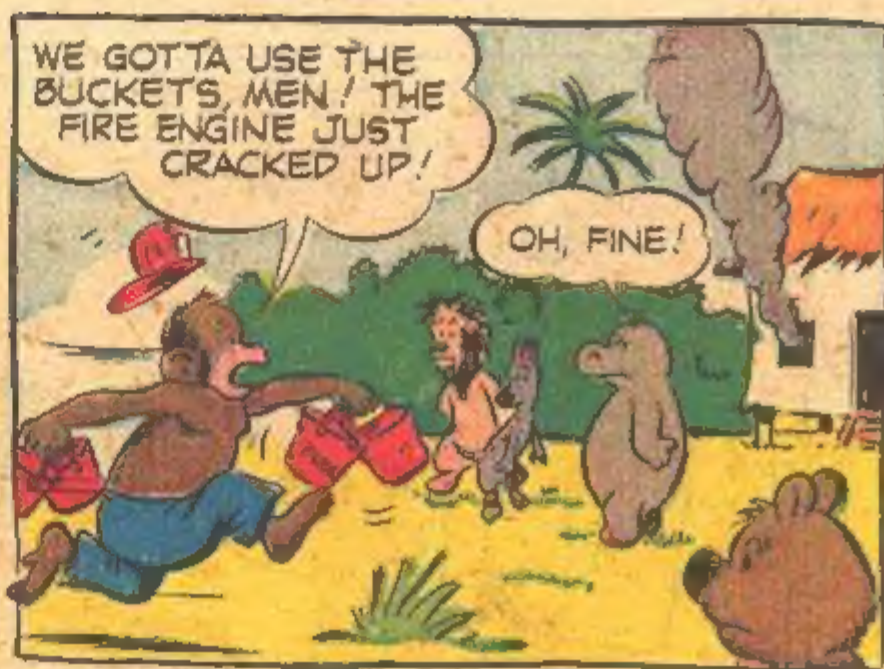












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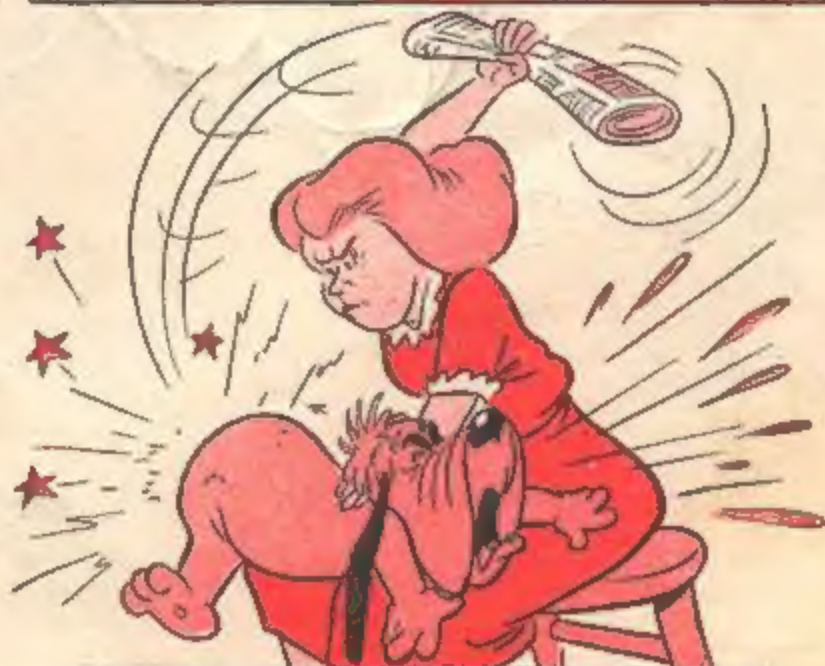
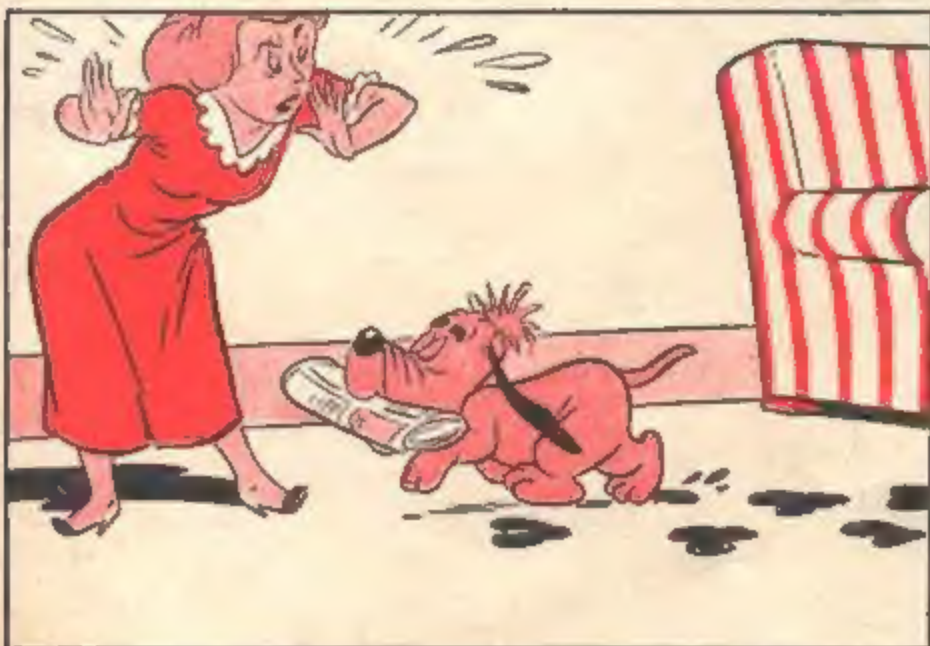
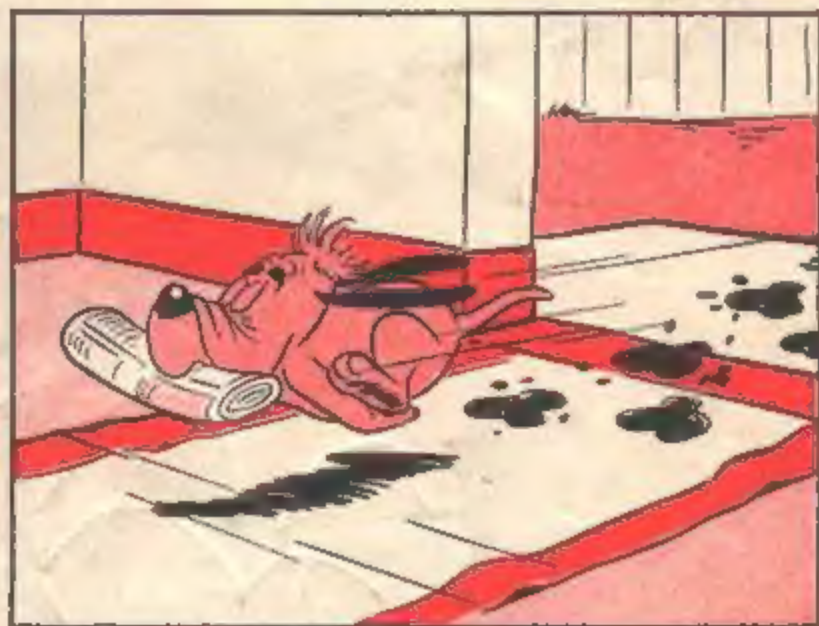
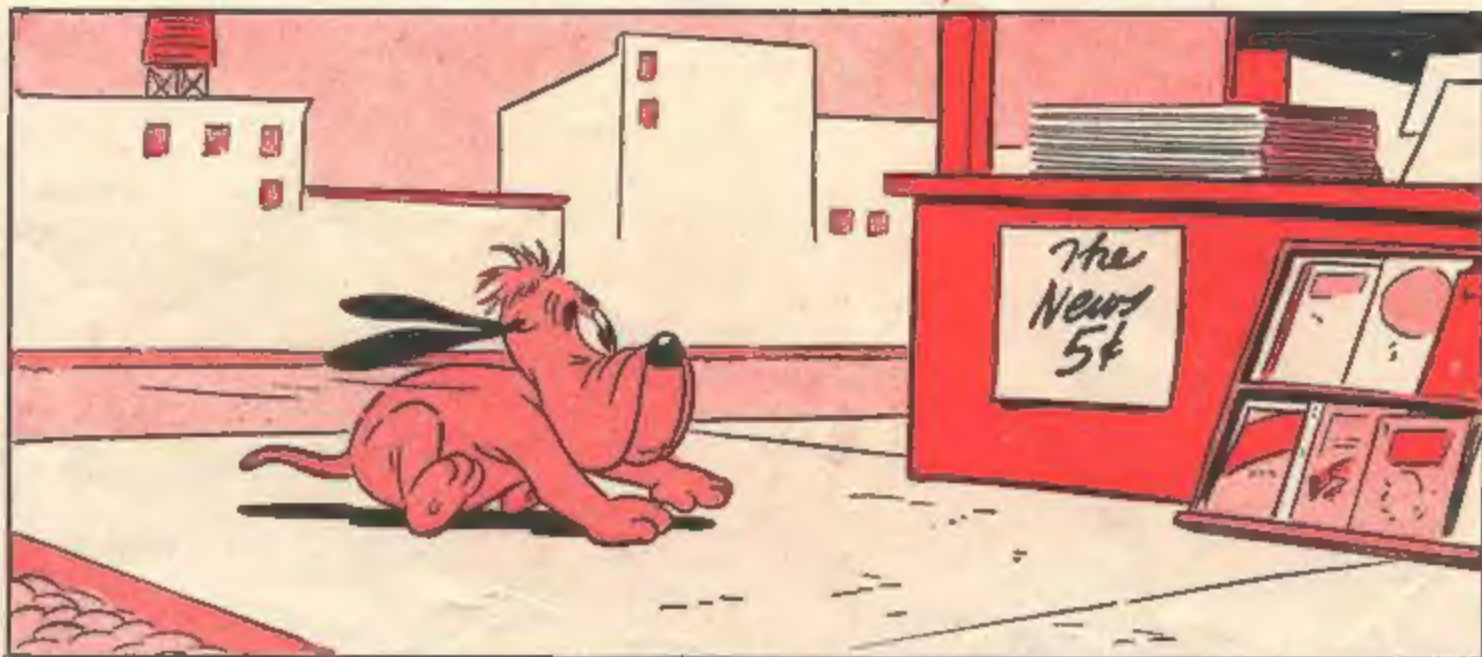
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A cartoon illustration of Jerry the mouse from Tom and Jerry. Jerry is standing on a green lawn, holding a red shoe high in the air with his right hand. He is about to drop it on Tom the cat. Tom is lying on his back on the grass, looking up at Jerry with a pained expression. A red shoe box lies on the grass next to Tom. In the background, there is a wooden fence and a tree trunk on the left. A speech bubble from Jerry contains the text: "NO, SON! I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU WHERE IT'LL DO THE MOST GOOD!". There are two small blue stars near Tom's head, and the sound effect "WHAP! WHAP!" is written near the shoe.

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